

Resurrection

After the Coronation Stone of Motecuhzoma II

I believe in resurrection—not the way the ghost of my lover’s uncle returned one morning as a translucent silhouette above our bed, his silent stare filled with the morning glare. Of course, there is always a way to come back. Look here, you’ll see those ancient ancestors whose story is written in a language like Latin, once alive and now dead. As if speaking with emojis, this is the language of Nahuatl—a language of Aztec, a people who ruled most of this planet in a time that seems so long ago, in what must have been a galaxy so far away. They were led by a ruler with a divine right to lead—sound familiar? The Aztec, a people of five million, larger than England, when the Earth was populated by 500 million. They understood there were periods in our lives that come and go—birth and rebirth—life is a tricky thing; the way an orchid will fade to stem and renew itself in another season. Look deep into the cracks of this stone, its figures carved have lived here for hundreds of years waiting to tell their story.