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Fairview Water Tower, Sunflowers

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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.



FAIRVIEW WATER TOWER Katherine Robertson

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

SUNFLOWERS Katherine Robertson

