

The Sculptress

IV

The sculptress ties her hair up –
And her arms are lovely,
Tying and holding her hair.

In the evening, she clasps a belt
around her waist
And her waist is slim.
The heavy belt clasps at her
velvet blouse.

She speaks in the refined voice
of her high school
But her feet are tiny –
And she stands with her foot
resting against a stone
There are men to love her
There are men to love her at this time.

The sculptress writes with careful words,
Imposing order on the chaos.
Bury the pain. He left you.
Chip at the story and smooth it
Mould it with loving hands.