Foreclosure

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Foreclosure
— Cassie A. Peters

When I drive back it is late at night.
I do not brake at the red stoplights.
I drive down this street so often
that I know they will turn green
before I reach them.

I barely see the deli to my left,
a quaint little shop
in the rough part of town
an Eden in the mayhem:
black and white checkered tile,
a counter with stools stacked upside down.

I keep thinking maybe
someday I will drive back
in the daylight instead of the darkness,
sit at that counter when the stools are down
eat some ice cream, order a coffee.

How many times did I drive by
late at night before I noticed
the “for lease” sign in the window?

Little Eden I never knew you.
Little Eden come back.