

## Walk Along the Berlin Wall

In Berlin once there was a brick wall  
carving the city in two, a knife  
through the heart of a country, the heart  
of its people, the heart of a world.  
From 1961-1989, a thick wall of bricks  
said more than any fevered king ever had, crying

*you can't go there, quit your snivelling crying  
or else.* Barbed wire adorned the top of the wall  
keeping everyone on their side of the bricks.  
Over 5,000 attempted escape, nothing but a knife  
and the sweaty clothes on their back. The world  
consumed the over 100 who died. It is said a heart

can physically break from pain. How many hearts  
were lost? How many died before death, left crying?  
How many lovers who had made a world  
of themselves were left with empty hands? The wall  
was 77 miles of no, towers with guns and knives  
at the ready. To many, the wall was not brick.

It was the layering of a philosophy, like stacked bricks,  
It was the deliberate calcification of one's heart  
for the "greater good," a new Germany, the gentle knifing  
of a collective spirit, a will that brushed off crying  
and laughter, those pesky mosquitoes, on one side of the wall.  
The sun blazed and baked down upon two different worlds

for thirty years. In 1987, David Bowie showed the world  
its own ugly self at a concert in West Berlin - the bricks  
still intact. We can be heroes, he sings, to those over the wall  
in East Berlin, to a pulsing, bleeding mob of hearts  
who just want to be free, an end to the dulled crying  
in their hollow bones. The music was a blistering, thick knife

to the gut. The German word for knife  
is *das Messer*. Yes, we all made a mess of the world.  
But, sometimes, the naked act of crying  
can cleanse. Sometimes not. Some moments, like bricks,  
stiffen in the brain. Some people never master their hearts.  
Today, beautiful art covers one side of the fragmented wall.  
In the end, knives couldn't keep love from destroying the wall.  
A country cried and dripped happy tears onto smashed bricks.  
A world bled together, pumping yes through its patched, moaning heart.