

Every Woman Adores a Fascist

by Gary Hardaway

Without its momentary certainties
and small illusions of clarity,
the mind can't work.

It's built to choose
within the millisecond it takes
to go left instead of right,

up instead of down,
within the construct
of left-ness and right-ness,

up-ness and down-ness.
Fuck you, Heisenberg.
Fuck you, Einstein.

We liked the orderly Newtonian
with its fundamentalist action
and reaction, its rules

against floating apples and such.
The Newtonian was enough
to erect tall towers

and fling satellites into synchronous orbit
so we can watch the latest
video of cats and sustain

a comfy background radiation

of marketing and political narratives,
a seasoned stew

of wanting and getting
and sharing what is ours
for the moment.

