

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.

