

## 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.