

## Graffiti

When you hear the clanking of ball bearings inside that  
Silver-grey can of defacement of private property

Picture me in your mind's eye, and get it right the first time  
So the night watch doesn't catch you

Before I am made immortal on South Main and East 6<sup>th</sup>.  
And use a ladder,

So the crackheads can't reach to piss on my face  
As long as gravity is on my side.

Leave me there, as guardian and patron saint of the bruised faces  
Who thought they could outlive and outlove the way things are.

Don't pretend like I was beautiful except by virtue of loving beauty  
In the deepest way a human can.

And close my eyes to see things that can't be seen, only heard and felt,  
Like the pounding of the surf on the breakwater.

Make it dusk, when the molten sun is rising in the ocean,  
Merging with itself at the horizon.

Up and down are inseparable. I'm falling into sky or ocean—  
Falling or flying.

I jumped off a cliff not because everyone else did,  
but because no one else would.

And know it wasn't a lie if either one would have meant  
the same thing:

Be it ocean or sky or concrete wall on skid row,  
I escaped the way things are.

Brush strokes are breaths into the dirt and you bring me to  
Life for the last time.