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Tears in Reverse

A tree back-lit suddenly
means dawn out there. The black shape

a grayer shape. It takes time
transforming a planet.

Luck is a couple of eyes to see it.
A couplet of eyes

to save it for later, wily
invention on paper the big bang could

have flared up to double
a small depth of words, drift,

hold—you go under
in the white space. Truth is

a lake at each eye's pointed corner
called *lake*. A tiny hole, the *puncta*,

in that lake of salt and sorrow, or not
(your roll-a-dex does carry

happiness, as in *weep* for,
less common yet standard).

That pinpoint—tears blink back
into it, into the head

they came from, down
an intricate dark.

That's why you turn away,
why it's so private, why

your nose runs when you cry.
Grief in reverse
might well
be joy. A welling up

hard in the chest, catch
and catch to throat, that no way

to breathe. Each
and anyway. All of it

from before, into the
years and years.