

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