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## Minus Minus

Marianne Boruch

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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.