

PINS AND NEEDLES

There I was, there was the wall, my metaphor, and there you were, on the other side. It was my wall, of course, it would part now if I wanted, but my idea was to reach you *with* the wall. We may add flowers, ivy, shade trees to these sites and for love of you I did: amaryllis, my favorite overnight plant came up; marigold as well, and mint; it was a problem of convincing you. My garden, the walks, the benches, you had to believe in them, which you did in a day or so—that these momentous issues, I said to myself, should depend on a woman's merely deciding on this or that. Still, I have to say she was right, always is right. My images of birds, pies, and surprized kings she can tell the truth or not of mostly, they relate to her, muse to me, mother, wife, sister, lover.