

Two Poems by Larry D. Thacker

Larry D. Thacker

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LARRY D. THACKER

In a town

In a town like this,
mountain-edged, hemmed
in with never drying streams
of pills and that smell
of a little meth
always hanging in the air
off a thin couple's coats
at the convenience store,
a new jagged pile of some
newly deceased user's
belongings stacked
at the rental's curbside appears,

resting there rotting suddenly,
overnight maybe, or
dropping out of the sky
while you're at work,
forgotten for a week, maybe two,
near everything they owned
when they were found
dead, the same guys as usual hired
out for the same routine,
mindlessly dragging what's
left in the unit to the corner
(there's money to be made)
for the city to magically
dispose of whenever they
manage unless it catches fire
and saves them the trouble:

couch, loveseat, bed frame,
box springs, mattress, lamp,
coffee table, bedding, rugs,
trash bags of clothes, bicycle
tire, towels, a long dead fern.

Walking by, it doesn't stink
of something *in there*, giving
a terrible odor, but smells
of something *vital, long missing*.

