

## Teotihuacan and Us

The one in blue and white horizontal stripes is me, with a friend on my left, a friend on my right. We're holding our phones high, aiming the distance back at a site. A ziggurat, surrounded by lesser (?) ziggurats. We may be ourselves on a ziggurat. I forget. The sky is whitish over the mountains but a darker blue the higher-up we look. So we do. Sean is stuck on the sublime. Vince is too much a sucker-stickler for stand-alone clarity. I'm the one who shivers, inserting some quip about no one yet fingering my newby beard. We're all in backwards baseball caps, but I'm sad now. Using these words, stiffening the brush. But it's not sadness I feel at the height of that. Bristles in the wind.

*after Paige Jiyoung Moon*