

The wall we build

I am a small crumb in the might of the universe
Less relevant than a car captured by the passenger of a plane
Yet I, and millions and billions others like me
Lay at the very foundation of the world's power
Some of our bodies created by love, others by shame
Some of our hearts beat **thanks to**, others **despite**
We were born under the thick wall of history's mystery sorrow
Some of the bricks forgotten but laying their weight on our shoulders just as much
as the ones that we know
We work through sweat and through tears
Every waking hour, putting it up for our children to see
And when the time comes, maybe they will lay one or two bricks themselves
Reuniting their deeds with our own and millions and billions others that have come
before
And it will be up to them to decide which brick to save, which to destroy, which to
forget, which to hate, which to love.