

Becoming Sculpture

Carve me in wood, bring me back
to nature, with more landscape
and growth than in the body I am in,
this body now covered with nylon,
polyester, spandex. Let me take shape,
move from one being into another
for something new. Rebirth me
into sculpture, a lost form of God,
breathe shape into my wooden body,
the way limbs grow from a tree.
I have already fallen in a past storm.
Hold me and remember how we hold
each other, how the grain in cut wood
mirrors the flow of river.

– Liza Wolff-Francis

Carrboro, NC



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Liza Wolff-Francis was the 8th Poet Laureate of Carrboro, N.C. (2023-2025). She has an M.F.A. in Creative Writing from Goddard College. Her poetry book is titled *48 hours down the shore*.

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