Unsung
— for the Unsung Founders Memorial (UNC Chapel Hill), 2005 (black granite, bronze sculpture)
by Do-Ho Suh

This is not a surrender. Arms raised. Bodies clustered, cast together. This is bronze. Fingers pressed to a slab. This is a table. A whole people beneath. This is where giants use boulders as stools, stones like the unmarked graves of slaves that have rolled. And been rolled away. Here is the table’s surface. A black mirror in the rain. A place for conversation. A place for meals. For a book, splayed and pored over. This is a table. A weight. Of withheld cakes. Of coveted wines. Flexed elbows of giants, needling their own furniture. Here is where they put their feet up. Against the pedestal of bodies. See here how knees shine. Noses shine. The women, their breasts shine. Because they are bronze. Between soil and slab. Hands weight-bearing the feast, the sated appetites. Dripping candles and burn of wax. Here is where giants rest their feet. Tread soles against human parts. See how the bodies shine. In marked places. The people. Made of bronze. No single one identified. Not a single one standing alone. This is not a surrender.