

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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