

J. H. Bowden

THE WALT WHITMAN SHOPPING CENTER

The Walt Whitman Shopping Center of Cold Spring Harbor, New York (I can't rhyme your way) is large, it contains multitudes, Salut! You know, I think Old Walt would like it there, or like a lot of it, anyway, Old Walt would. I have not seen you, yet can say that I have seen you, everywhere: Beirut, Rome, Cairo, Tokyo, Delhi, everywhere, or if not yet (Ya-honk! I sound my horn) then soon you will be there, with catalogs that show three hundred and sixty-five aisles, in fifty-two departments: cosmetics, dog food, insurance, hair cuts, Magic Mourn Crematorium (O Lucky Death!), togs for children, women's stuff (Clean, yes, clean, I'll say you are clean!), counter girls--dark-haired spics-- you are clean, washed all over--Amigos! Cleaner than the girls in the magazines, certainly, and pickets, I adore you, je me vous adore, marching forth and back. At the OB/GYN sign I go in, see sixth month women abort their genes (that you would not like); next door, corpses (new) are laid out waiting paint, and the steel sack. This, here, is the stronger stuff you said you'd jet, Walt, and you have stronger still within you yet.