

The Andy Warhol Experience

by Jerry Ratch

Whenever I go shopping,
I am trying my best not to be overwhelmed
by an Andy Warhol experience.

This is not like your typical Orwellian
Big Brother experience,
like when enormous Chairman Mao posters
appear out of nowhere,
keeping an eye on practically everything.

Nor is it anything like a Jimi Hendrix experience,
like with dope or anything.
No, I'm talking about being inundated
by boxes of Brillo Pads,
gigantic Tide Boxes,
things that on any normal shopping outing
with the likes of Andy Warhol,
you would find yourself exclaiming
that you *just had* to have
one of everything.

I mean, it's just so American,
like with Walt Whitman at the supermarket,
squeezing the tomatoes.

