



SUNDAY FLEA MARKET

Those seemingly hapless vendors
Want their flock
To seek the endless pool of wares
For they are the guiding shamen
Offering unique and varied treasures
To fuel the everlasting potlatch
Surrounding those vacant listless lives.

Worshippers tread a hard black prairie
Ignoring stagnant murky heat
Selecting from myriad caches
Spread, stacked, bagged and boxed
Beneath pristine white canopies

An adopted pretense of dire need
Drives adherents to satisfy
Relentless unknown cravings.
These true believers
Must hunt then gather
That for which each one harbors.
Innate unfulfilled psychic pleasure.