

Walls

By Sophie White



This is a process not so quickly accomplished.

First, your hands are strong but smooth.
They are ready to throw a few rocks together
to form a little barricade.
As time moves forward you get a little wiser.
Your hand gets a little weaker and calloused.
But that is only because you have collected
all your rocks.

You laid the first rocks down when you were lied to.
Laid the second when you felt a knife in your back.
Laid the third brick down when you heard the offensive jokes.
Laid the fourth down when you got ghosted.
Laid the fifth when you had been manipulated.

Over the seasons, those bricks turn to boulders
and deep rooted vines intertwine.
People promise you that it is safe to take down your walls.

They will tell you to step out.
They will tell you to let your past go,
that these will suffocate you,
that you cannot grow in this atmosphere.

You need to tell them:
“Your walls are made to protect – yourself.”

If people wanted to be let inside,
They would ask questions instead of bark demands.
They would ask where there is a door,
if there is a door.
They would ask if they could climb your walls,
explore every hurt,
They would ask to build windows to let the sunshine in.
They would ask to understand your pain

These are the people that you should could let in.
But where did that get you last time?

A word to the wise:
You may be isolated
but now—
now
You are safe.