

## **Instances at the Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston**

Beneath the shining heavens, beyond the incubus of installation art,  
Harbor waters ebb and swell, not from farts of seaborne animals,  
Or the fevers of reconfigured graphic art.

The endless-loop movies, disembodied eyes, all projected bloodshot,  
Toe-to-toe twelve-dollar people and the tiny inventory of hanging, personal lots  
Send me flying to my car, fuzzy dice and whatnots.

-- Paul Turner, 2007