

# arhythmic

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these three remainders  
you, me and her are  
the legacy of simple math  
and boolean logic, not so much  
    we have lost our ability  
to add and multiply  
desire sliding slowly  
off the tail end of X  
    crossed paths in a cradle of  
American comforts  
so many plus signs  
weighed us down  
    there is no magic in subtraction  
a solitary horizontal bar  
where nothing stays,  
at least for very long  
    this foil between us  
I lunged from the left  
you two repelled, siblings  
parrying behind Prospero  
    division is our only function  
anemic lines squeezed  
between fecund dots  
expecting no friction  
    only a clean cut  
that never heals  
despite our common  
denominators  
    heir apparents with no answers  
still wanting some of it all

2/8/11

