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American Superstore

Michael Raffaele

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American Superstore

Erratum

Featured Poet

**AMERICAN SUPERSTORE
FRONTIER CLEARANCE**

Michael Raffaele
Featured Poet

Tonight I drove through old country towns that looked like my grandfather
Passing away and taking 1906 with him.

I saw.

Cemetery signs that pointed in no direction-
Background to harmony road hitchhikers with thumbs to God under the billboard selling faith
For Catholic superstores with hypnotizing eyes of Jesus on top of Texas-
Heaven's marketing plan spinning in rotation on the pastor talk show late afternoon radio.
The resurrection marked down through Friday.

Garbage bag mile markers over the elk crossings.
Guiding the cities of native gold casinos begging the Midwest plains for a dollar-
Where the white man cometh to put dreams down on good table deals-
The playing card irony thick as hide.

Working man double wide yard sales with no customers.
Liquor stores with no change left.
Old mom and pop vegetable stands bargaining themselves on the sides of New Mexico highways.
Flea market road trailers with owls resting on the stoop hustling the day to a close.
Antique shops in antique towns with antique houses going down with an antique sun.

The day had aged and so had I.

Pine skin mountain men tearing frozen trails for job wary vacationers
Who follow melting eye drops to the summer ocean boardwalk coastal towns waiting for them.

Watching venture capitalist ghosts out my window...

...Native beauty crying at every turn.

And at the starting edge of every town I found the busy superstores
Eating the land away.
Billions served with a billion names unremembered.
Wal Marts in Beijing Wal Mart clearances in Japan-
Wuhan Wal Marts selling China ducks dead and strung-
Out pricing the cuisine once owned by the street corner.
Amish mommies and daddies and their little country children of God



FAIRVIEW WATER TOWER Katherine Robertson

SUNFLOWERS Katherine Robertson



Drawn in by horse and buggy parking spaces right outside the door-
 And coupons of corn meal and butter that need no longer be churned.
 The Lord lost in an advertisement.

Walking past the women's panties and the sporting goods
 And the chicken livers and the beer stocked monuments of manifest destiny.
 Past the watermelon smelling like my grandfather in the field-
 And the sandals I need for a vacation to get away from it all-
 Flying twenty-six hours over oceans and lands of stock pointed neck ties
 To find Wal Marts hugging the beaches at the edges of the earth-
 Tropical coupons and rolling waves of rollbacks swimming all around me.
 Wal Mart bagged skin covering Wal Mart bodies
 With Wal Mart tan lines copyrighted and subject to Wal Mart tax.

Sleeping under the sun in Montego Bay and waking up in Staten Island
 And wondering where the world went.
 The earth made so small by a store so big.

Wal Mart drives turning off Wal Mart streets that meet up at Wal Mart boulevards.
 Moscow Wal Mart Idaho Wal Mart-
 Capitalism and socialism summed and subtracted
 Yielding the difference of a marketing campaign.
 Muslims buying rugs in aisle nine.
 The streets of Korea frightening me until I round the corner and see Wal Mart winking at me-
 Holding all the things I will need when the bombs go off.

Waiting in gigantic lines with my memories processed in thirty minutes-
 Leaving with a receipt that tells the story of my life.
 My world a gigantic superstore panorama.

Greeters old and wrinkled-
 Longing for the days when they welcomed customers with their own doors.

Tonight
 I locked eyes with the land
 and
 Everybody was a dead salesman.

I saw everything dying and dead and being sold off for tomorrow.

I traveled the world and all I saw was home.



LIVESTOCK STATION
 Katherine Robertson