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LOST STATUES

—*Athens, Greece*

On pillows of air the statues sleep
while night drapes their hard bodies.
Their stone skin glistens with moonlight,
specks of marble, smoothed and rubbed.
Under this invisible sky I run
my hand over my face
to find some semblance of etching,
to feel what the past can tell
when the facts have hardened,
sculpted into reality. I too could stay here
in one position, as though all movement
had no direction—contained
within the body. I would be content
to remain in the chryselephantine
of night, with moonlight
as a companion, a comfort, while
the other statues abide as well,
without complaint, with only time
etched in their hard coverings,
eating away at them so slowly
you would no longer be alive
to notice.