

“Weight”

The soul longs
To be a sculptor
Pay the price
Sweat
Pain
Time
To mold beauty
Crafted by the heart
Shaped by love
Formed by the body
But
There are no tools
Ability
Or gift
For I am not a sculptor
Still
The soul yearns
To create
Flesh and bone
Reality
The soul is
Limitless
The body
Restricted
Fingers that fumble
Fail
While the soul dreams
Crafting in imagination
What the body cannot
Painful wishes
Of marvelous creation
Grieving
The broken anatomy
Clinging
To impossibility
Rebelling against limitations
That always remain
Supporting the burden
The body cannot bear
It's lost purpose
Crushed desire

Of hope
To be a sculptor