

ENIGMA: THE GEMINI THING

Once,
afloat in our own wine dark sea,
we were closer than lovers
sealed in long tropical night
where love was unknown
as enmity and dread were unknown.
When our small chances came
with the light, love was harder to know.

Once,
we were close in sweetened bathwater,
soft blankets, drifting in and out
of each other's secret sleep,
the long waking shorescapes. We shared
maternal premises, promises, her.

We looked through a glass darkly, doubly.
Was joy multiplied or diminished by half?
Eden knowledge came when we discovered
not our nakedness but our separateness:
Each became betrayer of the plural.

Year after year we severed, magnified,
savored differences, fleeing
the vertigo of center space,
the implacable pull where everything
impacts in equivocal being.

Yet no lancet can bisect
the design, not even two-edged words
plunged into ticking exactitudes.
A magnetic field holds us. Binary stars,
we reflect, conceding the path's pattern,
each repaired seam, each amended sum
still part of the same.