Consumerism

Rachel Trueblood

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“In the station of the metro”
there are solemn faces turned towards the
exit that empties into the
road that leads to the market

Where the masses herd like
self-governed sheep and
where the workers gather
like a school of fish to a baited hook

With caution, with certain indignation
they find themselves where they were
Yesterday. The week before. A year ago.
But not more than two.

One young man finds himself blankly
gazing at his parents, at what they are,
at what they used to be, at what they sell,
at what they used to sell.

He sighs for the spicy paella
he would trade on Saturday afternoons
for a necklace or a pair of earrings
from the Czech antique stand on the corner

Now, the antique stand only sells
machine-made jewelry from China
and the young man has nothing to trade
but a pre-packaged lunch from America

The customers are taking photos
and smiling and buying such things while they laugh to each other and say “What wonderful souvenirs!”

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Piles

*Heidi Nisbett*