

Moses of Michelangelo

Moses, you are magnificent!
There is awe
In your marbled translucence,
In your composed wholeness,
And your quiet dignity.

Michelangelo knew you were there.
And he chipped away unerringly
At the rough stone
That covered you
Until you were free,
Smoothed
And polished
And clear.

And now you are *here*,
Shining through,
Turning marble into life!

(Oh, Master Sculptor,
I know I am not a Moses.
My chunk of stone is only small—
But I am here.
Free me.
Free me!)

—Elaine Ellsworth Naylor