

## THE WALL

Last night, I tried to tear down the wall.  
I could not see over; I could not see through.  
The ground was too solid to dig

under,  
I saw no end in sight to its breadth to  
find a path to d.  
g o a r o u n

My fingers are raw and torn from  
desperately trying to claw it.  
My ear is cold and numb from  
painfully pressing against it to listen.

I scream to the other side for help.  
I whisper to myself in defeat,  
to calm my mind, to keep from losing  
There is only silence, and  
the wall u – between – s.

it.

Sometimes I feel heroic, think that I can cross over.  
I spend time charting the route; I lay awake imagining the  
Superhero no one is, NOT EVEN ME.

And while I want to get to the other side,  
I am exhausted. Finally, I just  
fluff my pillow and lean back against it to sleep.