

## Point of Order

(After "Conditional Probability, A"  
Jack Damer, 2015, Installation)  
State: an organized political community  
living under a single system of government.

Eleven related pieces. One includes a rocket, profit rate a focal point.  
Jack Damer incorporates the rocket's shape to create a focal point.

The eye gravitates to a listing vessel. The artist plants a patch  
on the hull. It will not save the ship; it does locate a focal point.

A machine-age triptych at the right. Switches? Truncheons?  
A cross in the middle panel appears to consecrate a focal point.

The bomb pictured at the bottom is "Fat Man," who blew its stack  
over Nagasaki in the last atomic attack. Here, it weights a focal point.

A metal 90° angle, sharp as a torturer's slap. It's a pistol  
primed for target practice. Steel guts complicate a focal point.

Atop it all, a dungeon, dark as purple night; through an aperture,  
a blinding light blares. Black and white negotiate a focal point.

In the hands of an artist, a weapon can harmlessly order a surface.  
Weapons and prisons enforce public order, with the State a focal point.

Tin, ribbons, screws, nails. At the upper right, tape that escapes  
a cassette dangles. What's it for? To eliminate a focal point.

A spool of thread juts from the wall. It resembles a taut breast,  
the nipple of which a string pulls, as if to bait a focal point.

Clouds on fire spatter a carpet sample. Shriveled figures writhe.  
A tiny photo quivers in the din. It cannot fabricate a focal point.

Low on the left, circles evoke a whirling propeller. A split bowl  
reveals the engine. Feeble joke: a broken plate, a focal point?

Red saturates a sci-fi contraption. Off center, a disc sits.  
Glitz like this may veil a void, but poorly imitate a focal point.

Life and art in scattered fragments yield a hodgepodge  
of sensation. Eventually? Yawns. Shrugs. Or hate, a focal point.

--Richard Merelman