

Neighbors in Paradise

by Tom Peters

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Once the Douglas Air parking lot
Donated to the city in the 70s
Tear up the asphalt to make room for
Seventy-five townhomes to be bought

This author is 1,700 miles away
Dreaming of a California future
Starting a family in the Motor City with
Adventure of the west in his DNA

Old money gobbles up the units fast
A gem in Santa Monica at 27th & Pearl
Pool, jacuzzi, sauna & tennis court
Plenty of land what more could one ask

I'm looking at the river, but thinking of the sea
Sings Randy Newman on the Pioneer stereo
As he stares at the Detroit River he thinks
One day somehow westward bound he'll be

Years go by, as paradise receives a future resident
Blessed to have an old friend already settled
In the land the Beach boys made famous
His mind & a goal set yet manages to keep silent

Meanwhile the seventy-five owners plot against
A future invasion of 'other' folks initiated by time
As years wear away this tight knit group
Owners die or moved away; renters become a threat

Yes folks, he has arrived and can afford the high rent
Oh no, a black wife and mixed child, Oh no!
Is this what renters from the outside brings?
Sorry folks this is his dream and a fine nest

Stares and cold shoulders as many keep afar
Yet finding a bond with a dozen neighbors
sharing their recipes, tools, and time
Has made the journey west who we are