

Lost in Mathematics

Terry Brix

We circumference each other,
spiraling around and wound tighter,
inward and downward—turmoiling
coriolus effect of us, we drain out each
other and siphon even black out of night.

Everything that happens bounces
off the parabola of us reflecting out,
sooner or later all chunks of the day
drawn to the center of this love,
we walk out hand-in-hand with remnants.

The dance of us, another kind of
emotional mathematics, summing
where the positive of me, neutralizes
negative charge of you—balancing
until no repulsion, just the neutral us.