

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.

