

## **We Moved Out of the Projects and into a Home**

We painted the walls. Caught mice. Stained the burners with fire. Flushed roaches down the toilets. Left dents on the steps from our falls. Turned solemn grass into a garden and planted a Christmas tree in between concrete. Hung our faces on the walls. Bought a baby chick and gave it a room. Put a bed in the back room and called it Felix's room. Set up playpens for strange babies. Stored toys in the closet in case they came back. Carried mint leather couches up the stairs. Baked birthday cakes at midnight. Painted the walls. Scratched the steps with fingernails and rushed shoes. Moved the chicken to the yard. Ate dinner on folding trays. Prepped pasteles on the dining room table. Rollerbladed on tile. Grilled hot dogs on the stove. Put a TV in the back room and called it Eddie's room. Left dollar toothbrushes under the sink. Washed our bodies with Irish Spring. Cut pork and grease into the counter. Moved the chicken back into the house. Painted the walls. Scented the halls, the beds with garlic. Sat on the prickly rug until the power came on. Hid Cosmic Brownies under our tongues. Spilled brown Malta on white carpet. Turned wet grass into a party. We painted the walls. Prepared a room with infinite warmth. Gave the chicken away. We hung our faces on the walls.