

A Statue and Its Seasons.

Autumn

Why does your ever-watching eye never cease to trace the outline of my boots as they crunch the carpet of meshed leaves? You spread your teasing body, imposing and unbothered, taunting me like you know something that I could never comprehend. I see the mocking gleam in your metal eye, the sneer you carry on your lips. What do you want? Tell me. Please, I need to know. And yet still, day after day, there you are, with your spread body, knowing eyes, sarcastic grin. I wish I could ball my hands into a fist and crunch your thick, crooked nose into a bloody mess. And I wish I could jut out my knee until it fits repeatedly into your most vulnerable spot. And I wish you would just tell me what you know. Tell me what your body, eyes, and lips are hiding. Enlighten me with that which is mine. And though I can feel my anger pulsing in my ears, you lie there, elongated and unbothered, pouring all your fuel into my scathing fire – which only grows, and grows, and tricks me into thinking a touch of my hand would melt your metal skin. But how could it? You feed, yearn for this fire, a fire that only burns me.

What do you want?

Your silence is the loudest scream I have ever heard, it pierces my mind like the spear that slices through the ocean waves right through the unsuspecting fish swimming below. And as I walk, and you watch me, and I try to run, and yet, still, you watch me, I can't help the boiling fire sweeping through my limbs, the feeling of your spear ripping through my flesh. And I want to snatch your silly flute, break it in half, and throw it away. But I never do. Because if I broke your flute in two, then I would never see your expert lips lower to its mouth, and sing the songs that I wish to hear most.

But you never do.

Winter

The overwhelming snow coats your thick metal miserably, no warmth in her touch. Your legs, once clothed with veins and muscle are buried beneath the weight of such bitter feeling. If I hadn't known the blue-green tinge of your shiny skin, I would have never guessed what hid beneath. I am told that spring shall come, and the snow will melt away, and the flowers will bloom colors and fruit, and the air will be blessed with sweet perfume, and I can't help but feel like you will be eternally drowning in this coat of white. Like the boat floating up and down as the waves swell and sink, like your coat of white that comes and goes as the year ages away, I am told that the heart behaves this way. But even so, I wonder, can you feel this bitter coat of white sweep its way into places it shall never leave again? When the cold is tight, and fills your body with numbing pain, do you feel like you will ever again bathe in the warmth of the sun? For the darkness that coats all around never once falters a glimpse of light and life. And your fingers hold gingerly the shadow of a flute, singing songs of death and silence – and there is no life in this dance, and yet never has there been such pain. The lips that once blew life through your flute, now lay shriveled on your face, like the worm's ghostly corpse that would not escape the winter's icy grasp. Your ears, in a lopsided melancholy, are packed with snow, and filled with bitter news from the unforgiving wind. There is no movement in your defeated limbs, as you sprawl under your coat of white, any smell of hope and wonder is dead.

Sometimes in a dream the clouds part a slim, and from underneath the defeated branches of the two towering trees, the moon pays you a furtive visit. Its moonlight touches the few scattered parts the snow couldn't seize, and even though you reject her soft embrace, and long for the cold to win once again, you slowly succumb to her honeyed promises of sun and light. But the boat sinks as the clouds slam again, and the darkness returns. The moonlight's disappearance hurts more than the eternal darkness of before. But sometimes in a very distant land of dreams, forgotten as eyes wake up, only sometimes, though the moon is gone, and you

wallow in the pitch of black night, you can almost see a weak shimmer of light germinate under your coat of white – or was it just the snow again?

Spring

For two weeks now, the rain has been pouring over your toned body. She determinedly washes away every spot, every memory of imperfection, until she irons out your skin into a hard smoothness.

You are back.

Back to your unphased demeanor – and yet there is something different. Your skin seems harder, like it has been through places it never had been before, like your coat of white, now unpeeled and eternally waiting for its next call, has shaped you unto the next. Gentle flowers and fruit now lay all around you, an air of green renewal hangs like a halo around your head. From it sprouts your dense curls, now laying lazily around your neck. Your lips seem timidly determined to meet again your thin flute, to sing songs of change and revival. And though your coat of white is gone, there still seems to be a glint of white shining from your long body, yet the pain it radiated before melted into the sensitive ocean after the raging storm. The clashing waves, and frost-filled winds have moved on, and now the ocean lays in a silent pondering, licking wounds that never before showed any sign of healing. The bees are back to witness your slow revival, their buzz hums away through the crisp air, their pollen lays lazily around your tones of sage and teal. They zoom around your lifted arm, and their song awakens yours, your lips and flute finally ready for another encore.

Once in a while the pesky snow still pays you a visit, but gone are the times when it brought you your coat of white. Instead, it can only sprinkle your greenish skin with rime and frost, and though the cold lace sometimes threatens again to take over your pondering self, you

are always saved by a new visitor – the sun. In the dawn breaking of an especially frosty night, the sun always seems to be born warmer, and by the time he sits again in his wholeness in the early morning sky, his yellow rays stretch their fingers towards you, and soothe and pick away any cold laces the night can bring. And though the sun's golden hair has not yet grown enough to bathe you, as you lay there thinking, his yellow fingers remind you of the path thus taken, the crunchy leaves, the bitter snow, and now hope again.

Summer

Now the fragile tidings of an infant peace have grown into a certain sea of thriving creation. Your golden locks crown your head triumphantly, and the sun's heavenly light seems to bathe you as much as you bathe him back. The orange quality of the warm afternoon envelops your kingly form, and as you lay, your regal gaze, forgiving and rejoiced, brings light to everything it touches. Your plump lips spread open, like the eager coneflower's glorious bloom in midsummer's day, unveiling the radiating smile that for so long could not show. And your blessed flute, light in your hand, right on your lips, tells the tales of homecoming, celebration, and the winning of the war. And the rich, thick grass all around you, and the two towering trees, bursting with sappy, emerald green, rejoice in your regality, bask in your rebirth. Even when the sun inevitably dips below the horizon, reluctantly accepting deep sleep, your coat of white and its cold lace have gone for now, only the scarce winds are left to remind you of the now distant battle – and yet their cool aura brings relief to your smooth, hot skin. Besides, when the sun goes away, and the lapis quality of the fresh summer night paints your peaceful figure, someone else comes to visit – the moon. Gone are the days her appearance belonged to dreams and hopeless wishes. Her sheepish allure reminds again of when your present seemed to be but a figment of an unconceivable future, and tenderly assures that hope reigns you again.

But you must never put away from your mind, buried and locked in a forgotten drawer, your coat of white and its cold lace. The coat will always come, and more scars will always follow – you will never be the same again. And yet so will the sun, the moon, and the songs of long, lapis summer nights. The security of insecurity can comfort even the most distressed of minds.