

An Experimental Poem :

The Age of Terrorism

— A Monostich Sequence —

A girl walking along the riverbank carried something sticking out of her dark coat.

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The dark figure looking into the window had his right hand stuck in his bulging pocket.

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The black parcel under the rostrum produced ticking sound.

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The men in the locked storeroom seemed to be working hard on something delicate.

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The man who opened the door had a machine-gun-like object in his hands.

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A big bag on the coach rack smelt dynamite.

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In the passing large, black car rode a man aiming a gun at me.

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The masked man peeping through a window looked like a murderer.

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