

# Alexis Randolph

## *Lamentation*

Angels glazed in blue rifting sky,  
writhing arms and mouths, smudging skirts,  
John in pink, bows in a reverent display of mourning,  
while Mother Maria clutches the golden orbed head  
looking as if to wake him him yet.  
But you, lesser Maria, have always appreciated the feet.  
Judging from your expression, you must be curious as to why  
Giotto didn't think it necessary to tie back your hair--  
and there it has hung for seven hundred years  
wisping against your neck.  
Even worse, though,  
you must know,  
if you weren't bonded to this wall,  
soon you'd be the first to see those feet walking--  
quite a gift for anyone,  
but more so for you--  
they still think you walked the street.