

Panic In The Supermarket

Citizen Fish

She got a basket; she got to fill it. Picking up a can of beans, imagining herself in a movie scene. A random fluctuation, background music hesitation, tape chewed up! It's panic station, consumerist disintegration. I won't buy this cause I don't need it! I won't buy this! I cannot afford it! I can't stay in! But where is the exit? Wide awake, it's automatic panic in the supermarket. She got a ticket, but she can't use it. Offer ends in twenty minutes, no I'd and needs to prove it. Check-out full of cheque-card carriers. Barges through the human barrier, "Let me through I'm in a hurry." Store detectives in a flurry, "Don't let her out! She hasn't bought it! Don't let her shout! Just keep her quiet!" What happens now? The price is riot! Someone pulls an automatic panic in the supermarket. She got a bullet with no name on it. It was generic. It hit her wallet. Got compensation, a month of credit, and someone fixed the tape machine to keep the shoppers in a dream. No one recalled the shooting thing until they put it in a magazine. "You must buy this! You won't believe it! You can't resist!" is how they feed it. "Just one more thing; top of your basket." Impulse buy on automatic panic in the supermarket.