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He purchased irony at the Cumberland Farms Convenience Store,
great pudding cups full of it, though this was not Cumberland,
nor had he ever stepped foot on a real farm
& “convenience” in this context was not a noun
as in *Auto Parts Store*, where one could expect to purchase
car oil & filters. No, convenience was not a “thing”
but an “idea” & here poets of things & ideas met at the checkout line,
the poet of things cradling a Styrofoam carton
of chicken eggs in his palsied arm while the poet of ideas
slipped a 2-gig memory stick down his pants,
already remembering the images he would place there.

He purchased a thing called Dark Hate,
which would give him energy for another few pages of work,
as well as some Mentos & a Hungry Man frozen meal
made with Real Chicken parts. When the President said he would follow
the advice of the Office of Legal Counsel,
he thought of his dinner, how a man would eat anything
if hungry enough, including the cranberry crumble
which contained neither cranberries nor crumbles
but looked a lot like it might, though where it was going, it didn't
really matter. He was not an artist
of things or ideas, just a copyist, Bartleby, folding-sheets man
working in an office he'd rather die in than leave.