

*Vincent M. Livoti*

## CAVEMAN

I was forced into hunting my supper  
At Market Basket on Somerville Avenue  
Bestial, insane—sawdust on the floors  
Hard mouthed cage pushers everywhere  
Blood piquing  
Instincts sharpened  
Elbows out  
Game hens dragged and clutched  
The fruits and vegetables misty  
Some South American Cloud Forest  
Trapped wholly under florescent light  
Even the elderly stalk these aisles  
Kills twitching in their arthritic hands  
A hiss seething through me  
Ripping a dangling pomegranate  
From an absurd cardboard tree  
Safe in my shelter  
I will smash out its guts  
Iron rich clots shiny like garnets  
Smearing the face, the hands  
Death stains everywhere  
The Whole Foods was just too far away