

graffiti

Someone drew sperm on the wall
How do I know it's sperm?
Because I know how pop artists think.
Every word is sex,
every picture profane.
No one reads books in the
library anymore.
White, smudged with cartoons of genitals
And scripts of rumors which
don't even bother with
innuendo.
Crude.
And here I am
Reading the walls.