

War on Dumpsters

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When metal is no longer blotched in brown buff,
names of underbelly bandits will bleed in black and white

oils, making landmarks out of Flood Brothers and fools
out of cops. It's a felony to own a spray can in the great City

of Chicago, but not a felony to erase man-made chapels.
In the 80s, arrows and halos and spikes decorated gothic prints

used by gangs to mark territory and pray to souls lost.
Sketches of gravestones would be thrown up on walls

where shirtless men could kneel with their heads down
and for a moment be overcome with something

stronger than the fear of being hit.
Where do those prayers go when water turns brick back secular?