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## Barren

By Sanaz Bayat<sup>1</sup>

### Abstract

In many cultures, women who get a divorce because of their spouse's romantic betrayal are not truly embraced by their families and society. They are not just faced with unending, often failing struggle to claim their legal rights. In addition, their marital failure, stamped on their face, denies them any better life post-divorce. Common views toward them often intone such women's uncommitted wrongs and wreath about the husband's betrayal which burrows into their soul. This condition often leaves these women with few choices: to leave and wade through the darkness of socio-cultural abuse or to stay and borne about their grief and love, stuck in their hearts like an arrow. I meant for "Barren" to punctuate a remembrance of the unheard voices of such women who are too prostrated to leave.

*Keywords:* Love, Trust, Unfaithfulness, Women, Right, Barren, Death

Who will believe my poem  
when my death meets me  
in your bed  
if it were filled with  
your unfaithfulness?  
Though yet God knows  
it is as a tomb  
which stops my breath  
and darkens my eyes  
but shows not your part.  
If I could write the love of  
my heart  
and in my verse measure the weight  
of your betrayal  
the whole city would say  
"this woman lies  
such unfaithfulness never  
touches such a heart.  
So ages come

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<sup>1</sup> Born in 1990 in Iran, Sanaz Bayat teaches literature and writing courses at University of Isfahan and University of Kashan, Ir. She is interested in Women's literature and is currently doing research on Lynn Nottage's and Marilynne Robinson's fiction. She has published articles on Marilynne Robinson and her haiku is published in Acorn, a journal of contemporary haiku.

and my poem yellowed with its age  
(as my face yellowed with my age in your house)  
will be forgotten, like old women of less grace than grumbles  
And your betrayal  
will be called a woman's rage  
or a feminist pose.  
But were some women of my tribe  
to reveal and cry your lies  
you should be stoned twice,  
in my rhyme and by their cries.