



Deborah H. Doolittle

### The Statue Steps Down From the Pedestal

The sculptor stood back, said,  
*I'm not through yet*, and picked  
up his mallet in one hand and  
his chisel in the other, and  
tapped, tapped, chipping away  
the bumps and detritus one  
finds on most behinds,  
backsides of the human kind.  
My blockiness transformed  
from blank granite to arms and  
legs that almost flowed to the  
music from the radio. My  
hands held open, fingers  
limned extensions of the pose I  
suppose I will have to hold  
from this day forward. This  
contriteness of being not quite  
right tells me it's time to step  
down and let myself go.

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