A Release of Sorts

by Neil McCarthy

For the new year, I´ve given up palm oil.
Made shopping a whole lot harder.
Damn orangutans tugging at my conscience.
Already boycotting 4 companies,
I push an empty cart around the supermarket,
Pick up and put back every box, bottle, bag,
Bread, butter, breakfast cereal, Bolognese sauce.

At the checkout the young man aggressively
Scanning through other shoppers´ items looks
Confused as the conveyor belt stops cold.
He stands up and peers into my empty cart.
“How much for a clean conscience?” I ask.
He smiles nervously as I bulldoze through,
Beating my chest, swinging branch to branch.

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