

2. It (with nub)

This It is really trapped. Lost in shadows. Grey carpet squares, greyer walls, a column of lift shaft strategically placed in the sight line to block a good view from afar. It's all chevron forward, chevron backward, X not that way. Spin around, zoom out, lost it altogether. Shiny speck in the corner. Glare of spotlight on glass cabinet. Glare of spotlight on tiny golden chunk. Glare of spotlight on resolution too low to see any details but from other photos It looks a glowingly delicious morsel.

Unlike The Surgeon, poised from her perch, The Archaeologist has somehow slid in. Slided in. Slidden down. Sidled in. She's found a new access point, a way of being up close, beyond the surface to inhabitation. She accepts slow searches. She's got a brush in Her good hand. Dusting. Discarding the layers of unnecessary noise, knowing that a block of It is there in the middle, yet still buried under screen, video, metal barriers, glass casing, Google voodoo, cultural burdens. Now somewhat revealed and in a different lens of focus, and from this prized vantage point, The Archaeologist turns accountant, assessing how many units of cultural and historical significance She's unearthed. This is a good one. Maaaajor asset. It's front, back and inside are uniformly solid golden culture honey.

The important plain of this tiny It is adorned with crevices; rivers of negative space that have made It the focus of endless study, that when imparted into the right stuff speak It's important message. Channels for The Archaeologist to slither down, to understand the velocity of It's gift, know the curves with her own (more on that later). The reverse presents a nub of lump. A growth for gripping. To let It be airborne and articulate, so that it might do the thing what it does. Preeeessssssssss. Body onto nub into gloop onto sheet. Although never anymore. Never allowed to let acidic, greezey hands leak corrosive juices onto it's highly polished body. No longer can it absorb the warmth of anything, lest its innards jiggle too excitedly and bob a micron out of place. No more dipping into anything and leaving a trace of It's glorious arcs on a flat surface.

The thing with this It is that we don't know what it's trying to tell us. The Archaeologist doesn't know. She knows that it is important, is beautiful, is highly significant, valuable, old, gleaming, culturally stupendous, historically momentous, but its also kinda murky. You see when this It is used/would be used/won't be used, it actions symbols too old, too ambiguous, too forgotten to be totally legible. Outdated codes and no longer spoken lexicons. A dialect from a region that can't be found.

She brushes some more. Different brush head this time, different effect, different setting, removes noise sharpens some edges cuts background (probably best left to someone more qualified) and ends up with something more readable to her eyes but further from the truth of It. She leaves It where it is, undisturbed.