

4 X 4

Rush out into space perhaps
It's tomorrow gleaming carbon fuel
Streams rockets to remember this *was*
What the future looked like Walt

Now we're gulping down deserts
Georgia O'Keefe bones gleaming your
Skin barked beautiful tree lean
Out over gulfs of exasperated oil

Or perhaps it wasn't that at all
Force in a landscape converting currencies
Predict storms taking digital numbers
Off screens and scattering them on the wind

Recursive like bingo like long lines
Before the ride's darkness is over
In a blink *au revoir* mysterious presence
You were commerce before the first gasp

Stephen Collis