

Blocked (Inspired by Duchamp's *Étant donnés*)

by C. M. Wilson

I wanted to enter, but was blocked.

Before me was a wood door with two peepholes,
and through the slits I saw a brick wall, a leather torso beyond
resting upon twigs, velvet, glass and “glue”
spread, legs wide.

Against a painted landscape with illuminated sky, she holds a
lantern; she has no face.

She radiates from within, without external lips, limbs. She's
olive-skinned.

An electric motor spins like a washing machine.

I wanted to enter, but remained blocked.

* * *

At the sink, staring out the kitchen window, hot steam opens my
pores.

Water flows onto the linoleum floor.

You tasted like sweet apples there.

In my dream was a room with open windows, and a bed next to a
door. I walked around it for a breath of air. When I returned, the
door was locked.

I was blocked.

Couldn't breathe.

Opened the kitchen window.

Opening, like a waterfall.

