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Our Binary World

Simona Carini

University of California, San Francisco

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Our Binary World

Simona Carini

simosite@mac.com

I learned to count as incantation,
grasping unity with one hand, duality
with the other, bringing them together into
one universe, two trillion galaxies, one body,
37.2 trillion cells (double that, if counting resident microbes),
individual, dual and myriads.

I learned to count in binary to touch again
the magic, an effort not to lose count, not to miss
the trail of crumbs that is life:

0
1
10
11
100
101
110
111
1000
1001
1010, decimal 10 duplicated—incantation again.

Only 0 and 1, dual—not “us versus them”
rather, the complement of you and I among myriads.

By 1 and 0 we cover the distance between the dream
of the other and the tie that binds us at the heart.
“1,” I say, “0,” you respond, and we laugh until resonance
shatters memories of couples past, undams love.

0, can you pick up the mail? 1, can you take out the garbage?
Of 0's and 1's is our life together made, of small tasks
and hours with or without them. The stream pushes onward
to meet the ocean.