

## Ezekiel in Walmart

*Truman Burgess*

Bread aisle for tortillas

an infant's hand around my finger

sold-out souls

sharing beans and lentils

in Babylon, but

I've been warned, I think.

Sand spitting in the wind

sun-faded advertisements for

lip balm modeled by

nameless lips

we'll never know.

Watchman with a clay canvas

stolen laptops ripped from their

eye sockets for saying

"Stop staring at me,

you fools, you killers."

White pipes passing for ceiling decor

our temple waiting to become fake fingernails

the curdled yogurt lurking back there

Mother Earth staring at a shopping cart

where I find my Father's corpse.

Who will scatter Him again?

I forget this isn't the end

the baby formula cabinet

swinging open,

empty graves in the future.

A dream of dusty femurs  
shiny dog food split across the back  
a man drives his electric wheelchair  
into the potato chips—

we laugh and never help.

That's not what this is,  
a wintry expulsion, a caress, a kiss  
no one cares to give as we  
watch our feet fall in line

to the checkout aisle.

We travel hoping to return home  
with new gods in plastic bags  
we wish weren't empty on the asphalt  
as we cry for flames to light the tundra.

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TRUMAN BURGESS {trumanburgess@gmail.com} grew up in the Shenandoah Valley and the Pacific Northwest, and he earned a bachelor's degree in English from Brigham Young University-Idaho. Truman's prose and poetry have appeared in the literary journals *The Whisky Blot*, *Kula Manu*, and *Outlet*. His award-winning journalism has been published through the news agencies St. George News and Scroll. Truman currently lives in southern Utah with his wife and four children.