

**Graffiti of Silence** (Edmonton, Canada)

There is a poem, waiting,  
tucked away behind a trash can,  
stickered on a street sign,  
stenciled across a broken wall.

Le paysage d'un mot:

*Listen.*

Not listen *to*.

Not listen *for*.

Just *listen*.

I become *silent*.

blue-wing silent

loose-wind silent

white-page silent

wrist-ache silent

I had forgotten

la dimension du silence.

The kind that tingles across  
your palms, and you can fold  
and place in your pocket  
to peel apart later.

Shadow-lengthening silence,  
heart-at-peace silence,  
the kind you can only hear  
when a tiny, hidden bird  
reminds you to *listen*.



Wojstaszek, Alie. *Listen Bird*. 2005.

Online Image. *Flickr*. Yahoo! Inc. Web. 7 May 2014.

**The Fisherman** (Granada, Spain)  
*for El niño*

So much of what we live  
is only seen and left unsaid.

The fisherman raises  
the line of his horizon.

A slender, silent man, he slouches  
over a lonely street in Realejo.  
Above him, his thoughts –  
shadows cut through them both.



*Tenemos miedo a buscar  
cosas encontradas.*

We are scared of finding  
found things.

*Buscamientos imposiblescos –*  
His multisyllabic mysteries  
construct a new geography  
but there is so much left to say.

Be compelled to look  
*en cada calle y avenida*  
Walk through every life  
that you can. Live in these  
layers, the letters  
we write to the future,  
read diaries of grief  
from our past. Chase that  
impossible glimmer of light  
on the broken wall.

## Monsters in Montevideo

*for Alfalfa*

When sunlight slices a flat wall  
in Barrio Sur, I panic.

I adjust my lens and squint  
to find several eyes  
staring back at me.  
Curling blue fingers  
reach out, almost living,  
mouth open  
in a long vowel.

I had not expected this  
strange shape of surprise  
that can see, not just be seen.

I don't think I think anything  
for a while.

The monster moves,  
and I move with it.  
The sunlight leaves,  
and I stay with it.

There is a story stored in this wall  
a secret hidden in the blue swirls  
at once outside and inside me.

Graffiti is just another self-portrait –  
it must exaggerate to exist,  
to show us that the world  
is meant to be broken,  
then painted over.

