
Naranjo Dancing

My hands move slowly,
my eyelids follow, heavy with anticipation,
until my fingertips meet
the cool surface of one bronze statue.
Creeping along my skin is the feeling of,
understanding?
How this blind sculptor could see
what we with eyes fail to.

His fingers,
dancing over cooling metal
form
a strong back
swelling with movement,
powerful legs
rippling smoothly,
lips rounded in a wolf's howl.

From hands flow delicate fingers.
A reclining woman's calf
hides the toes
of her small feet
pressed against a chair,
nearly imperceptible
except to the eyes of one who
does not see.

Hands
studying the faces
do not find them lopsided
and their deeply impressioned eyes
are like basins
waiting to be filled.

He is dancing in these bronze statues
with their hands raised high
and their heads half turned as if
the gods were speaking to them and they were
straining to hear the words.

• *Juliette Nehring*