

# Chad Abushanab

## DEAD TOWN

A dead town full of ghosts—it left behind  
its brick and mortar bones, the pharmacy  
windows dark with dust. Each day we find  
the Bijoux Movie House's bleached marquee  
unchanged, and no one really seems to mind.  
7:00—*The Day The Earth Stood Still*.  
The seats stay empty since they closed the mill.

Instead, we haunt the Late-Nite A&P,  
the last place left to shop for Wonderbread,  
Del Monte peaches, and Chef Boyardee.  
We eat our dinners sitting up in bed.  
For company, the rabbit-eared TV.  
Infomercials fill the anxious quiet,  
the midnight mantra, *Don't believe us? Try it!*

echoes through our rooms paid by the week.  
It drowns the sound of industry collapsing,  
the deafening crash of silence at its peak—  
no cars, no crowds, the old mill making nothing—  
the sound of losing purpose, so to speak.  
Our part-time days, like stories stretched too thin,  
cannot escape the *were*, and *was*, and *when*.