

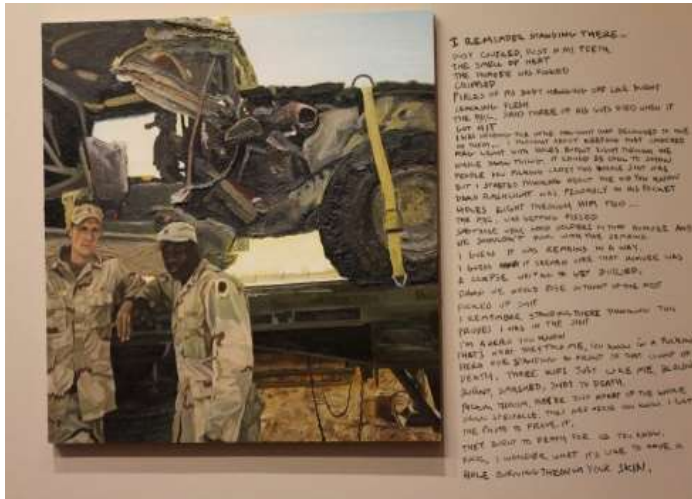
# I Remember Standing There...

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Aaron Hughes (U.S. Army National Guard)



Oil on Panel (2006), 4 X 4 ft., Courtesy Aaron Hughes



## Installation Text:

I remember standing there

Dust covered, dust in my teeth, the smell of heat

That Humvee was fucked

Crippled

Pieces of its body hanging off like burnt cracking flesh

The P.O.C. said three of his guys died when it got hit

I was holding the little Mag-light that belonged to one of them. I  
thought about keeping that charred Mag-light with holes burnt  
right through the whole damn thing.

It could be cool to show people how fucking crazy this whole shit  
was

But I started thinking about the kid you know

Damn flashlight was probably in his pocket

Holes right through him too.

The P.O.C. was getting pissed  
Said those were good soldiers in that Humvee and we shouldn't  
fuck with the remains.  
I guess it was remains in a way.  
I guess it seemed like that humvee was a corpse waiting to get  
buried.  
Damn we would pose in front of the most fucked up shit  
I remember standing there thinking this proves I was in the shit  
I'm a hero you know  
That's what they told me, you know I'm a fucking hero for  
standing in front of that clump of death.  
Three kids just like me, blown, burnt, smashed, shot, bled to  
death.  
Fuck'm though.  
They're just a part of the whole damn spectacle.  
They died heroes you know. I got the photo to prove it  
They burnt to death for us you know.  
Fuck, I wonder what it's like to have a hole burning through your  
skin.

#### Description:

I am an artist, organizer, and Iraq War veteran, who seeks out moments of beauty, poetry, and connection, in order to construct new languages and meanings out of personal and collective traumas. I use these new languages and meanings to create projects that attempt to de-construct systems of dehumanization and oppression.