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## In the Supermart

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## IN THE SUPERMART

there was the bag boy  
who saw clean through  
the produce man  
who caught her in his arms  
the morning she lost her way  
and the pharmacist she went to  
to ask for directions  
he, too, saw clean through  
saw how horrible it was to want  
and whispered his cure  
of any man, any man will do  
then stood aside  
minding his prescriptions  
and averting his eyes like a good father

as she walked the aisles  
with her new purpose,  
then lined earrings and shoes  
on the plastic aisle  
as if she were having them for lunch  
and pushed off her skirt like a snake her skins  
her shirt unbuckling like a rotten rail  
for the slouchy bag boy and the slippery manager  
and the vegetable man peeking the corner

until they made their plays  
in fluorescent light  
fumbling and gesturing  
so she took to the aisles  
like a runaway train  
while they ran marathons  
in light tan and blue

her slip around her ankles  
her socks in her fist  
the look in her eye bowing down  
though she stared straight  
the look in her eye kneeling down  
and all her tiny bones breaking their scaffolds

till they all stood panting  
by the cake decorations  
leaning into the yellow roses  
and chocolate sprinkles  
and candles thick as boots

and the fishmonger arrived  
bored of salmon and the frozen counter  
to brandish his fishy weapons at them

to pull her down for company  
for a party by the muffin trays  
parting oysters like walnuts  
and slipping them into her mouth  
and pulling up her slip  
and keeping with the questions  
until she felt dreamy and unalarmed  
until pearls streamed like waterfalls  
from his mouth to hers  
and she slipped him on  
the definite finger of her love hand  
and fell asleep in that place:

*a lemon an oyster  
his nametag spells his name  
at the threshold of the electric doors  
I fluttered my skirts like the sea*