



CANADA 150
EXPLORING OUR NATURE

“My Wall”
by E.V.

i want to feel
not the type that brushes your skin
that tingles your bones
from emerging pain
because i feel no pain

Not the pain that pierces flesh
That causes fleeing blood throughout the skin
to call out your mom because you think you are about to die
because i did
or might as well have

you see three years ago I built something
only i could see
only i knew existed...a wall.
my wall.
gated within my wall
is the collection of words
that hammer nails through skin
within... my gut

every word i heard that pierced my ears
like the lobe of a 12 year old
it would be blocked by the wall i built
and diverted behind to the collection of
“you always”, “you never”, “why can’t you”
“i wish you” “you used to” “I told you”
“how could you’s” and the “fuck you’s”
that I just stow below deck
hidden away
far far away

and guarded within the gates i built
was a coffin bearing the soul of a naive 14 year old.
a soul that I killed
to be free of pain and suffering
because how can you feel pain if you lie
six feet underground
where I died
and also where my aunt fell one month ago
as I saw her body taken by the ground below
underneath the bright clear blue skies
and every person with tears in their eyes
and we all said our last goodbyes
i finally came to realize
that i did not cry.
i did not grieve.
i did not feel.
i was numb.
Protected.

protected by my thick wall
protecting me from suffering
protecting me from feeling

you see this wall is cold, dark, grey
like the moon.
filtering the sun's rays as only little shines through.
and i am the sun.
with so much fire, passion, heat in my heart to portray against the world
but only little shines through

i want to break this wall
run full speed and watch it crumble under my feet
and see the dust fly
as pieces timber down like the berlin wall
because i am enclosed within this bathroom stall

I want to feel
I want to feel that heartfelt toast at tuesday dinner
To know the intensity as i read the breadwinner
To feel drops rolling down my cheek
Coming from my eyes, a tear
Because I haven't cried in almost three years

I want to find my muse
To be infused
To feel enthused
Like a revelation
A new discovery
Like an overdue hug from my friend Vicki
I want to find that moment in a slow dance
Where hearts align
And beat in the same rhythm of frenzied mayhem
I want to feel that moment
Of feeling fulfilled
And pieces are finally falling into place
But there's a piece missing...
The wall

Its like a stupid little hand-me-down
Passed on from my dad that i shouldn't have wanted
But i will always have
Just like the moon it will always be there
But i wish my wall became the moon
Sometimes small to let only a glimmer escape
But sometimes big to let the sun shine the earth
But my wall is a wall and not the moon

and as it still stands tall during this very moment
encasing my heart and all my emotions
i know my freedom will come one day
in time down the line
but if i wait for years like sirius black
then my wall is my Azkaban