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.