

**After Jill Downen's *Architectural Folly from a Future Place***

Escaped, i came to know the wall.  
It is as it is not and flows its fact  
when want falls near,  
as if it could hear the footfall.  
It beckons where it forbids.

The wall is two. It is two.  
While it is it, it is you.  
The walk to the edge of scape has taken long.  
The wait to touch your face has taken long.

In a season of migration there was an instant when you parted  
and i stepped through the fissure. Embrace  
came light, versed in distance,  
as Earth, curving for the flocks.  
(Was it your foundation or my step  
that allowed entry into what you set  
between us?)

From each extent of your stance to over  
lapping spaces glanced beyond,  
contours bloomed into the draw of lines  
and the graphic that surrounded  
was a map of long chance, free in frame.  
Maybe when i came to know you, this was how i came.

You'll remain in your image of boundary. And so,  
threshold of wild and civic,  
footfall will, as required, take leave along owned slopes toward countless  
provisional shelters.

But this hand grazed lazuli horizon.

I stand now leaning forward where i am escaped,  
astir like the air in parallax,  
and my migration moves through you  
even when i appear to have left what some call folly, some, hope.

At the edge of scape i've come to know you, one  
whose alone cannot but meet with all: being  
as not being wall.

*Anne Gatschet  
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