

Control Freak

(from *The Wal-Mart Poems*)

J. Elaine White

Shopping basket brimming,
Merchandise falling over the top,
She scoops up an armful and pours items onto the belt.

Flying hands attack the mound of goods
Sorting, organizing--
Paper goods up front, paper towels and toilet tissue upright,
Napkins lying on the side, no space between,
Boxes of plastic wrap parallel to each other.

She scoops another armful,
Pouring more items on the belt.

Frantic hands grab tablets and paper,
Pushing the mound, attempting order!

Another armful unceremoniously dumped.

Hands on hips, down-turned mouth, glaring eyes,
"Well, guess I'll just be in charge of the *basket!*"
He grabs the empty cart, pulls it away sharply,
Nearly missing the shopper in the adjacent lane.

"Okay, dear," she smiles sweetly,
Savoring her small victory.