

CHRIS HAVEN
Instant Replay

—*after Anne Waldman*

Back back before the days of instant replay things only happened once. If there was an explosion the concussion of it concussion of it had its moment in time time and then went away like smoke smoke in the air. Those in the area would turn turn their heads and that was their one chance to see see what they had already felt. Before the camera nobody knew just what a horse's legs legs looked like in motion. Only an artist could imagine imagine the unimaginable. Now the video camera is our artist stuck in a loop loop of the same thing thing so we believe everything happens again happens again. This time each new time it's different it is. Pause and zoom zoom. Freeze freeze the moments. Call them real. We know so much more much more than we did before. We are so much more real real. When someone blows up, it's time to cry cry. Cry.