

# Big Box

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Endless hours idle,  
peering through the glass,  
wood,  
leather,  
knives,  
though no person's gaze catches the return,  
and money is left at the counter.

Necklace brings ghetto light,  
noting the clean purchase,  
nothing is bought for the price,  
but small hands still are clasping,  
small hands wanting food.

Broken fingers caress fabricated joy,  
small eyes attempt the reversing glance,  
small hearts beat faintly, tiredly, in the jungle heat,  
with every Mall foot print they pant.

"How do they get the stains out?", a young lady asks.  
"Are these wash and wear?"  
"Are these for sale over here?"  
"Why is there blood on my brand new jeans?"  
"How did it get there?"

No one responds ...

... but with eyes cloudy,

coldly.