

Attempting Integration, Duchamp Descends to the Killing Floor

by Gary Hardaway

Despite sophisticated apparatus- brain,
eyes, nostrils, ears, tongues, and nerve ends-
we apprehend the world in choppy stop-frames,
binary sequences of yeses and nos
smoothed by acts of faith and probability.

Slice the moment into
free body diagrams
of elegant simplicity,
frozen notions of the fall
through gravity's insistent curve.

The limits define us. We succumb
to bloody banalities. Whack another cow.
Chop it into constituent steaks and
standing rib roasts time devours.

