

THE TRUCK COMES EARLY



1Earthling

Different Perspective

The Truck Comes Early

2026 – 2027

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Chapter 1 - The House Stays Quiet

Chapter 2 - The Truck Comes Early

THE HOUSE STAYS QUIET



Series ID: DP01-01

Truck comes early again,
I know its sound.
It stops out front,
backs in slow.

I hear their voices
as they exit the truck,
opening the back doors
before they walk on up.

The door is open,
they walk on in.
The lounge and table
carried on out.

One of them nods
like he's seen it before.
I nod back once,
nothing more.

The house stays quiet,
nothing said out loud.
Things come in and out,
we don't ask how.

The house stays quiet,
morning comes the same.
Nothing much different,
but it's not the same.

Room looks bigger now,
nothing in its place.
Lounge and table gone,
marks still on the floor.

I don't move anything,
leave it as it is.
He said it would turn around,
I don't say much.

Kids wake up later,
they don't ask anymore.
Just watch TV from
the lounge room floor.

It's routine now,
they don't question it.
Same as me,
same as him.

Truck's already gone.
I close the door.
Then sit with the kids
on the lounge room floor.

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Series ID: DP01-02

Friday night arrives again,
sitting in the back room.
Cards around the table,
money moving slow.

Bottle sweating on the counter,
smoke hangs in the light.
Dealer taps, the room goes quiet,
all eyes on the cards.

Truck comes early in the morning,
don't knock, just backs in slow.
Takes the chairs, the bed, the table,
anything they're owed.

Next week might bring something back
or leave us nothing again.
All comes down to one more hand
and the turn of one card.

Sun comes up, I'm still sitting,
coins stacked in a line.
Didn't move, didn't leave it,
thought I'd win it back.

Truck rolls in before the neighbours,
engine idling low.
Two men lifting out the lounge,
no one says a word.

Truck comes early in the morning,
don't knock, just backs in slow.
Brings the chairs, the bed, the table,
what I thought I'd won.

Next week might bring nothing back
or leave us something again.
All comes down to one more hand
and the turn of one card.

Kids stand in the empty room,
don't ask anymore.
Wife doesn't say anything,
just looks at the floor.

I tell her it'll turn around,
just a run of bad nights.
Got a big game coming up,
gonna make this right.

One night runs into another,
cards don't break my way.
Everything I thought I held
starts slipping out of play.

We packed our bags in silence,
door shut slow behind us.
Didn't look back again,
nothing left inside.

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