BE WANTING

In this lab you may see women studying

failure. Not of crosswalks in hotel atriums,

not the Russian harvest, but the mind

route of failure, the ken and feel of coming

up short, against, hard into. The not

of things. Women are well-suited for failure

research: shuttle missions abort, what

miscarriages of justice, they labored

in vain to revive Natasha, and this term

tax-reform was a stillborn idea. Women

are at home with failure: husbands' egos

and surrogates must be appropriately

stroked, for he can't go off to work

depressed. Their talk is never sparkling

enough, and they bring up snapped clutch

cables when all a man wants is to watch

the Giants score. So these women with high

degrees have hypnotized the man who could

have screamed a warning to the girl, tape

electrodes to a Georgian weight lifter straining

to jerk ten pounds over his best. Natasha

safe, the weight up . . . there, these were,

harpoons of soul intent. Maybe the lines

just got a bit snarled. With a feint

on the what might have been, with a soft

touch, it could be set right. They are encouraged

to hear that physicists, men, now think

seriously of shadow worlds. The women

pick one of their own, still young and good

at math, to study knit life-line topologies.