

The ANSWER TO IT ALL

**DECADES AGO IN THE CITY OF DUBLIN
YOU WOULD SEE WALLS COVERED IN SCRIBBLE
LONG DENSE SENTENCES
CHALKED NEATLY IN CURSIVE SCRIPT
BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO READ.**

**ON A FIRST VISIT FROM A DISTANT LAND,
I SAW AND WAS AMAZED, IMAGINING AS RESPONSIBLE
A DRACULA PHANTOM CLOTHED IN BLACK
POCKETS FULL OF RATTLING SKELETON CHALK
SPITTED MURMURING LIPS
IMPLORING FROM THE INDIFFERENT DUBLIN NIGHT
A GRASPING OF HIS TRUTH.**

**ONE RAINY MIDNIGHT AS I WALKED
WITH ONE I ALMOST LOVED
ON A SILENT SIDE STREET, DARK BUT FOR GAS LAMPS,
THERE WE SAW ON YET ANOTHER WALL
HIS FAMILIAR FRANTIC SCRIPT.**

**BUT HERE WAS A DIFFERENCE:
SOMEONE HEEDLESS OF THE SCRIBBLER'S PRIOR CLAIM
(*THE CITY WALLS ARE MINE; LEARN, FOOLS, WHAT I TEACH!*)
HAD DRAWN ACROSS HIS TINY STERILE ARGUMENTS
A HUGE HEART, EXUBERANT IN PINK AND PURPLE CHALK
PIERCED BY CUPID ARROWS
AND GRACED BY LOVERS' INITIALS:
A MOST HUMAN SHOUT, A SONG, A CHARM
AGAINST THE SINISTER UNENDING MUTTERING
OF AN IMAGINED VAMPIRE OR PHILOSOPHER
WHO DARED POLLUTE THE WALLS OF DUBLIN
WITH HIS VEXED CATECHISM.**

**BUT THE HEART AS USUAL HAD THE BEST OF IT,
AND IN A GAS MANTLE'S FLARE I SAW IN GREEN EYES
MY ANSWER TO IT ALL.**