

just outside Fort Lauderdale

so what does it matter, I mean, the beach by my house  
*used* to be pretty nice,  
and way less busy than the “official” Fort Lauderdale beach,  
but now they built Burger Fi and Kilwins and Lucky Fish and Beach House  
(shit food and way overpriced if you ask me)  
and it’s all cars  
and it’s all people  
and it’s all loud music that’s at least live on Saturdays and Sundays  
after 5 PM, though I wish the waitresses would wear something other than  
bikini tops and short shorts,  
not that I mind it but it’s a little weird  
(maybe that’s just me),  
and I live just down the road on Northeast 5th Street and no cars ever lets us cross the street–  
despite the *Yield to Pedestrians* sign–  
because duh, Florida, and one time a car almost hit my dad there  
(a bright red Porsche that he said he wished hit him so we could sue  
but he’s frail and 62, so I’ll keep working and pay our bills, it’s fine)  
but other than that the walks are nice and people have dogs  
and Trump signs  
but the dogs are sweet even if the people are odd  
and kinda mean, I mean my senior year of high school  
our landlord told us to move out so he could raise the rent  
and luckily we lived in a townhome and knew the landlord next door  
(his parents would stay there during the winter until his mom died, I really liked her)  
so now we share a wall with where we used to live  
though it would have been better if the old tenant  
who was evicted after not paying rent  
didn’t leave after screaming at cops  
didn’t leave after screaming God was strangling her

didn't leave after screaming the Devil lived in the walls  
(her parents gave money for rent, she kept buying drugs), and the people  
before her were swingers who had a fold-  
up plastic table that vanished off the face of the earth  
before the "God wants to snap my neck" lady showed up, and I like to  
think we're the most normal tenants our landlord will  
ever have, though that's  
hard to believe, and there's condos being built  
across the street (bought and sold for  
\$3.5 million a piece) and school is close—  
we had to take North Federal, which wasn't bad  
unless we left too close to 7:30  
or 8 AM because the bridge went up  
and it usually took ten minutes to close again, but mine and Will's  
dad was raised in Miami and could drive like we were  
drag racing while reading emails behind the wheel  
so we were almost never late  
(ticketed only once)  
which was way better than when our mom hit the curb on Atlantic  
and we blew a tire