

Ode to the Wall

Love, this multi-tasking
has me nail-biting
and wall-gazing
again

the wind here
peels palm fronds
into strips

with which I want
to wrap your hands
and feet

*

If the wall
could describe
the way I looked,
looking at it,
it may use the adverb
blankly
to begin.

Blankly, she watched me. I watched her. Blankly back.
It might say.

*

(again)
This is the thing:
I cannot know
what you want
unless you tell me.

*

Thank you wall,
you soak up my
stare perfectly.

*

So my love,
I think I have to
leave you.

This wall
here, has
replaced you

it can lean
on me
equally.

*

You should see
the grip
moss makes
to the tree
rooted under
the wall

tight winding
morphed

*

Of course,
you haven't a clue
what I see in the wall.

You wouldn't
dare look.
There is nothing
wrong.

*

The wind has picked up,
making the insects
screech outside.

I like this low
wild brush.
It bangs and bangs.
All the while,
the wall
protects me.

*

What do you have to say?
Less than the wind,
for sure.

*

Love, you and it
are complicated
for me to
care for.
I don't think
I care
anymore.

*

Wall, thank you
again for being
so sturdy
unswerving
and bare.

We are a team.