

## SEARS TOWER

Refusing to concede the title of world's tallest,  
it juts its own big shoulders above Chicago's,  
convincing the sky of its rank, stray clouds  
and leftover moonlight caught in its pylons.

A few years ago, on an infamous day,  
unnatural clouds found their way inside,  
small clusters on stair landings, dark fragments  
in elevators, offices, restrooms. Mostly unseen,  
they still circulate softly, now and then  
fingering neck hairs, changing the texture of skin  
or faintly damping low-voiced discussions.

And still, aeries of elegant ladies give luncheons  
for forty, layers of high risers and rollers  
animate the interior, eye level with lakelight  
or lightning.

~~Contained in 110 stories~~ <sup>F</sup>ongoing life stories ~~continue~~  
on all levels, multiplying weekly in custom-made climate,  
flourishing on bilingual premises and promises encased  
in glass and pink marble with its ~~own~~ <sup>personal</sup> zip code.

<sup>is am</sup> Wrapped in designer winds,  
the great stack moves denizens side to side,  
dependent on its whims, holding them all in sway.

Doesn't  
work for me

GREAT!!