GRAFFITI

Beyond the darken shadows
Of a cold abandon alley
Lurks the masterpieces kept in time
The city's homemade gallery.

The city art of the common man
His words and thoughts in design
Expressions shared with quick swipes
Of every curve and line.

Graffiti art so rare and intimate
Unaware of what is shown
Telling the messages of a man's true life
Drawn proudly on concrete stone.

At glance the drawings on the walls
Seem vulgar, low and unclean
The simple words of the unknown man
The man not heard or seen.

Yet there in his graffiti art he shines
Along with city fellow souls
And their true words and expressed art
Are their dreams, their lives and goals.

So when you pass a covered wall
Filled up with graffiti art
Remember that those are more than filthy wastes
They are the stories from the city's true heart.

Genevieve Pilat