

# The Messenger

---

Volume 1994  
Issue 2 *The Messenger*, Fall 1994

Article 3

---

Fall 1994

## September 30th ... Day One

Eric Townsend

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Townsend, Eric (1994) "September 30th ... Day One," *The Messenger*: Vol. 1994: Iss. 2, Article 3.  
Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol1994/iss2/3>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger by an authorized administrator of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact [scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu](mailto:scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu).

## September 30th...Day One

I am one ripple  
upon the circle cornered  
"those not concerned with restraint".  
Embracing this,  
it is mere unfolding  
which leads to grasping  
why  
I cradle  
and smooth  
marble  
in the whirlpool  
of my palmprint.

Each rub is pure  
vivarin release.  
There is a certain state  
achieved through  
circum-stroke of stone  
which scolds the sculptor  
for desiring "completion"  
while deserting "competition".  
But the ignorance of the mind  
and the burden upon its pedestal  
only press the sculptor towards the former.  
Victimized,  
I am but one  
weak link in the chain of experience.

Unraveling fingers  
from the security  
of a clenched fist  
reveals the element enslaved,  
and through breathing,  
it is allowed to enlighten.  
Only Nature's relentless faith  
assists the sculptor

in realizing that stone  
is rarely "harsh" and "uninviting"  
as Knowledge has trained us  
but more often "sensitive" and "beckoning"  
as Perception primitively urges us.  
It is during moments such as this  
that I begin to understand  
crucial knots in Nature's rope.

The marble obelisk  
I am about to carve  
is unlimiting textural source  
whose flesh undulates and angles  
with a complexity  
only matched in the human figure.  
Time invested  
into uniting the woman within  
with the wisdom of the fresh air  
is no different from the years  
I've invested in adoration  
of the female nude.  
One who follows the whims of stone  
revels in her tease,  
for with each chisel  
comes a hint of orgasm  
of the eventual image.  
It is through being  
true to materials,  
that I can live  
in truth about my love.

Three hundred miles  
could never separate me  
from my obsession  
with the curves of her reclining figure.  
I pray  
that the coming months of carving  
will quench my sexual desire.

I do cling to a fear  
that my indulgence in the ritual  
will deteriorate into  
dulled senses and the habitual.  
Repetition is a necessary component  
in the development of a flow  
and sculpture is a study in flow.  
Flow can be a colossal force  
like an ever changing, raging river  
pummeling its bed  
and transforming the most courageous of stone  
into humble clay  
or smoothed skipping stones.  
Flow  
coupled with regularity  
can lead to predictability  
and boredom  
which should never be applied  
to any flesh.  
It is the latter  
that is presently frustrating me  
because I am not quite a river:  
I am one ripple within its flow.

*Eric Townsend, RC '95*