

The Sculptor & The Statue
Dustin Lee c. 1993

Have you seen the master sculptor sitting high among the heavens? Against an ominous mountaintop, his meager dwelling rests. There, the ruins of an imperfect life's work lie scattered upon the floor. And amidst crumbled granite, sculptor waits for sun and moon to tire from their game of hide and seek.

They say he depleted all the artistic vision granted him on one futile whim. I say he succumbed to the most formidable of challenges. For his quest was to free his cloistered heart from the cold, decadent shell that formed in lonely times. How ironic that the organ he labored to free only sequestered itself along the way.

Familiar with the depths of solitude, I ascended the mountain trail to gaze upon sculptor's sullen brow. Together, segregated creatures contemplated unfulfilled yearnings and irretrievable hours paraded past our doorsteps.

But today's intrusion upon this curious man's refuge satisfies my deepest anticipations. The sculptor's eyes awaken from habitual slumber. Like a butterfly, he discards a stale cocoon.

Mustering spirit possessed long ago, he gropes for the last granite slab perched beside humble den. As the once fabled craftsman endeavors to mold rock, I stand charmed by tremulous rhythms of probing hands.

Broad, sinuous lines establish a sweet, pair-shaped body that fiendishly obscures an inner strength and energy. Arms reach for sky like flowers in a garden, stretching toward nurturing sun, while tender fingers wind back to mother earth. Eyes teem with reflections of unfathomable dreams. Lips beg to be touched. Cheeks reflect golden light. What emerges from stone is a substance resembling man yet improving upon his every design.

Breathless, sculptor surveys the intoxicating figure as one would explore God's dominion. I hear him whisper, "Behold Woman."

But misery, shadowing secluded man, returns anew. Delight mutates into pain as if remembering something better forgotten. For the statue, every bit the imagined dream is rock and nothing more. How can cold rock tickle the sculptor's malnourished heart?

Plucking the last fragment of life from weary bones, master sculptor struggles to produce a solitary tear. He buckles to the floor, spent and lifeless, as tear plunges upon statue's etched body.

Then comes a vision unseen in all my days. The concentrated essence of that one tear magically dissolves the statue's rock-like shell. Woman steps from ashes and scoops the artist into protecting arms as she speaks these simple words, "I love you." Without delay, the sculptor's silent chest trembles back to rhythm.

Thus the man's life is recovered and the bond complete. Two inanimate entities free each other's souls this summer night.

So when darkness overtakes me, I must look toward mountaintop once more. I shall strain above all silence to hear Woman's healing words of love. I shall seek the sculptor's inspired tear as it carves a path down gentle slope. Then my suffering heart will not forget dreams come alive when teardrops run free and the words echo from mountain's peak.