

Nude Descending in All Directions

--After Marcel Duchamp's *Nude Descending a Staircase (No. 2)*,
Philadelphia Museum of Art

Strip her bare.
Swirl her four dimensions
down those stairs stark
naked. She's just another sex cylinder
up your sleeve. Another blown
fuse in your paints.

You call her revolutionary,
rolling her frame like she's some cause
célèbre?

I call her
just another dame gone completely
anti-bourgeois, another one of your
tin lizzies, twitching
her petunia-pink saddlebags.

She's got *some* high-class itch,
wiggling her dimensions
into anti-art,
into the promised land of Arp
where he who eats Arp eggs
dies, and a single issue of *Rongwrong* prints
her name on a bottle rack
and calls it art.

She moves you
into a land where everything's
pataphysics to bruitism,
where blue nudes wiggle their dreams loose,
where Mona Lisa giggles
and exits from the wall
when a readymade coat rack trips
your nude.

She's balmy, this dame
who shimmy-shakes a wattlebird.
She wiggles out of duck eggs
into Dada.

Dada's everything howling
black to mousse green.
Dada's *gadj* *beri bimba glandridi*:
your dame sounding off, popping

rhinoceroses again,
roaring 147
loud times.

 Dada's twittering
bird talk
with a red-breasted goose
like a king of the parallelopipedonists.

 Dada's another chef d'oeuvre
that's hung around forty years,
waiting for an exhibit
on the moon.

 You stripped
your nude bare for this?

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