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Number Three

Edited by Hayan Charara & Erik Fahrenkopf

rag

DANIEL S. MOSHER

Daniel S. Mosher has been called at various times in his life "the most charming waiter, the best bartender, or the most accomplished host," due mostly to his love of martinis, sequined placemats and early 1960s chenille bedspreads. He takes special delight in "cigarettes and booze" movies from the late 50s and early 60s. In his spare time away from service industry jobs, he edits Bathos Journal.

An American Beauty

∞ ∞ ∞

Barking up the wrong tree
again, Bowser shakes the dew
out of his ears and gets down
to business.

Flowering is his business.
At will, he can spout
any number of beautiful
and/or brightly ornamental
blooms. Here's a rose
on his ankle – a chrysanthemum
at the crook of his arm.

Poppies shoot wildly
from his hair like summery
homerun fireworks.

Noiselessly shuffling his feet
in the dirt – looking for roots,
probably – he needs a lover
friend, but is afraid to commit
to one particular fragrance
for more than a day or two
at a time. And who'd put
up with that?

*Personal Poem in Which the Poet
Doesn't Even Mention AIDS:
Chicago, IL*

after O'Hara

∞ ∞ ∞

It's 8:30 A.M. on Saturday, May 17. The Yorkies
woke me up too early (as usual). Bruce. He'll be up.
I call, he is, we go to breakfast at the Wilson Street
Snack Shop. I eat too much. If I don't, the medicine

makes me wish I were dead. Pancakes, 2 poached eggs,
bacon, sausage, hash browns (burnt), raisin toast, coffee.
Our regular waitress comments that I must not be
as hungry as usual. I comment that she's not as original

as usual. It's cold for May, Bruce says, and I agree.
That's the extent of most of our conversations these days.
I grab a Tribune and Bruce drops me at my apartment building
(tacky late sixties gothic revival). The gods are already waiting

at the door, being smarter than humans.
Headline: "*Mobutu yields power, flees city.*" I could have
done better, I think. "*Mobutu and family flee Zaire,*
Mobutu flees city." Norvir makes me sleepy even when I eat;

I drift off in my chair and dream of reading in bed. In the dream
I drift off to sleep while reading, and dream of capturing
a purse snatcher without the help of a weapon.
I'm a hero! But I tragically end up falling in love

with the beautiful criminal. I wake from the dream
in the dream and it's 10:30. Thank goodness, I didn't waste
the whole chilly morning sleeping. When I wake up (for real),
it's 2:30. I realize I did, so I call Connie and we talk about poetry

and disappointment.