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Photographs Offer No Objective Justification

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PHOTOGRAPHS OFFER NO OBJECTIVE JUSTIFICATION



Jon Charles Miller
Student and co-editor of VOICES 4

Photographs offer no objective justification for feeling certain about anything; as the days pass it is harder to understand what's real. If we rely on nature, the edges become blurred, and it is harder to remember specific days, but entire years take a crystallized form. Have all forms become detached from nature and do these beliefs lead to a nature dialectic that is outdated, as the self-limiting line that follows people from birth walls them in, memory becomes a jail we fall prey to the predatory pockets of self-awareness. technology creates a sphere from a circle; our life leads back to its origin

What will the world be without you;
it will be the same before you existed.

Concepts created in their antithesis:
Time created by the sphere.

The sun rejects closure

The world is with us
and we run naked behind
language's attempt to fill the intangible
void; our attempts to find the encompassing light
words succeed at keeping tangents at distance
and the sun's endeavors to create closure will always fail
we search for the shadows from stars
always searching for something that has already passed
or never existed

Anatomy must be studied:
an organism's structure must work in unison for it to survive, new ideas must not compound, but structure must be realized before the formless can be understood: a bird stays in flight, not because one wing flaps harder than the other, but because both move in unison.

The type of self-awareness becomes dangerous
new ideas are introduced
until the image becomes blurred
that's fate: whatever's happened
aphorisms become volatile
once landscape lived and was fructuous: the vastness
can never be acknowledged
the mathematician must be tired,
language runs behind the intangible
unclothed words will never unite two people
misrepresentation is the antithesis of the already happened
miscommunication is the antithesis of misrepresentation
objective values can never be placed on landscape
and misrepresentation will only be cued by light
that attaches itself to everything

the barefooted mules that walk through pines must be tired, the wind
whispers in a language
that can't translate and the mules' vision greys
at the mountain path birds with one wing flapping harder
than the other fly overhead through grey clouds
and against the breeze. The bird's gesture towards the barefooted mules
in a language that doesn't translate.

The photograph becomes blurred
due to a miscalculation or misrepresentation
but I could never remember facts or names and dates
only the songs sung
on yellow walls
and the radio on the nightstand
but for me that is gone
as the landscape erodes
and sediment deposits
into water that does not speak the words:

the grey depth takes

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