

## Graffiti I

As solar flares sweep over us  
like a tidal wave reduces  
buoys to pebbles, pebbles  
to sand, teleology tumbles  
beyond gutter-grey clouds.

I seek to read the palmistry  
of late metro passengers' despair  
cold call elusive scheduled leads.  
Faith (*you pronounced fate*) line wiped  
off my flustered pigeon lady's feet.

Didacticism founders  
beyond your short plaid haven  
of inconceivable thighs sighing  
for a final mapping of devotion  
or a thin ambivalence of trade.

Everyday we approach Presence  
with a secret certainty of switches.  
You will signal a spray of papayas  
while the world's axis shifting  
drops revelation on my lap.