

## **Sara Epstein – Two Poems**

### **Bronze Sculpture**

The bronze sculpture on the stage above the buildings in my neighborhood is a woman, large and voluptuous. She moves, stretching and changing her pose, yet restricted to the area that is allotted to her. Bound by being a sculpture and not a person, she cannot escape the zone she moves in, she cannot speak. Down on the street I notice the woman from Jamaica Plain, riding a bike to the house where the dead psychiatrist lived. She checks the messages on the machine, commenting to the neighbors that some patients call in distress. I think I could do a better job of answering those messages and calls for help, and calmly consider, all the while looking at the bronze sculpture moving, trapped in her beauty and silent anguish.

### **Four Year Old Loss**

I searched quietly in all the usual places. It was not in my bed, not under or behind the bed, not under the black leather loveseat in the living room. So I stood halfway downstairs, where everyone would hear me. I screamed so there could be no doubt: “Where is my blanket?”

Murmurs of muffled denials, my sister pretending to search, filled me with a dawning dread. My mother brought a different, new, clean blanket. I knew now she had destroyed my blanket, would never return it. I screamed louder, then finally let my sister calm me down. Protest would do no good, the blanket was gone.

Four years later, my friend’s six year old sister dragged around her old ratty blankie and sucked her thumb with abandon. I watched, frowning, stomach clenched, hands empty, mesmerized.

**Sara Epstein** is a clinical psychologist from Winchester, Massachusetts, who writes poetry and songs, especially about light and dark places. Her poems are forthcoming or have recently appeared in *Mocking Heart Review*, *Silkworm*, *Paradise in Limbo*, *Mom Egg Review*, *Chest Journal*, *Literary Mama*, and two anthologies: *Sacred Waters*, and *Coming of Age*.