

Pollock's Last Snowflake?

by Yasmin Elaine Waring

The question posed a voluptuous riddle.
Were these frenzied silhouettes
pole-dancing in black and blue
drooling the white slip
the sinewy gestures of Jackson Pollock's dribble?

The answer was coveted in cracked glass
where crystalline veins erupt like snowflakes
fatally flirting with windowpanes.

The anonymous physicist found
relying on African fractals
and reflexive theories of self-similarity
(like the infinite peculiarity of the figure 8)
that these calculated drips were indeed,
not authentic.

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