

I am mesmerized by this wall I have built brick by brick. The stories I've constructed to comfort. Lies innately bought at the five-and-dime. Cheap. Sour. Delicious in a deliberate way. I've decided there is no better day than today to dismantle. To stand firmly within my own shoes as the beast and the burden. I collected 720 ladders and sewn them all together vertically. I used the threads in his old tee shirt. The black one with the stains. I sent it down the rocks to let the birds have at it. Their beaks slivering what was once intact. They brought the strands to me in a woven nest. A sacrifice of sorts, I suppose. For a newfound peace. I climbed the wall yet I'm afraid of heights. I fell four times. Each time I endured a hemorrhage. How brilliant my body, to find a way to hide the pain. On the fifth try, I made it to the top. I don't have any words to describe what the view is. It's both heaven and hell in a pocket. I see the last brick laid helter-skelter by the edge. I understand, one must start somewhere where the weight is a bit lighter. I pick up the brick and read the last story told "we loved as lovers love". I weep at the thought of destroying the tale. I cradle it in my arms as a lost baby. I kiss its roughness. I wish for it to spring into a tree. Something that grows again. That I can water and sit under with those fellow hands firm and gentle across my chest. I will myself in that moment to throw it off the top floor. Suddenly, we're in a cityscape and an elevator has sprouted where I imagine the tree would grow. I rush into it and press "ground". It goes slow through the passages of my uncovered secrets. A cigarette burn. My father's laugh. His teeth seemed like fangs. A baby unborn. A reflection of me. Red. Still. The elevator gets stuck at a brick in the middle. The last love I had found. She has moved on without me. A reminder that history repeats. I press all the buttons, I try the emergency exit, as I'm forced to watch her sing to an infant once potential. A rocking chair. A pastel yellow. I look closer until I see the woman is me. The baby unformed. Never at all. A figment. Once I get to the bottom, I find the brick I threw. It's undamaged. I wonder perhaps that story is true. I decide it is too heavy to carry with me. I leave it behind unscathed.