

# SATURDAY MORNING SUPERMARKET

Slightly hungover in this Saturday morning supermarket  
it's easier to see everything as connected  
and the other people as cousins or  
elementary school secretaries  
rather than predigested bar hags and murderers.

A small brown family seems sturdy now, not laden.  
The kids' tragically unfashionable haircuts form a frame  
for deep-eyed nobility,  
and carven creases on the mother's face  
are purposed to reveal her, not cut pieces from her.

Angry older sisters with braces and piled-atop hair  
play out their traumas with a certain theatrical joy  
"What shall we do?"

And the men, you can see,  
play more aggressive, combative, contradictory.  
With all these warriors in the cereal aisle,  
it's refreshing to see an uncertain gangler  
shouting some ostensibly subtle joke.

All the people  
and all the smells and lives they bring here with them  
are familiar and noninvasive.

Robyn our checker is wearing the same perfume  
my Mom used to wear when I was young enough  
to try to memorize her  
before she left for an evening out.

Every face rolling understandably  
wanting decent things and moving along a visible path.  
That's rare for me,  
especially in the gastro-intestinal arena of a supermarket.  
But this paused afternoon,  
even the angry ones were lucid  
and connected all so strongly  
that it felt to be underwater,  
where something as plain as seaweed  
can seem graceful and forlorn.