

# It's the Little Towns I Like

By Thomas Lux

It's the little towns I like  
with their little mills making ratchets  
and stanchions, elastic web,  
spindles, you  
name it. I like them in New England,  
America, particularly-providing  
bad jobs good enough to live on, to live in  
families even: kindergarten,  
church suppers, beach umbrellas ... The towns  
are real, so fragile in their loneliness  
a flood could come along  
(and floods have) and cut them in two,  
in half. There is no mayor,  
the town council's not prepared  
for this, three of the four policemen  
are stranded on their roofs ... and it doesn't stop  
raining. The mountain  
is so thick with water parts of it just slide  
down on the heifers—soggy, suicidal—  
in the pastures below. It rains, it rains  
in these towns and, because  
there's no other way, your father gets in a rowboat  
so he can go to work.

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