

**OVER THE WALL** (first published in *borrowed solace*, 2021)

**by Dinamarie Isola**

Over the wall  
of my shoulder  
the crowd gathers  
a swarm of bees  
to my hummingbird wings  
Easy to miss  
As I take flight

Laughter fades  
behind me  
Blossoms turn into  
onion skins  
my hungry hands  
can't hold without  
crumbling to dust

I move  
without a compass  
to guide me  
back to  
where the crowd  
gathers  
but does not know  
to miss me  
at all