

## BUYING BACK MY SOUL

eBay — ghost world of merchandise —  
offer me your turquoise rosaries  
with no reserve.

Offer me your poetry of brand names  
that disappear at their appointed  
Cinderella hour.

You are the mall of the disembodied.  
I am a convert  
roaming among the newly listed.

I confess to countless searches  
for my childhood possessions.  
Innocence cannot be auctioned,

but a vintage version  
of the Game of Life  
may suffice.

Redemption is offered,  
briefly, in the moments  
when I am high bidder

on two Eisenhower silver dollars  
the tooth fairy left  
for an eight year old me.

What mystery allows memories  
to materialise  
through anti-corporate subversivity?

eBay — you are my silent Psalm —  
a video game of acquisition,  
a balm, "I shall not want."

With electronic debits, I buy  
a phantom past.  
I gladly tithe.

