

## Supermarket sweep By Olga Dermott

Struggling to keep my trolley straight

I turn into the Faith aisle. Half-empty shelves

with plastic signs apologise for supplies

not getting through. It's cold down here –

half empty bottles stare like dusty saints,

florescent lights fizz and spill overhead,

God's barcodes are covered in awkward

yellow stickers and I never know what to choose

so I turn empty handed into the Hope aisle

which is full of children doing hopscotch, handstands

chattering to each other through yoghurt pots

on string. Their tulip faces are brightly beautiful,

their hearts' pic & mix scattered far and sweet;

unwrapped broccoli forests have sprung up

around their feet, but my wheels trundle on,

old babushkas grumbling. I can't find where

Love is kept, so I ask a nice lady in a fleece

who is stacking huge boxes of Lust, Bad Choices

and Regret. Reaching the corner, she explains

nothing here can be bought with cash or card,

no expiry date (but they can't guarantee anything  
chosen will last). I fill up my trolley until it groans.

Walking home, I wonder why I took what I did.

The handles ribbon my palms into purpled hurt

and trudging through the wet, I think about how  
love can come in such strange shapes and sizes –

my bags for life seem so heavy. I hope they won't split.