

jail and the probation on museum-going has been lifted, the profusion of art exhibits in Paris is convenient for both art lovers and those searching for an acceptable place to tear up in public. Cry in the grocery store and you're pitiful; cry in Musée du Louvre and you truly appreciate art. Impression, Soleil Levant was patient with me, waited silently for my admiration. And when I finally rose, thanked her quietly for listening, shuffled through the small exhibit to the museum exit, I felt betrayed to find a gift shop dedicated solely to her likeness, the rising sun as sketchbook, scarf, eraser, for anyone to buy and take home, like I'd confided to her a secret and stumbled upon her telling the entire city.

Is that what this is about, Andrew? A betrayal? A desire to keep the Argenteuil Basin solely to yourself? Prove Monet right about moments and the eyes they belong to? Perhaps you knew you could never get away with stealing the painting, knew that it would never make it to your basement collection, that it would never be unreservedly yours. But if you became the last person to ever interact with the unmarred Argenteuil Basin, if you had the future of the painting against your clamped, clammy hands—hands that knew how to apply a French polish, that could have told you how old a table was by tracing the woodwork of its legs, hands that itched to grab, to pet, to love, to destroy the art, as if they all meant the same thing—would it finally belong to you?

I propose a temporary definition of ownership: the measure of influence we have over something, our potential to change it. In this case, legal ownership is enforced by social construct, an unspoken promise not to alter what we agree belongs to another person. But we both know how flimsy that is, Andrew, how easy to swipe an unsupervised Bible, to collect the unused postcards from a campus trash bin, to peel away a museum poster for the boy with long legs who dared you to pilfer Paris. If I am a magpie, you are an Andean condor. One collects trinkets; the other has been reported to fly off with small dogs. Same crime, different scales. To steal is to deny the power of social construct, to act on your ability to transfer, to take, without permission, with no intention of returning, whatever you find yourself able to transfer or take. To vandalize, to drag your

TRAJECTORY OF THE BULLET

Aldo Amparán

I paint a blue line wherever the bullets traveled
even if the gun in your hand is imaginary
& the movie ends with a whimper
I'm keeping track of all the ammunitions
clogging my muscles the lost fire engrained I forgive you
long before the reel ends before the looping
film hisses in the lonely projection chamber
your tongue distracts me from the screen in the theater
flashes a woman falling
through a skylight & spattering her heart I've seen this
countless times how easily a chainsaw
separates limbs from the torso or how much of the human brain
can be fed to its thinker before it shuts down
& what of the gunshots? as a child I found
firearms the most boring weapons
in films I craved the brutality
of the knife or the hatchet the question
of the body & the body
ravaged on a projection screen the morning my mother
found shells scattered
outside our house in Ciudad Juárez savage tokens
leaking from our television
I dreamed my mouth full of lead in place of my teeth I watched
my movies crouched
under the bed the fire rupturing the godly
silence of the streets & this morning
I walk the entire city to your house the miles
saturated with blue.