

Super Store **Jes Battis**

The world unspools
below you, bright baskets,
yellow cells dividing the aisles,
as you wait in the photo lab
to be seen or saved.

Tape negatives to leader cards,
letting their hooks snag
on rotating teeth. Do it wrong,
and memories snarl.

On slow nights, pry off
all the chemical lids,
pour the bright toxic bathwater.
Fumes make you forget
about your break.

Make zero moves on
possibly bi produce dude
with frosted tips. Hesitate
near the wet compactor, as he chucks
rotten avocados. Picture him
going home to a secret love.

Dust.
Face.
Repeat.
Read a contraband copy
of *Howard's End* for the prof
who writes on your essay: *I don't care.*

An old man
gives you a roll of film, saying: *It's all*

I have left of her.

The grad school letter is lost—
Hogwarts playing a trick.
You're a seasonal item
on a pallet jack.

On the last day, nudge a crystal
a fraction of an inch to the left
so all the memories
turn red.