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Here’s what he doesn’t realize, as he drives
the back side of town: those trailers there—

people live in them. Instead, he imagines poverty
as clean and quaint. A beekeeper’s house,

let’s say, plain white with matching boxes,
light with combs, tumbled in the yard.

Or a baseball player limping along
the lane, a long game caught in his step.

Nostalgia is the gas lamp that burnt cities
to the ground. It warms the porridge,

stuffs the hearth with peat. I want to bludgeon
such follies. Sometimes, a person needs wreckage.

For the man passing trailers and discarded cars,
the countryside is lovely. The church points

the town’s way, his way. There’s the steeple.
If he could open the doors—there!

There would be the people.