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.