

*L.M. Rosenberg*

## **Thanksgiving Company**

The deer are just thankful it's over —  
60-some of them stretched out on racks of trucks and wagons  
huffing along route 17 at dusk, in snow.  
A few early captive Christmas trees strapped down.

Main Street is a skating rink  
the adults maneuver down with dignity,  
clutching at their groceries, treading ice,  
arms filling with slush.  
But later, when the children are asleep,  
the dishes bright and dry,  
and uncles and aunts asleep beside the fizzing t.v. set,  
a drunk picks his careful way downtown.  
He finds the Dunkin Donut Shoppe lit up like a movie screen.  
In a festal mood, he orders cinnamon, and sips his coffee,  
his face an inch above the cup. He eats  
with two or three aproned bodies near.  
And yes, beloved, you're right: he's grateful  
for the overhead pink florescent lights,  
the sugar taste alive in his mouth,  
and all the gathered company.