

Graffiti III

In a context of toxins
where air serves
to funnel cloud thoughts.
Your choices are others'.

After the construction holidays
buses change back to prior
schedules (missing you again)
annoyed at groping strangers'

pressure is diffuse... unfocused.
I wipe Amazonian Copaiba
oil and mud-gritty build-up
with my signifying finger

point to contrails of Concorde
(your low-talking indicates shame)
I touch-tone your number
hidden in a leatherette wing.