



The Narcissus of Fairmount by John Elkerr
22" x 30"
Lithograph

THE NARCISSUS OF FAIRMOUNT

and if your shadow were a fire, would you step out of the dark? would you step out of the passage where you walk over marbled veins of stone? would you leave the pit where you walk, pace, measure your steps like an animal who can stand for only a season, who can totter upon two legs and bring off the spectacle of walking on his hind legs, who can stammer forward and hide the shivering pain and smile as if to say: I do not miss having a tail, do not miss the sure footing of claws steadying the soft pads of my feet, do not miss the cool, four-pronged wind spreading from my belly to my chest as I ran as far away from myself as I could to get here. here, where you turn and address a tapestry of creatures lit only by the light of your eyes. where your fingertips stroke the delicate feelers of the blind crickets surrounding you, as if those warbling walls were all of humanity, everyone you have known and everyone you could ever know. and if your shadow were a fire, would you step out of the dark?

Text by Stephen Eric Berry