

ART JUST
PERMANENT
ENOUGH TO BE
BEAUTIFUL

BEFORE THE WORLD REMEMBERS
HOW INSIGNIFICANT WE ARE

JESSE WELCH

We'd long since decided that the clack
 Of the bead priming aerosol
 Was the symphony Mozart was trying for
 It was the sound of potential
 And the hiss
 Of paint escaping can
 Was life's sweetest release

We were small time boys
 Bombing run, acid-etch, marker job
 We threw our mark upon the world
 In the form of petty vandalism
 Damaging it to difference

QWEST was different
 When he first saw the wall
 He'd found his destiny
 Four stories up and forever wide
 A ledge in front
 Just wide enough for his high tops
 And a drainage pipe leading up
 That might hold his weight

"Every piece I've ever done is gone
 They buff me before I've even split the scene
 I'm trying to out paint monotony
 But the world don't wanna change"

The whole crew swung by for support
 He never looked down as he climbed
 Just reached the ledge, unshouldered his bag
 Took out a can
 Shook up the world
 And sprayed

Water blue lettering
 Purple velvet highlights
 Midnight blue lowlights
 QWEST sprayed his soul onto city's canvas
 Property-damaged it to beautiful

The sirens started before he had finished the outline
 But his eyes never left his work
 He filled in to the sound of cops blaring his end into
 megaphones
 Ignored the engine of approaching cherry picker
 And made the operator wait
 As he finished the shading

We all stared up at what he'd made
 Some saw his name
 I saw his life
 The police saw property damage
 QWEST
 QWEST just smiled
 Dropped his empty
 Watched it fall from the heavens
 Four stories to finished
 He spread his arms in sacrifice
 From art to infinity

Cops pulled them back to humanity
 Wrapped his tools behind his back-
 And QWEST smiled
 Even as cuffs were slapped on
 Tight enough to rub wrists raw
 QWEST smiled
 Looked every officer dead in their eyes
 Asked them
 Had they ever seen anything so beautiful