

Bring the Kids

(from *The Wal-Mart Poems*)

A cart careening down the aisle,
Children hanging on like clusters of grapes,

Mom grabs items from the shelves
Tossing them to the center of the cart.

Little hands curl out,
Reaching for forbidden fruit.

One child drops,
Mom reaches down,
 hooks a collar,
 re-attaches him to the basket,
 never stops pushing her load.

Feet swing out as she whirls around the corner,
White knuckles dotting the rim of the cart

Gone as quickly as they appeared,
Leaving squeals and stunned shoppers in their wake.

-- by J. Elaine White