

77 Words About Prowling At Whole Foods

by Anthony Van Hart

Shocking is not being able to prowl the Whole Foods on Sunday mornings.

It's not the succulent fruits, wide aisles full of tasty organics, or taps that fill growlers that make me miss living on the east side of Milwaukee.

It's the "where did you come from and where the fuck have you been hiding" eye opener that would slap me with every passing patron.

Missing your shiny floors, bevvy of ambiguous smiles, and my weekly patrols.

