

BIG LITTLE

by Marianne Boruch

Brain leans toward the heart: *I can't hear you!*
It's not a given. Every day
is different as clouds. One's a rabbit
in half-leap
over some interesting clover.
A second cloud's small
as a bee glommed to that sweetening before its
radar's knocked off by a teenager's
cell phone over at WalMart. *Oh bive,*
where art thou? Here, says the brain, right here.

So the brain is
a serious racket, buzzed as rain in a drought
or rain in the middle of rain or three
whole Tuesdays of rain.
The heart too
is complex. Its emphatic narrows to fuse up
the worst possible
chick movie. Or some action film, its thud thud
in the hero weighed down dumb
to really dumb by armor, his faux glory so long ago
it was yesterday. Maybe he can
learn something from grief.

Heart and brain: which one of them
wants more? All is realm, a theory of realm
vs. realm. But it's fun, thinks
a thought, give me a try!

The brain, what a liar. Not desire, all's
freefall to the most common denominator, only
keep beating the brain wires down to
the obsessive, cheerless heart.
I'll figure you out, I promise, the brain keeps
stage-whispering south toward

that thicket. *Promise.* Such a big
little word, the heart
lost and clutch and release.