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Brick Wall

Steve De France

My brother sits in a tract home in Lomita, California . . . Stares out a back door toward a brick wall. The same wall he has stared at for thirty years.

Soon his wife asks what he wants for dinner. Later that evening, he takes out some well-worn maps of the American west.

Studies them.

Draws lines in red. Erases old ones.

Figures out mileage. Plans on saving money. They need to take a trip. In a while, his wife asks him to change the television channel. And as he clicks the remote, his eyes film over. He doesn't live there anymore.

And me, I need to write something. But I haven't the heart for it. Instead, I must cut old umbilical cords. Cut all tedious ties that hold me twisting in boredom.

I need the courage
to slip their
closing noose.
Simply cock my head,
turn my wing,
& glide into the
long
cool shadows of the afternoon.