The supermarket is our city. Its aisles are the grid of streets and sidewalks through which we travel. The streetscape presents us with a mind numbing pseudo-selection of logos, ads, and jingles. Maneuvering our cart up and down and back and forth, we do our window-shopping. There’s the butcher and the baker but no candlestick maker. Prepare to circle the block several times because there’s never anywhere to park. We foolishly rely on the signs self in the wrong neighborhood. I’m lost. Can you direct me to the Twinkies? Sometimes, different ethnic communities live in different aisles. Apparently the refried beans don’t always live in harmony with the chow mein noodles. We don’t want your kind on our shelf. At least the imported and domestic beers are cool with each other. When it’s time to leave, pay attention to what lane you get in. They’re not real fond of those who exceed the limit in the

God forbid he would forget something.

He goes through so fast. He knows the aisles by heart and even rewrites the list according to location.

I run around begging for everything I can get my eyes on. Once I screwed around and broke the spaghetti.