# arhythmetic

*by* Yasmin Elaine Waring

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

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