

June Chee

28 October 2014

There has been blood shed
On white marble floors for art
There have been wars held
For fame and for beauty.
Men have gone mad
Earlobes folded safe into handkerchiefs
And painted crowd reactions
To the sound of a gunshot
Gold coins and souls have been traded
For a chance of acrylic immortality.

The Romans begged to be remembered
In their eternal marble youth

But this
This isn't like that. This isn't the same
There is no begging here.

Just dirt to be kissed and
Soil in your lungs
This art is not a reward to privilege
This art is only finite
With the lifespan of two seasons' stay
Persephone brings life to this earth
This art will live and die

On these walls
On these floors
On this stage
This art will age and crack
Its skin will wrinkle in a semester
This art
This hallowed ground is real
It will not lie to me
And when I asked the Earth
If I would die
She didn't say no.