

A woman, naked and illuminated

Roger J. Inman

A woman, naked and illuminated
Obliquely by the light of the mind
Turns slowly, quietly replacing
The anticipation of prejudged poses
With awe at the revelation in light and shadow
Of shapes and textures more beautiful
In their instant than statues in their age.
But just as cold against the eyes' fire
And just as hard against the mind's desire
For shapes softer and more malleable,
More accommodating to human needs.

No patience with just watching or describing
And yet not quite the courage for touching.
For to measure the depth of this beauty
Is to alter it beyond its purpose.

©Roger J. Inman