

THE TORSO OF A GODDESS

The night before her surgery
she knocked on the doors of all her artist friends
until she found someone with time
and the ability to draw her nude

Back in her room she stripped to the waist
and quick fingers and sure eyes
brought out on cool paper appraisingly
what had been remarked so often with wonder before

Freedom lies in remembering without reliving
she reminded herself as she dozed off
prepared to wake in a few hours
and find a slightly lesser, no less perfect world.