

GOODWILL HUNTING

Peter Austin

It isn't Holt Renfrew, or even The Bay;
It's long on confusion, and short on cachet;
And under the fans that lethargic'ly spin,
It reeks, of unsanitized skin.

The shelving disgorges, all over the floor,
Its bread-makers, microwaves, toasters and more,
And some of them look like they met with a shark,
And some, like they fell off the Ark.

There's glassware, and dishes, and saucers and plates,
And ladles and spice-racks, and racquets and skates,
And helmets, and pelmets, and curtains and rods,
And ends rubbing elbows with odds,

And racksful of clothing, and some of it smart,
But most of it tasteless, or coming apart,
Or washed till it's see-through, or sized for a chimp,
A bundle of bones or a blimp,

And board-games, and Barbies, and Beanies, and balls,
And posters of *Toy Story*, stuck on the walls,
And bins of homogenous plastic debris
(Which came from McDonalds, for free.)

But this only merits the quickest of looks:
It's tinsel and toe jam, compared to the books!
They're off in a corner, neglected and dim,
And some are in terrible trim,

But if you've the patience to sift through the lot—
The old *Readers Digests*, *The Love Time Forgot*,
The six dog-eared copies of *Games People Play*,
The Bird-Spotter's Guide to Gaspé—

And if, in the heavens, the planets align,
You might find a copy (it's where I got mine)
Of *Zen and the Science of Closing a Deal*—
At twenty-five cents, what a steal!

[Holt Renfrew is a high-end Toronto department store; the Bay is more modest]

“Goodwill Hunting” © 2007 by Peter Austin

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