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Manufactured Housing

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Jim Douglas
Manufactured Housing

I see it every day, parked parallel
to Oklahoma 58.
It's a 1965 New Moon:
ten by fifty-five,
a gigantic sheet metal aluminum
shoebox,
sides hand-brushed a pastel wildflower
lavender,
no skirting, tires rotting in the dirt,
broken concrete blocks
for front door
steps,
a drop-off at the back door,
a white 72 Chevy van rusting and immobile
out front,
sometimes a well-dented, oxidized red 81
Silverado
for a companion,
and directly across the highway,
on three acre lots,
guarded by a man at a gate,
with views of the lake
and the mountains, are houses built
by contractors:
four five six thousand square foot houses,
all brick or stone, all roofs steeply pitched
and many gabled,
all with three car
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garages out back, or off to one side,
for doctors, lawyers, bankers, CEO's,
and smugglers;
I see its chalky lavender every day
and it always cheers me up.