

# Barbed Wire

*by* gerard varni

The end of love is a rusty barbed-wire fence.  
I know in my heart and my head, in every  
Fiber that fastens my mournful being, that I  
Should not attempt a crossing. And yet I convince  
Myself that I will not play hypocrite to my own heart.  
On the opposite side is the person with whom  
I have shared gifts to overflowing, the sweetest sendings  
And starlight order, sacred ration, so much beauty.  
But her patience has morphed into pangs, and even the  
Lives we've engendered, the virtuous and confounded children,  
Cannot dissuade her purpose, her impulsion. I turn to her, beg,  
With tears, remorse, lamentation. But her eyes are chasms  
Of nullity; her heart rescinded. And still we are separated by  
The thorny fence. I shiver and lunge, bleeding into nothingness.

