5-1-2009

Livestock Station

Katherine Robinson

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2009/iss1/7

This Photograph is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Collin. It has been accepted for inclusion in Forces by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Collin. For more information, please contact mtomlin@collin.edu.
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.