

Detroit

MICHELLE BROOKS

I did not know any better except to love
it, the bluish glow of televisions at night,
snow that fell like promises only to turn
dirty and gray. The downstairs landlords
put up a sign in the backyard saying, This
is paradise and watched as our next-door
neighbor almost strangled his daughter, saying
Bitch, this is your last chance. Sometimes
I thought about where else I had been, but
not often. The streets of the city were
complicated, changing names midway, leaving
you wondering what miracle might happen next.