

Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal

Volume 4 | Issue 2

Article 38

January 2005

Mr. D Sells His House

Candace Black

Follow this and additional works at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate>

Recommended Citation

Black, Candace (2005) "Mr. D Sells His House," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*: Vol. 4: Iss. 2, Article 38. Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol4/iss2/38>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by The Open Repository @ Binghamton (The ORB). It has been accepted for inclusion in Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal by an authorized editor of The Open Repository @ Binghamton (The ORB). For more information, please contact ORB@binghamton.edu.

MR. D SELLS HIS HOUSE

Candace Black

It was and it wasn't the money.
When Mamie died he could've remodeled
his way across the patio. God knows
he needed the space. But her house
had seen its century and the thought of living
through all those upgrades wearied him
beyond belief. Let these two,
with their obvious taste
for the decorative arts, pay him twice
the market value for the whole damn lot
and turn it all into the B & B of their dreams.
Old Town was going that way anyway.
Whoring itself for the tourist dollar.
Let newcomers lease from the termites
for a change, sink their savings into paint,
antiques, and a year's supply of croissants.
He's tired of the Conch Train's spiel.
Better to move the family up the Keys
a few bridges, away from assholes
drinking their way through the bars on Duval.
The migrating gentry can devise their own plan
for clearing out the unwanted
while maintaining a certain raffish charm.
He'll drive in to the bank each day and approve
their loans, then return to a new house
free of gingerbread to watch herons
stalking through the shallows.