

Occupied

Horizons of notes grow
on grout and tile,
never coming closer.

There is an unflagging
logic to
bathroom graffiti,
like an interminable
game of scrabble,
it is edited each day.

The phone number
jotted in sharpie. The love
letter written
illegibly in cursive.

Dave was here, 1988.

Annals
and affirmations
of boredom, of drunkenness—
share these walls,
this leaky faucet, the smell of urine
and disinfectant.

There is magic in the most
unlikely places.

What shorthand history
we dream while
searching for shelter.
For exuberant
canvases recalling the happiness
and fear of childhood.

Writing our stories
where they can't
be ignored, between displaced
wads of gum
and blackening moldy pipes.

Writing the familiar
until it's fantastic,
another way to survive.