

F. John Sharp

Razor Wire

There is no wire like razor wire, which sits coiled and ready to slice like it doesn't care. And there is no mean like a woman's mean, which, too, is coiled and ready to slice. Only razor wire never pretends it's not razor wire, even for a moment.

A moment can be the length of time it takes to wink, or the length of time it takes to walk down the aisle, have two babies, three jobs and six hair colors. Just because a moment is long doesn't make it durable.

Durability is relative. Diamonds are durable, but that doesn't mean they live forever.

The worst thing about living alone is the laundry. I hate laundry. Actually, I hate folding laundry. I don't mind putting it in the washer and then tossing it in the dryer. I guess I'm more of a starter than a finisher. I hate to fold.

The little folds of skin below my eyes make me look too old. I do this thing where I close my eyes then stand in front of the mirror, then I open my eyes up really fast and try to see myself as women I might want to ask out would see me. I always notice the eye folds first, and I suspect it's not just because I know they're there. Sometimes I do the mirror thing with a couple changes of clothes, to see if it makes a difference.

Differences in weather don't seem to affect me as they once did. I use to be down during low fronts and up during high fronts, which I do not blame for my failures. But lately, a sunny day doesn't spark optimism. And I think worrying about that fact is adding another weight to the bar.

I only drink at the bar on Wednesdays. It's the night she left. I go to the same bar and sit at the same stool on the end, unless that loud, fat guy is using it, and I think about the same thing over and over.

It was over for her, she said, right after the first baby. She said after that baby came out her love for me was discharged too, like afterbirth. She

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said she only stayed for the second baby so she could have two, but there was no love. Three years and no love.

Love owes me. Three years it owes me. You can't just turn it off like that, not unless it has simply rushed away in a placental frenzy.

Razor wire is never frenzied. It sits patiently and waits for trespassers.