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Off-Street Haiku

how came the tagger
with his black spray canister
to marquee this scenic underpass
did he do it in broad daylight
dart onto the rec path
 an iguana flicking its tongue
 against cool concrete
 or was it nocturnal emission
even letters over odd face
 steady strokes
 inexact glow of his phone
 off-street haiku riff –
 And the
 Persimmon
 S P O K E
 Live
 FREE
 Suburban
 SCRAMZ!
my scribbled notebook stared down
by some leering glassy-eyed fruit
 tongue and brain can't even place
index finger itches for abandon
 lawless canvas to spatter
 to yell
 to hell with you
 to matter