

THE WALL

The wall: mossed over, except where
sharp with old hard hand-hewn stone,
mellow with crumbling lichen's richer flecks.

In the deep woods I found the wall
seeming to run under the moon so many
many miles, as in some Mongol night.

Beyond such walls strange to discover
forgotten childhood's sacred wood of dreams;
but you have recalled to me how many walls I build. 1969