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The Other Side of the Wall

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By

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From jungle’s depth ghostly shadows emerge and gather timidly on its outer edge. Halted by a granite perimeter, they sway and peer as if sensing something on the other side faint in their memory. They follow the wall, groping their way on worn paths, scanning for cracks and feeling for soft spots. But the wall is solid and unyielding. Forlorn of hope, a corporate moan like a whispered dirge drifts in the humidity. Vague faces portray a semblance of youthfulness but the eyes are hollow and lifeless, like those of old prisoners worn down from bearing too long the burden of despair. The wall seems to call, and in eerie loyalty they answer. But theirs is a tormented faithfulness, driven by dread and fear. Once full circle, they trickle back into the jungle and fade into its apathetic embrace. Until summoned again, they sit at old blood stained places to remember, and weep.