

How to begin a blazon for a body that casts no shadow (like I hadn't already said
and so it reveals the shadow side of placement, precise, precisely the problem)

And what does grow from a body marked by others', bronzed & steel, stealing
focus away from that fragile reality with their promise of a future into which
they flex, they roar, they race to another moon extraterrestrial but hold
at the extra and leave the terra, terroir, the *home* left behind.

Here, home looks alien.

Here, the flowers are overgrown, escaping their flat, your perspective,
with some carnivorous appetite an insubordinate color as if to say *and don't
you know I could swallow you whole* she says *do you think you're the only ones
who can breathe in this rarified atmosphere* she said *what men or gods are these*
he must ask in the mirror *what mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?* from these
bodies bounded by a history from which nothing grows, not really, except the hope
that after all's said and done, after all are dead and gone, the ones left to pack up
the house might find a chipped something and mistake this exception to the ravages,
the damages of time for something *exceptional* (and has anyone asked those Greco-guys
forcibly transferred to the Ashmolean, face down & sanded, how they feel to be made into gods,
now, by the distance alone between *now* and *then*, by a passing of days into nights into eons before
some indifferent sunmoon that's been at it long before anyone ever tried to trap it on a clock, a canvas)

Could you pack up the house? Mom says, then, *And careful with the Wedgwood* as you become heir to
anyway, the everyday, an afternoon off from work, a cup of something shared amongst the middle classes
who once play-acted fine-dining, none now knowing the difference on sight, none remembering those
anonymous once-living outside of the four walls and a roof you sell, now, careful to match the color of *what
is* with the curatorial guides of *what was*, which is, of course, what the people with the power to paint the
house of history said to save, once

Are you not entertained? The dishware clatters *are you not entertained?* by this gladiatorial pursuit in the name
of being remembered, and haven't we seen this film before? Eating dinner in front of the television where
they flashed and flash still the shadows that Boom in their baritone (what Canon!) that we were gods once,
and so why not be again?

So shadows so beguile, and here we are, still, taking an empty vessel and filling it with our roots
supposed, the ones from the pictures, the ones that they propagated that any new growth might look
like their growth, a tea party in training, proper, precisely, a *mise en scene* in a language assimilated,
and what more to say in a quest to find our own shadow?

So the scene says: you and your mother ate dinner, once, on plates that felt plastic and will
remain in the bowels of this earth for years and years to come, and so the story will remain:

You and your mother ate dinner, once, and isn't that extraordinary?