

The Wall

Ragged rows of faces with no names
Memories wrapped in acrylic and wood
A collage of yesterdays and long ago
Snippets of time - remaining timeless

Pedestrians linger and stare
Question and sometimes pry
Who? What? Where?
As though it were important to them

I am never certain, it is important to me
The event - that is
The people, the faces, the smiles
They are important - they are heritage

Yes, that one is chipped and cracked
That one - somewhat faded
This one - aged, but not *old*
These - rather embarrassing, but fun

Each has a story
Some I do not remember
Others I chose not to remember
That does not change their story

I have spent years tearing down walls
Walls around my heart
Walls to keep people out
Walls to ward off memories

Now wherever I live -I have a wall
A wall reflecting my heart
A wall of people I have let in
A wall of memories made

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