

Hurling up

(that wall)

**Ursula Hurley**

reach  
the top  
just MDF  
with screws in  
down there your  
tiny smiling face  
renders sublime a peak  
of trust in another soul  
tang of chalk dries mouth  
and fingers red in face and reeking  
in pit conjuring traction from ether  
a toehold beyond belief precarious as  
diced carrot dried chunks multicoloured  
plastic vomit surrealist wall spattered arms  
on fire clawing panting 'I'm ready to come down now'