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Bronze Soldier

Connor Renfroe

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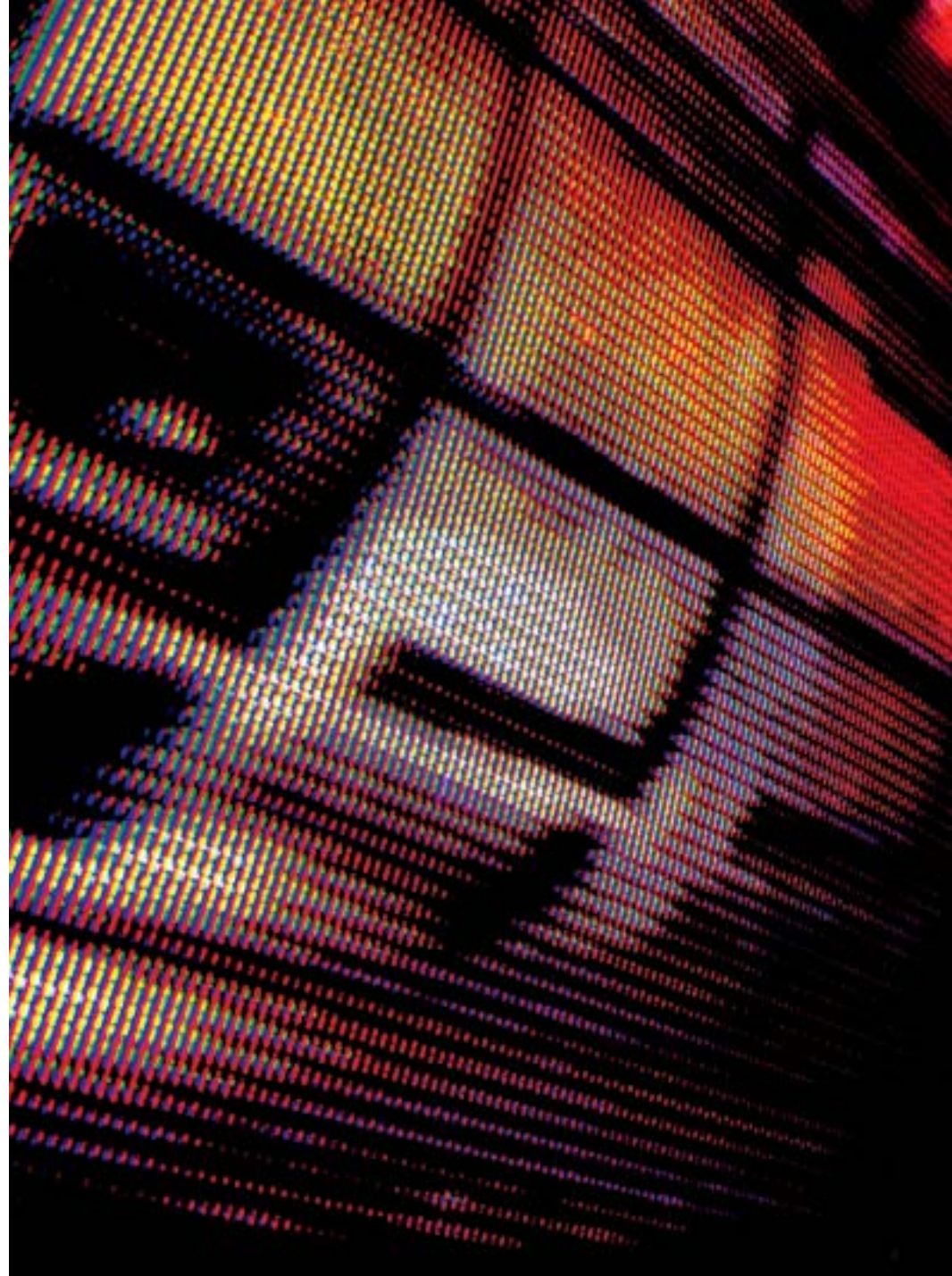
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Bronze Soldier | Connor Renfroe

I was born at the end of my parents' silver age.
The copper and tin were melded together,
Pressed into a slab.
They cut me from a sheet and
Handed me off to schools to mold me,
To churches to fold me,
Hammer and form me
Into a totem.
My aesthetic changed to suit my owners;
But when the war began
I was tossed into the pot,
Melted down and reformed
As a sword, a shield, a plate on the breast.
And when I had seen the end of that purpose,
They saw fit to press me down
And electroplate me to the shoes
Of the iron generation.



Metro | Dylan Bannister
VHS still, digital imaging