

# *Detroit*

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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.