

## BODY AND SOUL AT THE MET

It takes a pagan head to make flesh speak,  
to mold or paint the thought itself:  
as "*Mourning Woman*," carve the shape of grief.  
And this "*Etruscan Mars*" himself  
is framed as weaponry propelled  
by his own warrior stance. Now see unbridled  
horse and naked rider meld  
in a newborn thing, the "*Horseman*" of its title.  
These lifeless wooden virgins, though, are idle,  
posed with old-young babes against a ground  
cluttered with symbols: orthodox recitals  
of the doctrine of the soul unbound.  
So at the thought of death, we prise the mind  
from works in clay mortality has signed.