

METHOD

I *took* A CAB *down* COMMERCE STREET.

I *took* A CAB and *walked down* from THE MALL.

There's A COVER at CITRUS.

I *took* A CAB and THE MALL was *closing*.

Down COMMERCE STREET I paid A COVER.

I waved A CAB *down* but it didn't stop.

THE STREET *lit* up like A SATIN RIBBON.

CITRUS was *lit* like COMMERCE of SATIN.

HER DRESS reigned in the land of small shoulders.

HER DRESS was caught in THE CAB DOOR.

I *walked* to CITRUS where there wasn't A COVER.

THE MALL was a *dark* box made of unbought things.

A RIBBON went around my wrist.

A CAB turned around on COMMERCE STREET.

I *walked* to CITRUS and THE STREET was *closing*.

THE SKY was dark like A CLOSED MALL.

THE SKY was A CAB DOOR shut on A DRESS.

Her hips moved like RIBBON blown into THE STREET.

I drank from THE MALL of *lit* bottles.

The world will never end.

ROB TALBERT