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Counting Cracks in the Wall

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1.
I was counting cracks in the wall, nose stuck between brick and mortar, eyes yellow as egg shells when I was sucked into the central heating system. I flew past windows opening into bedrooms, kitchen, living room. I watched children cut dog tails with plastic knives. The rest of the family tried to separate the TV from the living room.

2.
I was counting cracks in the wall when a man, looking over my shoulder, said I miscounted. He claimed I counted a tree shadow as a crack. He made me start over. I learned all cracks in walls are shadows. I began to lose interest in walls.
3.
I was counting cracks
in the wall on a day
when grey skies fell
low and rain sang
through trees. I
mixed mud with rain
in my boots, walked
up the walls to
shelter, filling cracks.

4.
I was counting cracks
in the wall when one
opened to a room of mirrors.
I could not tell how
large the room was.
All the mirrors faced
me. Each showed a crack
in the wall. I thought
I was being born.