

...june 14, 1985...

yes – i read the junk mail and the ads
telling me where i can save a dime
by spending more – and with what isn't saved
i can look again at marvellous
inventions that will fill up shelves and walls
and cupboards with time-saving things
that would save me time if they didn't
take so very long to understand –

clothing ads of reject discount lines
in underwear and toeless socks and jeans
expand a rising wardrobes out of drawers
to add to mothballed trunks and cupboard space –
no-name quick-save bags of super-special
value foods display their mouldy bread
for half-price – with out-dated bargains
waiting to claim all unspent currency –

shampoos and soaps that do not foam
arise to catch the budget-line
with coupons boasting new cosmic lines
luring the wallet out of dollar bills
weaving fairytale scented spells
and the promise of eternal youth
into depleted bank accounts and bigger
overdrafts that credit emptiness –

yes – i read the junk ads and the mail
of million-dollar lotteries for charity
and bingo churches filling newspapers
in classifieds no sermon can attract –
all promise us the billion-dollar dream
of purchase-power that turns real estate
into larger homes and longer shelves
to hold our still-unpurchased opulence.

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