

Ode to Beaver Valley Affordable Housing:

I love my Beaver Valley Affordable Housing Development. It is my gateway to sensory pleasures I'd only previously dreamed of, my beautiful orifice of daily delight.

Oh, my Beaver Valley—thank goodness we qualify for affordable housing, so that we may keep adding to our investment property portfolio. Thank you for being my rugged mountain landscape answer to Highlands Ranch, where my husband made me move from as his response to what apparently was some kind of middle life 'mountain man fantasy', lying dormant. Moving into you, Beaver Valley, has made me feel like a little hermit crab in the best of ways—settling into a new set of neighborhood rules, codes of conduct, and pages and pages of HOA documents to limit the time I have to waste making my own decisions. Have I said how much I love the neighborhood-approved color Burberry Beige? If I could bathe in a vat of hue while drinking a glass of pigment, it would be Burberry Beige. I love that my fences match my Burberry Beige yoga-wear. I like to think of my life as one cohesive unit, devoid of upsetting details like ostentatious color and having to arrange for my own plow service, and Burberry Beige is the color manifestation of my life's perfectly planned cohesion.

I love the existence of Beaver Valley's Design Review Committee—making sure Beaver Valley's bush placement and appearance is always manicured, and that there is not extra bush sprouting up, unkempt, places bushes have not been approved by the Committee.

So what if the neighborhood "may" have been built upon what "could be" a "mining tailings pile", turning our children's feet every color but my beloved Burberry Beige as they run through our meticulously maintained green grasses that laugh in the face of the surrounding native groundcover. If I look at my alarmed children's feet through my glass of rosé, they are a pleasant natural blush tone and I excuse them off to get in their beds, perfectly timed to be not the first children called in for bed nor the last—nobody wants that kind of stigma.

So our lawns are mostly the common "greens", and letting our children out to play is akin to taking our dogs to the dog park, and the chances of seeing someone's nipple and what they're eating for breakfast as you look out across the way are pretty good, even without a pair of Gladys Kravitz-grade binoculars.

We either scoop or step in each other's dog poop and post about it after we do. We can talk to half the town at once just by sitting on our front lawn and shouting, and not even that loudly.

Turns out, I love the mountains—and you are a big part of that. As long as you keep them neatly on the other side of the road and viewable from my master bedroom picture window.