

Mail Mall Man

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Plastic palms and pizza.
Air-brush T-shirts of
Jesus and Madonna.

There among the oil and sugar
the word viscid. Why?
What does that mean?

My vocabulary is weak
my passion is strong
for coffee from oppressed countries.

The US is the security guard
at the universal shopping mall.

It strikes at me like Wal-Mart
into the gut of the city. The silence
of the well-intentioned. Outside
teenage girls and grandfathers
smoking in bad weather.
Young boys in the grips of a security guard
at the universal shopping mall.
Too much hard dying.
Too much for sale.
So much once beyond buying.
But nothing, nothing beyond the pale.

We follow.

We follow.

We follow.

We follow.

We follow.

There is a rhythm to it all
and it is seductive.
And reductive.
Implantations. In plantations. In
the implications. We follow.
The poem pulls us. In. And in to ourselves. And in.
In to the crowd.
Oriental chicken and curly fries.
At the International Foods Bazaar.
We look strange. And we look good.
To mirror the real
each poem begins
and ends with plastic.

And we look good.