My Nevada

My Nevada, like a bulbous neon fruit in a high desert valley, Bursting with joyous, jaded juices.

In my Nevada, you can lose yourself In one casino-

Make it into seven more casinos. Want a \$1 special

On any kind of drink, just ask for it, Take it outside

While it rains in the late summer, bathe

In the smell of the body bloated Truckee River and the smell of the wise pine trees.

In my Nevada, you can carve driftwood boats, cast them off

Amidst the rainbow pebble shores of Lake Tahoe,

Admiring them like your future drifting,

Then sinking into those same ever-frigid waters.

In your Nevada, my immigrant parents almost died many times driving through the Sierra Nevada blizzards

To housekeep for timeshare-people with the privilege to not risk death to clean up human shit from shower grates.

Me and my sister cleaned up all that shitty crap on our hands and knees with them.

We all got stranded

On Mt. Rose Zero visibility Dad peeing In a Coca-Cola cup Cars stranded over Embankments 10,000 feet in the sky

So many times.

In my Nevada, hella is a call to action, An action, A mating call, So breathy in pungent exhalations.

My Nevada, treated me less than for the longest Time. Still does. My Nevada

Is a flash of senses—

Throwing up veal parmigiana on a on a on a beer-tacky street corner, Hugs from so many strangers, Failing Falling,

Failing-Failing when kissing the girl who I shouldn't have Kissed because she said we couldn't be together because she was white and I was not.

My Nevada snowcaps hope, Leaving only the tip,

Something brighter,

More neon than my Nevada itself.