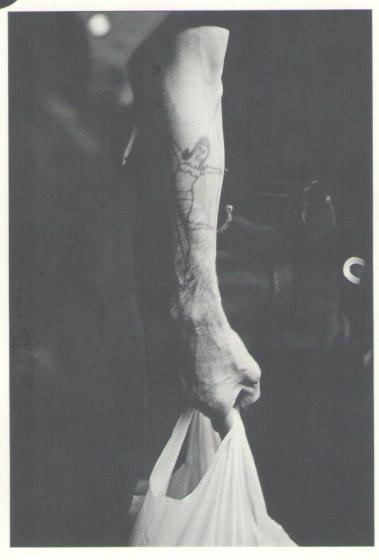
## graffiti

a n a n n u a a n t ology



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**Number Three** 

Edited by Hayan Charara & Erik Fahrenkopf



## 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

00 00 00

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  $\infty \infty \infty$ 

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.