

- 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