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# IN A TOWN THAT SMELLS OF BARBECUE BY LAURA NAVRATIL

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In a town that smells of barbecue  
a hill smokes as early as eight in the morning.  
White chuffs of meaty air  
pour over the passersby in uniforms. They clutch lunch, waiting for the bus to top  
the hill.

A train sears  
thick southern air, clouds filled with meat,  
the bus exhaust, the human  
exhaust. The hills reply its whistle, a siren  
call to elsewhere.

The trees' droppings  
coat every surface with pollen. Pathless.  
The wind shifts to bring the sound of the highway, asphalt-glazed.  
New leaves click against dead ones.

Night-moths plink  
off the bare bulbs of outdoor lights,  
erratic wiring. They go out around midnight They go on  
on their own.

At dawn, there was glass in the street.  
All clear. Jars' and jars' worth,  
the clipped shards for half a block.  
A corridor of shards to collect and examine.

The dead roaches accumulate in a corner.  
They must be swept up delicately with an old magazine page  
or an envelope.  
Each morning  
the reminder of the poison coating the lining of the house.

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