

## 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.