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REBELLION OUTBREAK OUTSIDE THE PLYMOUTH TOWNSHIP KROGER

We ignited fireworks
in that Kroger parking lot.
We watched as the fuse
burnt towards cardboard
inside the zinc-plated cage
of a shopping cart and pushed
them through nickel-metal hydride
shadows towards the cart coral.

We lit them believing freedoms
aren't freedoms unless practised
with combustion and detonation.
And practice is that sort of path
newcomers such as us must follow
to become free, like everyone
who had sought their gilded future
in the cycles that started or ended
in bungalows of factory-working generations,
cycles powered on pitchers of Stroh's
and low-grade pool hall victories
that made workday Mondays
feel like an inevitability worth
building a city around.

And as that cart exploded into
a slow-rolling bazaar, we hoped
for some raw recognition of all

that we had wanted to throw
in the face of this world.

In the soot and powder afterglow
of our shopping cart rebellion
we watched as a man in a
Super Bowl XXIII t-shirt and ball cap
loaded his grocery bags into his Chrysler
and drove off north in the yellowing lights
of Sheldon Road, not bothering with
the smoldering remains of another
burnt-out rebellion.