## 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

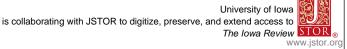
afternoon. Because The Art of the Fugue, each

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.