

1972

Walls and the Fallen Woman

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Recommended Citation

., H (1972) "Walls and the Fallen Woman," *Exile*: Vol. 19 : No. 2 , Article 5.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol19/iss2/5>

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Wilson Baldrige '73

Walls and the Fallen Woman

Mourn along with me, walls.
Turn a darker shade of blue
to spite the bitter yellowsun
that dares violate my window.
But, should one immortal sneer
seep out a crack
I will burn you
with no more regret
than I would burn a tinselled pine in January.

For a last companion, how is it I choose you?
This room of my babypink crib
can know little of me now.
Each night I stumbled in here
plopping my head on the swirling bed,
I saw your dignified shock
(like that of some dowdy nanny)
straighten each board.
And when I locked the door,
stopped the keyhole,

and let unknown young knights
gallop through the window
to shed their armor in my bed,
I felt your remonstrations creeping in, too.

Perhaps you think you've won
now that my innocence is wedged in the gutter,
my happiness shattered on cold cement,
and petals of my rosy peace irretrievably scattered
by some intoxicating wind I am unable to flee.
But, you have nothing to do with this justice
I created it on the grounds of my own guilt.
There is nothing new and I can't stand the old stench.
You self-righteous walls!
I stand in judgement of you now.

The verdict:
Guilty as charged of undone mortal sins.
In this world
we must slink as low as our lowest companion
who in this case is me, you prude.

The sentence:
Eternal visions
of the debauchery of your last mortal companion: me.

After this day and night have passed,
You, alone, will hold my last testament.
Stupid wood as you are,
You'll keep silent and wear weed of cobwebs
while they shroud me in white.
But, that's to be.
Show a little comradship now!

H.



Richard E. Bergen '75