

Graffiti V

Sometimes you know her
moods (she has her reasons) know
her silences, why a seagull glides
through a postcard-blue dawn sky
to clip a thumbnail moon, or says:
*Send them all back to wherever
it is they came from.* Sometimes

you can understand Nike
-labelled babe in Doc Maartens
steel-toed boots, gold-studded
umbilicus, why she vituperates
before a moving backdrop of auto-
body shops (*débosselage, autos
d'occasions, teinture, freins*)
and low-rate motels.

Sometimes you can see a fork-lift
haul and crush a Camaro like tinfoil
and drop it on a heap of car cadavers.
Sometimes you see the grey grow
you see the Laws of the Market so
clearly: 16 survivors swallow live
Malayan grubs for a million –all
but one to survive in syndication.

Sometimes I walk through the valley of the shadow
the grey expands, the weariness...the grey levels all
the greyness grows, elucidates...blurs...becomes all

or sometimes it rains, or not, or –
then the horizontal sunlight spots us all.

Sometimes, you know, you
 just
 know.