

That is mine and this is yours.

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there is a wall
outside my window
and it is a good wall.
it does the job
of walls to do
in its way, keeps
animals out of the garden
and makes a sterling marker
between my landlord's patch
and the neighbours'. it is
a wall
built for that
and no other. ivy
does not hang
and birds do not land
because
the person who built this wall
set it out
not for ivy or birds
but for
that is mine
and this is yours
which it executes
in simple statement.
the bricks
are unlevel too; not
bricks at all, just
squared off stones
held together with old mortar
and patchworked
with new cement.
they were in the ground
for a long time
and here
hardly any time at all. someone
picked them up,
chipped
placed them
60 years ago
but yesterday
in the lifetime
of a stone.

from a certain perspective
there is no wall at all;
taking the long view
the bricks
will be in the ground
a lot longer
than anywhere else
and yet there it is
outside my window;
talking its angles
all over the view,
and mining and yoursing
the place into pieces.