

# The Messenger

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Volume 2003  
Issue 1 *The Messenger*, 2003

Article 12

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2003

## Little Town

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### Recommended Citation

Boyle, Doug (2003) "Little Town," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2003: Iss. 1, Article 12.  
Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2003/iss1/12>

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# Little Town

he lived knee-deep in corn-fed americana  
like you, you say  
he was mostly a god-(to the point of  
hallucination [aberrations they called them])  
fearing man, fit good in overalls and on tractors  
norman rock, well, you know the rest

when he was dead, they wrote  
an epitaph over his little piece of the world  
on granite, 'granite, t'ain't much, but,  
we dasn't raise poet-types':

'b. 19xx, d.19xx  
a good man, loved his wife  
left this life, for his country  
(read:you,  
may god him rest.'

some young upstart bought  
13 acre, 13 goddam acre  
relocated the little village of  
corn-pone poems  
cross town, cross the river and  
old bridge where the kids played hooky  
like real kids, with butcher's string and mealworms.

they say lots of things in  
towns like these, and, most are  
taken with a grain of salt and snap on the  
suspenders  
but

believe you me, there  
are certain places you just  
don't step.

*By Doug Boyle*