

The Fence

by Janie Goode

The hollow holes I deeply dug
With blistered hands. The straight posts are set.
Rows of post, rolls of wire, shiny, and barbed
Stretched and strung.
The fence divides.

Between farms, and between fields.
It separates.
Between neighbors and friends,
It splits.

The fence I built to keep me in.
It reaches one corner to the next.
There is no crossing and no going over.
It divides.
It separates.
The fence is just one of many more to come.
Hollow, deep and wide.
These fences too, will divide.