

**Arcadia, FL**

Eric Ellis

Mothballs spent in primrose sand—  
a cost that slept through flea markets,  
whose antiques sought refuge  
in wheel-rusted, beige-scented vans  
that had driven straight out of 1988  
and aged, but remained.

A pale trailer had survived  
even Andrew. Yeah, we could see  
it now, orange tree out front  
with bulbs of unripe green  
stretching from low branches  
over the dipping, cratered, anthill lawn.  
The neighbor's cheap linked fence  
still down, mowed over and covered  
in squelched bits of grime-covered leaves.

That stench lingered too long,  
red air wafting up from the shore,  
primrose sand tainted pink.  
The chalky spheres kept the moths  
at bay, but left the soft earth damp  
with something to be desired.

Furniture replaced, but much  
still missing.