

## One day

when all  
the billboards  
have glitched  
themselves  
to death when  
Times Square &  
Piccadilly Circus  
no longer flare  
with a clinical  
fluorescence  
that stings  
my eyes when  
I can travel  
across town  
without mig-  
raine inducing  
demands on  
my attention  
there will  
be no more  
advertising  
because there  
will be nothing  
left to buy  
instead lines  
of poetry will  
adorn the walls  
once plastered  
with gaudy  
consumerism  
painting over  
the cracked  
remains of  
late-capitalism  
and people  
will stop  
and read  
the words