

Trapped

Over the sound of the chisel-strikes,
metal on marble, I hear the sculptor saying

he is not a true creator;
he only draws the shape
from where it lies, hidden,
formless in the rough-edged
block that's just blank
to me. Buried faces,
birds midflight, eyes
searching for light,
for air.

Come to me, with the flat blade
of the chisel, its hunting edge,
and discern in me my true
form, draw from this heavy flesh
my core of light,
of air.

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