PROCLAMATION

**WHEREAS**, the Town of Silver City is incorporated to provide public services and opportunities for cultural enrichment to the community; and

**WHEREAS**, the Town’s effectiveness in the provision of these services and opportunities is often dependent upon the independent vision and efforts of the local citizenry; and

**WHEREAS**, the steering committee for the Southwest Festival of the Written Word (SWFWW), with the endorsement of the Town of Silver City’s Mayor and Town Council, has initiated and completed a search for the Silver City area’s next official Poet Laureate; and

**WHEREAS**, that search has been completed, resulting in the selection of an excellent candidate to hold the honorary post of Silver City Poet Laureate;

NOW, THEREFORE, on behalf of the Silver City Town Council, I, Ken Ladner, Mayor of the Town of Silver City, Grant County, New Mexico, hereby formally acknowledge, endorse, and proclaim **Eve West Bessier as the Silver City Area's Poet Laureate for 2019-2021.**

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused this official seal of the Town of Silver City to be affixed this 14th day of May 2019.

(Seal)

/s/__________________________
Ken Ladner, Mayor

Attest:

/s/__________________________
Ann L. Mackie, Town Clerk
Eve West Bessier

Ode to Silver City and Grant County

This is the place – you’ve been looking for all of your life. 
Or, if you’re lucky, the place you’ve been living in all of your life. 
Either way, this is the place that calls you by your true name, 
gives you the wide open space to lean into your future.

This is the place – where the winds shift and battle, tossing high tops 
of Ponderosas in dueling jet streams across the Continental Divide, 
while you walk far beneath in only a gentle breeze, scented with pine, 
listening to the taffeta skirt swish of needles serenading from above.

This is the place – where rain-heavy clouds drive in from the Black Range 
like freight trains in the monsoon afternoon, to meet head on with white 
cumulonimbus rising out of the Gila. Here comes the crackling lightning, 
the uproarious thunder, as the storms collide like prize fighters.

This is the place – where tourists upscale their dinner plans, find unique objects of art 
at world-class galleries, and search for treasures in overstuffed antique shops. 
This is the place where amateur archeologists climb up into the Gila Cliff Dwellings, 
and astronomy enthusiasts gather at the City of Rocks with their telescopes aimed.

This is the place – where you can hire a real cowboy, dressed in his chaps and faded black 
Stetson, wearing his revolver on his hip. He holds his For Hire sign while standing on 
the side of 180 with his horse, his mule, and his winning smile, ready to mend your fences.

This is the place – where history still sits on a high stool at the Buckhorn Saloon, 
leaning a leather clad elbow on the bar and ordering a sarsaparilla, or something stronger 
to take the taste of dust from the throat while listening to a pretty fine fiddle player.

This is the place where – when the price of copper is high, you can make a good wage 
driving a truck the size of a two-story house along the side of a mountain being peeled 
away one layer at a time, revealing ore the mauve shade of a faded winter sunset.

This is the place – where you can fish for trout and bass at Bill Evans Lake, 
or take your daughter and her posy roller skating in Bayard, or ring your cowbell 
at the finish line, as champion cyclists speed in from their Gila Monster conquering.

This is the place – just 90 miles from Mexico, where you can eat fresh empiñadas 
filled with apricots as sweet as your abuela’s voice singing her favorite love song. 
Bésame, bésame mucho. Como si fuera esta noche la ultima vez! 
Bésame, bésame mucho. Que tengo miedo a perderle, perderle despues.

This is the place – where we work with our sons and daughters in the family business, 
clearing clogged plumbing, putting in new windows, preparing accurate tax returns, 
making traditional tamales, creating a life that reflects our hopes and our joys.

This is the place – where we hold our celebrations, our mixing of the bold cultures 
and customs that so brightly color our hometown and county, and bless our lives.