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Livestock Station

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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