

# SHOPPERS MAKE ME NAUSEOUS

*by* Tyson Bley

A meaningful conversation

Subdued the huge Toys “R” Us question mark  
Standing sun-bleached and sprinkler-dirtied  
In our flowerbed

On the patio

Explode your fanny pack,  
A clinking most dangerous

The Mysterious:

Its neglect of personal care,  
Out of bed-crazed

But sweet, Victorian GPS — it sounds when guiding us

Like singing in the shower.  
For it sounds like a wet navel,  
Bubbling

Pinching bubblewrap its circuitry

Reacts like amoeba androids' collective face-  
spasm

Greasy on the fingers of the mind

Of the Lost Stomach:

It cannibalizes Muppets  
When nauseous the stomach wears  
its plush murder jacket  
Crowds make each individual of which it  
consists nauseous

Accessibility of the sun's black glow  
Like their innermost secret's door:  
Toasters both hairy and hairless beneath the cognitive paper  
parachute

Man, shoppers make me miserable

