

WMSB -

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By Victoria Dzymba

What divides you and me is but glass
A one dimensional disturbance in the fabric of reality
Whose threads tied us together, our pulses in sync
Your face is tender, your lips pulled just so barely
Apart by a gasp
You look so much like me, my mother, my brother, my lover
You look so much like us all, down on this petty earth
The fear that shall remain in your frozen pupils,
Till my skin feeds the worms in the dirt and my name
Fades from my tombstone
Is a poem in itself; the cycle of humanity in your expression.
But soon, my attention span will fade,
Just like the pigment upon your effigy
And the hands which pieced you together
And the earth you stood on, stand on, will stand
upon
And it is time to break the string that held my soul
to yours
Shift my eyes and see
Another statuette behind a pane.



I have always been an artifact,
An anachronism of the present
With no home in the past
Disconnected from reality, only to find home in the books on my
shelves written years

Before I ever learned how to manipulate my lungs.
Sometimes I look at my mother and wonder if the doctors truly
delivered me from her
Or had she found a shovel and dug me out of the dirt?
I was buried before I took my first steps.

Buried in forgotten culture, erased by colonization
centuries before my people were ever called
"My people."

I have always been an artifact,
Displaced by my founders --
No indicators of where I belong, because no matter what
"Here" always feels like "there."

But I am still inventing myself through you;
You, which cannot hear, which cannot feel, which cannot think,
were too

Buried before you were born.
You are an artifact, hidden deep in the drawers of an archive, and
you are a person

Hidden deep in the heart of a skeleton in the ground
Whose greatest achievement
Was making you.

So please, I beg of you, for these hands no longer have any use for
me,

Accept them to caress your history and nurture you
Back to life.



They will find what is left of us one day, centuries beyond what

We can imagine

And what will be said is "love."

They will hang our bones in a glass box

Perhaps displayed via hologram,

Or in a museum floating in space,

And the word they will decide to use the most in the tiny,

5 by 11 card of a caption

-- The only way for our ghosts to speak --

Is "love."

They will find the bracelets I collected from my friends,

The ones I kept in boxes throughout the house,

despite knowing that I never wear jewelry

I'd swear one day I'd wear it for you.

They will find the stacks of books I never got around to reading

-- they will be my biggest regret, even after consciousness
has left my body --

And will touch those pages with the same

Venerated tenderness I once did.

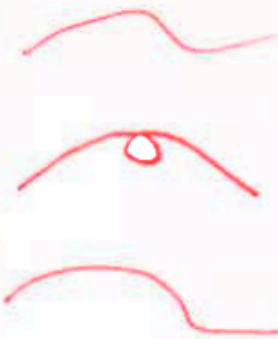
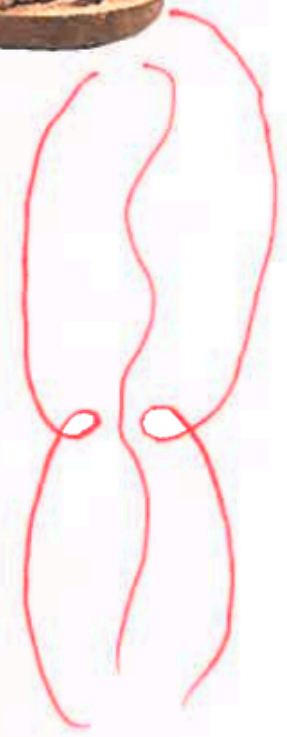
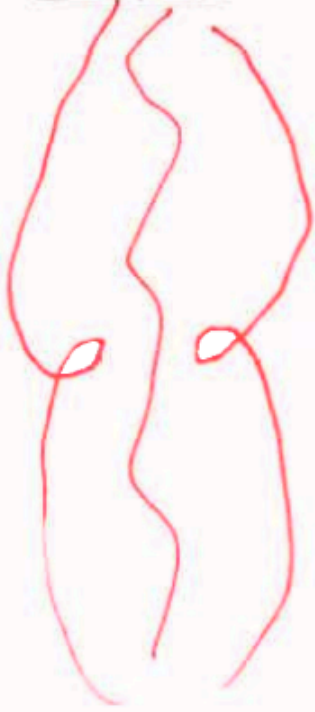
They will find the pages of my journal

The never-sent love letters and collages of memories

And ugly vents and scrapped drafts and collected stickers

And they will know

Around me was only "love."



The Hill Art Foundation was one of those memories that you are sure, even as they are being formed, you will never forget. My participation in this program occurred in a pivotal moment of my life – the college application process. While I always knew I wanted to work in a history-related field, I never knew how to channel that into a job. After countless trips to museums such as the Guggenheim and the New Museum, speaking with experts in various levels, and getting to know artists, I now know I want to work as a curator. The experiences that the Hill Art Foundation afforded me are ones I'll be forever thankful for. Although I have worked in museums before, they have never made this much of a move to get to know me as a *person*. The small cohort of the program helped me get to know my peers and bond over our shared love of art and history. The Hill Art Foundation has also inspired me to familiarize myself more with visual art. I now plan to take classes for sculpture in college to further develop my artistic endeavors, while still holding onto those lessons in curation and handling art that I learned from speaking to various experts through the program. Thank you, Hill Art Foundation, for allowing me to see that my dream job doesn't have to be a dream -- thank you for showing me a reality I've always yearned to work in :).

