SUPERMARKET

I'm lost
among a
maze of cans
behind a pyramid
of jams, quite near
asparagus and rice,
close to the Oriental spice,
and just before sardines.
I hear my mother calling, "Joe.
Where are you, Joe?
Where did you
Go?" And I reply in a voice concealed among
the candied orange peel, and packs of Chocolate
Dreams.
"I hear you, Mother dear, I'm here—quite near the ginger ale and beer, and lost among a maze of cans behind a pyramid of jams quite near asparagus and rice, close to the Oriental spice, and just before sardines."

But still my mother calls me, "Joe! Where are you, Joe? Where did you go?"

"Somewhere around asparagus that's in a sort of broken glass, beside a kind of messy jell that's near a tower of cans that fell and squashed the Chocolate Dreams."

FELICE HOLMAN