

Statuesque

Caught in a moment so fine,
your shawl falling on both sides
to the rippling of your clinging robe.
Forearms partly exposed
end in graceful hands with delicate fingers,
the pinkies arching, just so.
Your body flares the folds
with ample yet chaste hips
on graceful demur legs
whose bare feet must have run
these monument strewn lawns.
Your face
with its classical Mediterranean beauty
tires of weeping, yet is about to speak.
Will your words be inflected with sobs?
Will you beg a soul to come back to you?
I swim in the clues of your hollow gray irises,
looking through me,
wondering why when I've found you,
finally found you...
you turn out to be made of stone?

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