

Fall 2003

Dying Was the Best Thing That Happened to Elvis

Lacy Schutz

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Recommended Citation

Schutz, Lacy (2003) "Dying Was the Best Thing That Happened to Elvis," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 60 , Article 11.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss60/11>

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DYING WAS THE BEST THING THAT HAPPENED TO ELVIS

As usual, we were lunching
at The Manor Diner the day
the King's own line of candy
came out: Bits o' Elvis

in a tin with a shot
of his head on the top.
He slumped into the restaurant
a little late. Settled in

beside me in the booth.
He showed off the cartons
of candies: Licorice-Peanut Butter
Swirl. Bacon Bites. Fried Banana.

*I just picked the kind of things
I like to eat,* he said.

Elvis had chicken fried steak
with a side of meatloaf
then went outside to call
his agent from a pay phone.

We watched him through
the plate glass windows,
jiggling the tins like marimbas.