

To the Silver State's Heart: A Love Letter

Caleb Wingate

Dear Nevada, my vast expanse of dreams,
Where Fremont Street's neon gleams, in '86, a
snapshot in time,

Captured by Owens, a poetic rhyme.

From Wendover Will to Vegas Vic,
A conversation poetic, surreal, and quick.
The desert whispers tales untold,

Of highways and byways, of silver and gold.

In Elko's embrace, a cowboy's song, Carson
City's echoes, where histories throng. Highway
50, a lonelier ride,

Yet, your beauty, Nevada, cannot hide.

What do you say, O ancient sage,
To the Strip's electric, vibrant stage?
Do you share secrets in the quiet night,

Or bask in the glow of neon light?

The high desert, a canvas so divine, Where the
sun and moon in tandem shine. What do you
see, feel, and smell,

In this land where stories swell?

A letter to you, Nevada, my muse,
In epistolary prose, my heart let loose.
A tapestry woven, diverse and grand,

In your arms, I forever stand.

Humor cherished, compassion found, In
your vastness, a love profound.

This fragile climate, this delicate dance,
Nevada, my home, my lasting romance.

So here's my letter, in poetic grace, To the Silver State,
a warm embrace. In every fingerprint, a voice unique,

Let our stories, Nevada, forever speak.