

# Soft Pretzel

By Taylor

city of lights,  
city that never sleeps,  
run...  
stop...  
crosswalk...  
run...  
closer,  
CLOcEr,  
LINE 😞

hours tick by,  
just to get,  
the golden brown heavenly pretzel,  
filled with chewy doughy goodness

mustard swims  
down the pretzel lake  
the salt rocks shines all over

