

HE DREW A LINE

He drew a line

A long, thin pencil line
Freehand
Yet as true as any guided by a rule,
From the edge, its edge,
To its heart
To demarcate
His from hers
Their own from the others
Who lately
Sought to claim
Some part of it
Any part
As a part of their own.

This can never be, he muttered.

This will never do
A thing divided
A whole into parts
A single made two,
or more,
Lessening each in its loss
For a gain
Only definable
Discernible
Describable
Through parochial glasses
Or in a mirror so fogged
That actual shape
Appears only in imaginary form.

Yet he drew, nonetheless

And gave birth to
Endless decades of bitterness.
A strife engendered
Of dislocation
Discrimination
Fear.

And for what?

So a select few
Could enjoy a brief moment
Of frivolity
Before they perished in the fires?