

Joanna Rose

Oceana Natural Foods, Newport

The food co-op has that smell—dirt
in the short memory of the potatoes
and in the long memory of the wooden floors,
waxy squares of aloe soap, sandalwood incense,
and patchouli like moldy hippies.
Tiny temple bells always were just ringing,
there is the flip-flop of flip-flops.
Rainbows decals on the windows are sunstruck
even in the rain and crystal mobiles throw prisms
across the bins of beans and rice
and babies in tie-dye swaddling.
The round cashier with the blue bandanna
has stepped outside to smoke a clove cigarette.
Someone says Hey, Man.
Someone says *Namaste*.