

It formalizes us; it lacks our air.

Onlookers before onlooking, has the wind died?

Risen in air, but set in stone;
a monument. It is a dedicated
stone; form in an atmosphere
it formalized; freestanding top-hats
filling with applause.

We feel our own foreshadowing fall back.
It lacks our air; it formalizes us.
Could shadow be freestanding, we would
build it. We would explain ourselves.
But know there was a moment of
excitement here, a shallower stair on
which more people moved and spoke
than history recognized; history sees the
faces under top-hats, some not others.

Others and some, some and others,
a crowd's faces dispense with careful
edges, just before noon. Just before
it is our moment, a cornerstone of air,
of who should be here.

So applause will be the public's sound
rising at noon. A claim on the past,
"a stone look on the stone's face."
A noon to close around us. It is still
early. A stone rededicates the air.
But a breeze rises out of the sea, and
over us too, but a breeze is not a thing
that towers.

August, Roosevelt will address the
crowd, Town Hill thickened with heat,
the saw snarls over a talking public.
On the sweaty foreheads of the onlookers
sawdust sticks. We speculate from
a grandstand; we spectate. Where is
Roosevelt? Later. Where is the stone?
Later. Where is the corner? Later.
And lumber on stage waits to be spoken
to; now is waiting, as later is knowing.

A public doesn't wait to be; it goes ahead.
A grandstand, a speculating public under
construction. Lumber on stage waits
to be spoken from. Where is Roosevelt?
Freestanding. Where is Pilgrim?
Freestanding. Where is the corner?
And the other corners. The public buzzes,
the ground is unbroken; the saw speaks
to the wood, the stone speaks to the
open air. How many are here, while the
air is still freestanding?

A structure of wood on stage, waits
to be spoken from. Is there a white
enough stone? To make a corner.
What is the history of the other corners?
No visible face. No visible face;
a shadow falling on its own hands.
The saw buzzes. The public is unbroken.
They are finishing this and waiting for
that; finishing this and waiting for that.
Onlookers build a public, while four faces
of freestanding granite, wait to rise.

Where is history from the other corners?
Whose face is wood, temporarily erected?
Whose face is granite? Whose face
freestanding? Whose shadow falls only
in her hands? It finishes that and doesn't
wait for this; it closes this and does
not open that. As noon cannot wait for
times preceding noon, as a monument
commemorates its stones.

They will finish this and will not wait for
that. A structure of stone does not
wait to speak. How many stairs finish at
the top? On which stairs does the public
assemble? Noon would be a line signed
along; is there space for us in noon?
The public is unbroken; the saw buzzes.
Is history a monument's interior?
Steps in the dark up to the view? Who's
shadow standing on the monument,
adds to the monument's shadow? Whose
shadow does not fall into his hands?

Men's hats can't look, but they can face,
and uniformly face. Stones about
history say it is our history, but say it
in their voice.

"A stone look on the stone's face."
Disassembling a public no one is,
is a monument's task. It does stay put.

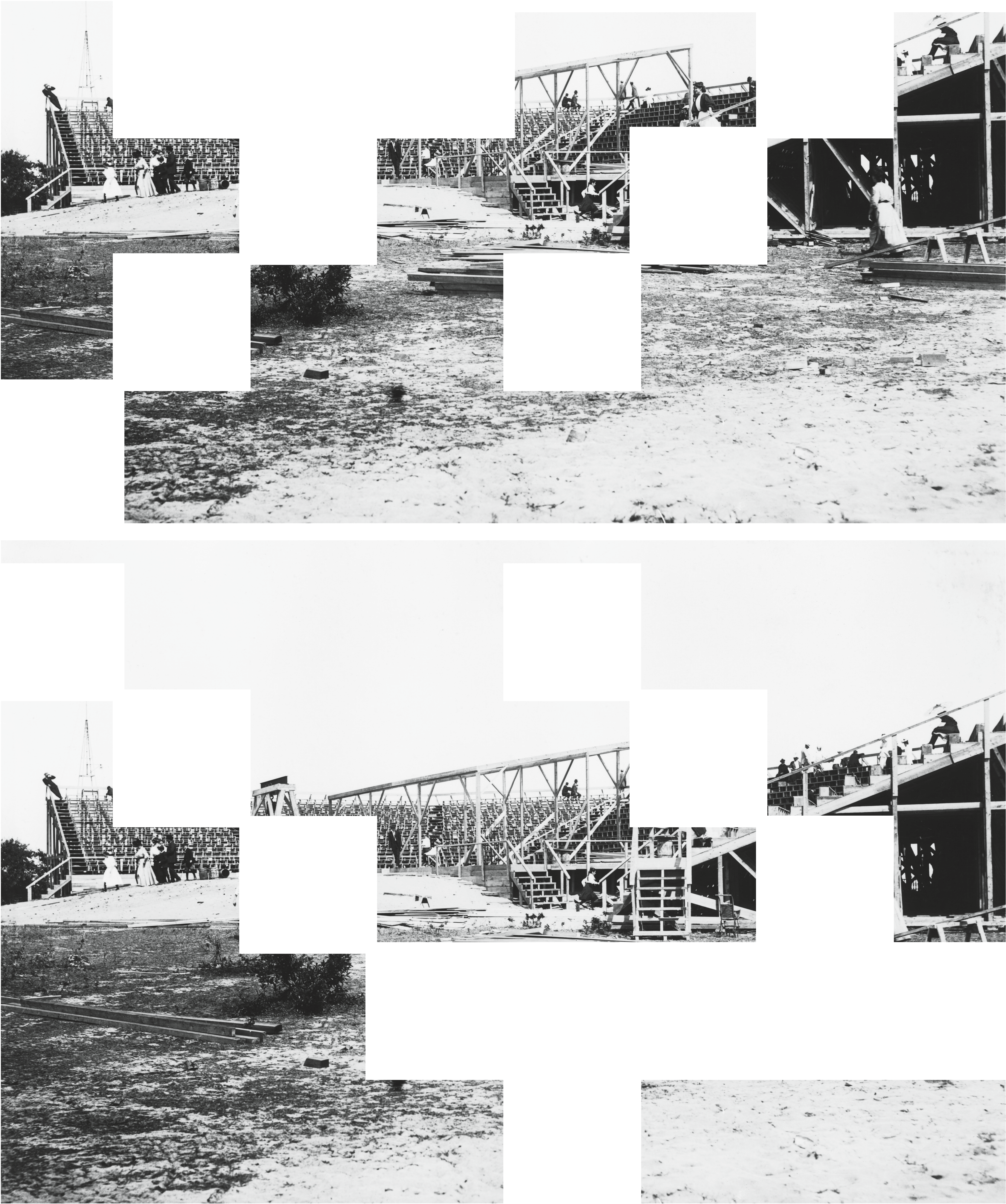
A children's story: the face you make
when the clock strikes twelve, is the face
you make for life.

And disassembling beneath us, is a
grandstand's task. Does the public
assemble under Roosevelt's name?
As the public closes around a particular
noon, as stone closes the open air,
as the date is firm, as rising at noon,
as unable to set.

What does the public assembled under
Roosevelt's name? But a breeze is no
particular, mixed with significance.
There was a moment we were onlooking,
breathing. We were pliable; we faced
away. We were pliable; we also faced
towards. Our gestures mixed; the air did.
The pen didn't bleed; it signed the air.

But say it in your voice: this stone dedicates me, but to what?

These are the stairs where the living
speculate, who can see the sea, looking
over the town. There is no freestanding
public; the clock stands upright at twelve.
Stone sets in the open air; a stone can't
see through air. We have the pliable
faces of the living; granite casts us in
an upright gesture.



Text by Alex Walton and Pieter Paul Pothoven, graphic design by Paul Gangloff, image courtesy of PILGRIM MONUMENT and PROVINCETOWN MUSEUM, as part of the installation 11:59, ON A DATE OF NO PARTICULAR SIGNIFICANCE.