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## Counting Cracks in the Wall

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## COUNTING CRACKS IN THE WALL

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.