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## Wall of Stone

Beth Turner Ayers  
*Collin College*

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**WALL OF STONE**

Beth Turner Ayers

My brother called to say the words  
She could not say herself - to me  
Her sister, who shared her bed when small  
The one who walked, side by side  
Never breaking stride on dark mornings  
In heat and cold we challenged the status quo  
The two of us together, the "papergirls"  
Later walking side by side at the edge of the sea  
Gathering shells and dreams

The wall went up - but I did not build it  
Did not place uneven wobbly stones  
In a haphazard pile, between us  
Did not spread concrete between each stone  
But I did not try to scale the wall  
To peek at the other side  
Or reach out to dislodge a single stone  
Did not search for a path around it  
To get a glimpse of my little sister

Once in a while I would tap on the wall  
Like the Morse code that passed between us  
In the darkness of our shared room, long ago  
Little response floated to my ear  
So I waited with words unspoken  
Allowing my baseless perception  
To restrain my hammer and chisel  
While she did the same - each of us assuming  
And time passed around us...

So much time that wisdom came with age  
And an email came with more than a brief  
reply  
A phone call lasted with laughter and shared  
thought  
The wall began to crumble - slowly but surely  
Then suddenly, it was toppled by cancer  
Another shared experience  
That opened the line of communication  
And I began to realize that wall of stone  
Had always been unnecessary fabrication