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Minus Minus

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MARIANNE BORUCH

Minus Minus

I go to Bach to rearrange
my brain. Am I generous?

Make me mean. Am I addled?
Smart. Or reverse, reverse.

My mean turns
sweet. My knowing

whatever small thing
is *thing*, is infinitely

small. Veil of light
that repeatedly

repeats: *bike quick*,
hear it *summer*, hear it

afternoon. Because
The Art of the Fugue, each

meticulous inch
and leap and no future

this fierce, every bit of dappled
shade in there

and here, on the bike path:
To be the only

human thing for all
these minutes! The only

human thing
isn't human. Isn't

isn't. Says who? Says
such intricate

machinery, brain's
crosswork and firing past

air, past water or leaf
going under, falling

lost minus found,
back back minus

nub. Break of day, mend
of night. Radiant

here and in spite of, lie
down. Be this dark.