

Graffiti IV

Behind the word hides the concept.

Behind the concept hides the pencilled
image of a promised toy, *the riffled
leaves of willows*, a composition book
scribbled multiplication tables, sketches
of Migs, blond Medieval knights...

Memory lapses portend futility.
Failure impends. An ominous tag
on a field of giant tulips on a city-
grey wall. Flex it. Exercise thoughts:

A layering of obsolete technology:
telegraph, slide-rule, astrolabe, spittoon,
Magnificent crazies: Rube Goldberg, Spike Jones
A layering of irrelevant facts. What hides
behind the dark side of the sun?

All cypresses aspire to the heights.

All crises are hormonal.

A choir of crickets
hum on and on
in my inner ear.