

Dear America, Nevada is better than you think

Jacob Mahe

To those who have never seen me,

What do you think when you think of Nevada?

Do you envision rolling waves of scorched

sands That cover my bones of silver deposits?

Do you See my marred stomach, irradiating my

skin From your nuclear testings?

Do you see Sin City lining across my

Thighs, with hypnotical neon lights

Telling you to spend your life savings on

black? America, is this how you see me?

Then would you believe me if I said there is more

Than sand, radiation, and sin. That there are fields,

Fields of alfalfa that cover my once hardened flesh,

Softening it so that even cattle can come to graze

Upon my hair of hay and barley.

Even when it comes to gambling and drinking

That isn't all I have to offer, there are

Mountains that crater across my shoulder,

Filled with your ski resorts such as Mt. Rose,
or Diamond Peaks. And resting between my
Shoulder's blades, is a small chunk of Tahoe
and its silver blue waters.

And when time comes for winter,
Even I can't help but smile every year for
The snow that covers me and everything
Like a second layer of skin.

Everyone who doesn't know me will
Fumble, grasp onto me for help. Cars from
California will slide off the roads because
They didn't get snow tires this year,
Because they didn't believe in my winters
That would make even Demeter shiver.

Yet, my children know better.

They know what I have to offer

America.