

ERRATUM: Please replace page 472 with this.

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M.A. SCHAFFNER

Look On, Ye Mighty

It's Olmec. A bloated, baby-faced basalt
monument to a forgotten Someone.
Unlike Ozymandias, there's no text
to mock it with. The only irony

I can see in this copy that sits behind
the Museum of Natural History
comes out of its contextual demotion.
No one brings it sacrificial victims

or even offerings of fruit. Squirrels
dash by in a light, mobile counterpoint.
Tourists take it in like another tree,
or a puzzling modern at the Hirschhorn,

thinking, say, What is *that* supposed to be?
Though they may stop and, if they're one of those
standard-issue supersized Americans,
they may raise a minicam to their own

improbably balloon-like countenance
to catch it on film for posterity.