

TWO ONES REMAIN TWO ONES

That is the problem
is it not, the problem with love. The fact
that two ones remain
two ones. Hedwig sings
"Origin of Love" through my stereo –
of course her story's
complicated – that "botched sex op" for one.
But she rehearses
Aristophanes,
his story, love's structure argued : woman-
woman, woman-man
man-man. Are we "all
like pieces of the coins that children break
into half for keep-
sakes – ?" I know nothing

of breaking or halving. Flip the coin, make

"two" spin "out of one."
Motion multiplies the eye. We are not
"like the flatfish –" No
they want nothing more
than to remain flat Pleuronectiformes
blend into seafloor.
Fact: they swim on their sides eyes cast heaven-
wide; does that mean lack
that they are but half?
If "each of us forever seeks the half
that will tally with
himself" should we not
first tally with "him" and then "self?" Tally
one plus one : a two
comprised of two ones

does not contain two ones. *Oneone*

does not mean two nor
eoneon nor *enoone*. Scramble
the letters, ask what
is new about love
after eons, slippery word stretched, forced
to contain ones twos

and more twos : *Lufu, lubhyati*, roots
that fill, fulfill two.

If I am complete
in my self and you are complete in yours
why come together?

"It takes two to love
to know how to separate, how to come,"
Irigaray writes
"back together." It

takes ions, two stable unstable ones

to reach union. But
do two same-sex ones differ ("same" a mis-
nomer)? There is no
difference. Go towards
that which enables becoming. I do
not love you. I love
to you, toward you, the way one December
morning thunder pressed
my thoughts toward Philly's
art museum, that painting where a bolt
of light tore canvas.
Toward you the way back
pressed against back, one creature slept beneath
a blanket and sheet
the way you then stirred

spooned me, slid one arm under my shoulder

one leg between my
thighs as rain syncopated the roof's slate,
a staccato hold

on a legato
undertow, the gutters running over.

The way wind muttered
in the shutters, the way a curious
trimeter tinkling

tore us from bed, wet
ceiling seams split as I groped the attic
with a towel, bucket

and flashlight for wet
spots. The way I paused, listened for your voice
to yell — *it stopped come*
down — The way I crawled

back under the covers, your body yours,

my body mine, one next to one as two.

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