

- i. when i think of walls i
 think little fingers
 and of tongues i think, what
 was
 that
 name of the
 white flower, tiny, whose tiny
- centre we'd pull to lick in
 year one or year two you
 showed me ;; traversed the
 oval far past the sporties and
 the naughties ,, ourselves tiptoeing
- to reach the vine that climbed
 the wall do i remember the
 wind that smudge? caught in our
 hair the taste of honey we'd
 have for recess or for lunch
- for days above us those near
 our reach we plucked too many
 or too much because just for
 a time we were hands following
 a new logic of the vine
- that followed the logic of a
 wall, and a lot could be
 said of a wall

ALLS
Rachel Schenberg

- ii. (and the
vine (the here of alls!) its roots
a test of ground in height)

- iii. but the wall ... its flip
flop edge its strength of language
found in the mortar its routes
its whisper links the gaps i
mean—a moon snag even

in shared weather we could say
that a wall which catches the
sun shows through