

# POEMS - POI

LEAH THORN

## Wall

my wall is glass

made up of all that's ever hurt me

I made sure it's glass because I want it to seem that we can be close  
I can see you  
you can see me  
you'd never guess it was there

until you hit up against it  
until a glint from the sun reflects on it  
until its coldness repels you

I want my glass wall to hurt you as you walk into it  
so I'll know you're near  
I'm watching you, you see  
every movement, every gesture, every twitch, every hesitation  
nothing passes me by  
finally tuned senses from early on  
had to be

it makes me laugh, you struggling to ignore my glass wall  
we talk as if there's nothing between us  
we smile and joke  
we dance, we embrace  
can you feel it  
can you feel the smooth resilience of its surface  
of course you can  
but let's pretend you can't

# EMS - POEMS

people, eager to see in, bring a rag to my glass wall and give it a good clean

people, desperate to communicate, bring a nail file to my glass wall and scratch out a message

people, intent on melting, bring a blow-torch to my glass wall and heat my freezing extremities

people, in anger and hate, bring a hammer to my glass wall and shatter my composure

you  
bring an elegant glass-cutter to my wall and we discuss dimensions  
and blade size  
and necessary pressure

while you keep me talking, you cut small holes  
I feel the draught but dismiss it

by the time you've cut the bigger holes  
I'm out of control  
can't move fast enough to cover my vulnerability

and then you're in  
through my glass wall  
and I'm begging you to go  
can't bear for you to see me hurting  
in such a state

but it's too late, you came in  
and I always wanted you  
really

LEAH THORN (Britain) is a performance poet based in London, who presents her work at national and international venues and leads performance poetry workshops for adults and young people.