

A Symmetry Placed on Par with Cheese

Kyle Barron

Assorted dairy, weighed per uncorruption,
Is accordingly sorted on the grated gondola:
Drag-driven down the tarmac — bumpy
As though a river, wave broken
By shrieks and stalking, grim;
Air cooled by intense fanning is propelled,
As I pry open the counter-tomb,
Past its pale walls — bloody freezing.

Feet stumble in through the sliding doors
Like they're hungry ghosts — lists in hand.
They hobble in from under the dull clouds
That haunt; above the cheese I'm after
Putting the yoghurt — perhaps placed upon
A new layer of woven steel
Would have done better, than them
Haphazardly stacked — one fall away
From death before life.

I'm tired and cold, but in command still
Of this Samsaric shopping system.
A few more hours to sacrifice —
Suppose I best get to it then.