

# Generic Airport Giftshop

by X. J. Kennedy

Go past the costly nuts, the bright antacid  
Mints in their stubby rolls, slick magazines  
Gleaming like sheaves of ice and, doubly gleaming,  
Plastic-sacked *Playhouse* redolent with queens.

Don't be deterred. The traveler's souvenir  
Bazaar is what you're after. Did you know  
That Bogsport had been founded by displaced  
Breton-Tibetan knights not long ago?

Here are bland kewpie dolls decked out in lace  
With cowhand's boots and Shirpa climbers' hoods  
Made in Taiwan. The spirit of the place  
Decreases you take home Bogsport sporting goods:

A puck embossed with the official seal  
Of the Bogsport Seals. But if your credit's short  
You'll love this inexpensive little broom  
That claims it swept the Bogsport Frogs' home court.

Yes, don't forget the kids. Behold the train  
That once hauled glowing pitchblende down a track  
Back in the pitchblende rush of '89  
In plastic incarnated. On its back

A little bear proclaims I STRUCK IT RICH  
IN BOGSPORT. There's gastronomy instead,  
Should you prefer to freight your carry-on  
With a hard loaf of Bogsport Soda Bread

Or a clay jug such as moonshiners use  
Oozing with syrup (chili-pepper flavor)  
To trickle on a waffle for your wife,  
Delicious though your salt has lost its savor.

What? Unimpressed? Does all this grandeur seem  
Old stuff, and every gift somehow unrare?  
Then settle, cheapskate, for a postcard view:  
Our shining skyline ogled from the air.