

Todd Hearon

Vestigial

"Absence my presence is . . ." Greville

No way to know the thing but through the thing the thing
has left. No way to reconstruct an absence fully. How the footprint
in itself is not a *thing*, itself is absence, of a nature not the thing
passed on, or by, or through. Beyond

the myth, a footprint
left in the mind by the passing of the god — how even that
confounds you, who believe the words themselves themselves are
vestiges, traces of a mass more intricate, compact and manyshadowed that must once
have passed: *the passing of the god*. Its motion? Death?
No way to know the thing but through the thing the thing
has left. A remnant? Left the room? Some chamber of the heart?
What would it be to be the heart the god *has left*?

