

# Peace Wall, Oh, How I Hate You

They say this wall is for peace  
But it has only left my city in pieces.  
People say they will never forget,  
But why is it so hard for them to remember?  
Remember the times before the wall,  
Before the violence,  
Before the hate,  
Before me or you,  
Before anyone really cared or knew  
About each other's political or religious view?

10 more miles were built onto the wall  
In the years after the initial call  
For this so-called peace.  
10 more miles,  
10 more years.  
Has anyone thought about my young ears –  
That have to suffer through  
All these fruitless talks of peace  
That simply exhaust me and leave me  
Feeling less and less hope?  
Should I call the Pope?  
Maybe he knows a thing or two  
About what to do.

Who is walled in and who is walled out?  
Does a fence truly make a good neighbor?  
This neighbor that I have never truly known,  
But that has grown  
Into the monster in my neighborhood.

History always getting in the way,  
Taking the shape and size and dirtiness  
of a wall that looks like politics would  
if that I could  
smash a hole in it with my fist.  
Oh, how I hate this peace wall,  
It always makes me pissed.

If this wall is for peace,  
Why is there barbed wire atop it?  
That look like gritty little teeth  
About to take a bite  
Out of my fragile peace of mind.  
Who said that?  
Who started this?  
Who put that wall there?  
Who are you taking to prom?  
What neighborhood are you from?

Thirty years have passed  
And one wall is down.  
When will it be our turn  
To take this wall down?  
To create rather than destruct,  
To open rather than obstruct,  
The walkways and streets  
Where would-be neighbors meet?

— *Lianna Meehan*