

My Apocalyptic Wallpaper Umbrella

Satisfied with wonders that remain safely inside the canvas, the artist decorates it with his own daily annihilation. The result is an apocalyptic wallpaper - - Harold Rosenberg

Whatever the rain says, nobody is listening.
Neon hauls its colours like a wet shawl over
the high-rise hoardings and everyone's hunched,
action painting in the arena of public light.

Imagine this time as a too-big umbrella
scudding against those walking past,
minding their own business and there you are
bringing it down from above you

and shaking off the static drops before
closing it and leaving it behind and maybe
you'll forget where, hardly noticing it's not there
until the next darkly sky. Or maybe

you'll go back for it, and it won't be the same
too-big umbrella, but it's telling the rain
where to go and the colours might not wink
in drag bravado, but they're bright enough

and the puddles are so small that anyone can safely
cross the street, and might even sing on the way home