

DEBORAH BOGEN

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*Barbed Wire*

Tie me to a fence post : I'll keep those cows covered.  
Wind me 'round your wrist : we can go clubbing  
Tape me to your eyelids : you'll see why beauty hurts,

but I just do as directed : I stay on my side of the road  
crossing you, America : facing blue desert.

When the sun sinks : I'm your tiara.

When the bombs fall : I'm your last resort —

and I'm the electric ohm lighting up your bridgey  
neurons, the bloody teaching on the rebel's tongue.  
So bring me coins to light your dark frescoes,  
you, becalmed there in the TV glow.

I never said my ankle was a turning point,  
I never said I had a plan.