

The Berlin Wall

Each Brick was of desperation.
Placed with suspicion,
and mortared with tears
Painted on the one side graffiti,
and on the other side with Blood.
I saw it fall
Not by bombs or guns,
But By the chisels of children
and the weight of the people
dancing on top of it.

Written by Pearl Miller-Cozort

Winner of the 2016 National Poetry Month Contest at


Cortland Free Library

Presented May 6, 2016