

Shane McCauley

MEDIEVAL WALL

You touch the pachydermatous wall
Of the old town, feeling
What it must be to be protective
Stone, chipped but unwearied
By five centuries, hardened in
Certain sun, less certain rain.

The only graffiti here the creeping
Images of shadow, twisted fluid
Shape of passerby, resting dot
Of a fly. A cat sleeps where
Archers once stood, eyes searching
Out the valley's rival banners.

Behind the wall, dust and silence,
All that was so carefully guarded
Now outlasted by its shield.