

The Wall
By Faris Shamma

I serve,
To separate,
To stop people, and their dreams.

Humans on both sides,
Look the same to me,
But they're forced apart, they can't come together.

I am but a piece of concrete,
Still, I manage to cause a river of tears.
The deep roots of love, I rip.

I wish I could be something worthwhile,
Protecting weak people,
Sick people, children,
In hospitals, in schools,
Even keeping crooks and criminals in,
Anything but this,
Capturing those yearning
For another chance.

I see little humans,
Not old enough to think for themselves,
Or understand what's happening to them.

When they cry, the other, bigger ones will comfort them,
Put a gentle hand to their faces.

Feeling guilty,
I see the big ones sad and helpless,
With bitter hatred for me.
I see them try to help their little ones,
Hugging them, feeling as if they failed.
To reach out and to help them is the only thing I crave,
To extend a part of me to protect them.

They deserve it.
But I can't do anything.
Why was I created?
I do not want to be a terrifying
Waste of labor and concrete.

I cannot do anything.

So you must do it for me.
Tear me down!
Build houses, roads, bridges, with me,
So that future humans cannot see my shame.