

Graffiti on Moving Day

There was always graffiti on the front door.
Silver spray-painted over black emboldened
by sun in a language I never deciphered.
It could have been someone's name, their tag,
longed-for instructions, a warning. Or a prayer,
something to touch, a kind of mezuzah.
Maybe it is natural to want to understand
a place that is home, at least gain entry.
The super often painted midnight gloss
over it only for the Krylon to return a day
or two later. Many attempts were made
to cover the graffiti. Even as our van
drove away from Seventh Street,
I wanted to know what it said.

