

Efflorescence

Yesterday, an efflorescence of maturation
like wizened salt rings
on slate walls.

Commingling glacially,
post-culturally;
a future Singapore
here on the skin of my alley.

A migration through porous,
permeable material.

Derridean hospitality:
Upon my doormat,
you may shake your boots.

Upon my cupboard,
you may place your tools.

An essential process
eventually coating the surface.

A deep, in-born upwelling
here on the skin of my alley.

He that once was for me
used to snap shots of this stuff.
Then I walked away.

An efflowering of his mid-century
curtness,
grazed away like leather shavings
coiled across a cobbler's workshop,
wormy and dissolute.

A shrugging off of the final apology;
upending the act of shameful retrospection
before it can bloom.

Upon my doormat,
you may shake your boots.
Upon my cupboard,
you may place your tools.

On the skin of my alley,
you may scrawl your salute:

“The sun is coming, hide your flowers.”