

Michelangelo, *Pietà*

by [Peter Cooley](#) in the [March 20, 2013](#) issue

Hewn from some polar
air they make us breathe
just to look on here,
they appear doubles,
Michelangelo,
son, mother, one death,

Christ, his body bent,
broken on her lap,
stretches beyond pain.
Mary, suffering
His death till her own
looks out, straight into us.

*Why did I bear him?
How can this be mine?
You who have come from
where the living live,
what do mothers do?*