The Children of Clay

on Judy Fox’s figurative terracotta sculptures

Naked, prepubescent, innocent, skins painted a soft rose-copper glow brushed by dusky blue, they chase butterflies in a field we cannot see—nothing to suggest that even now they’re hardened in the fire of fate and character except the fixity of their stances, the small placards bearing their names: Attila, already drawing back his bow; Jaguar Knight, crouched to take prisoner whoever passes by; Lakshmi, fingers curved to dance for Vishnu; and Rapunzel, her heavy golden ropes of hair already coiled atop her head like hawsers she’ll one day lower to make a ladder for her lover to come to her, hand over hand.

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