

My musselman statue

Vera Meisels*

Whittled wooden board
scorched and warped
rough and unpolished.
Everything has fallen from you
that could pad a bone,
you are not easy on the eye
or to touch, but
I loved the way
the wood flakes fell
through my fingers
until you were revealed to me.
You are close to me,
years I've waited
to take you from the drawer
of my darkness, as if till now
your existence was just
between us.

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