

It's so quiet among the carved saints.\* Mud brown, mouth open, hunched, one hand holding a piece of cloth, the other open in supplication. Poor man, so ancient.

Poor man, his agony and shame. His only covering are enormous earrings and something unidentifiable that he carries on his back, strapped across his chest.

Then to read, "figure wearing the flayed skin of a virgin. He is in a trace of ecstasy, not agony. His face is blackened around his eyes, closed so that he can better

see beyond this world. Was the virgin sacrificed for a higher good? Did his prayers matter? Do ours?

—Martha Sorensen

\*First line of a poem in the "Lasting Impressions" exhibit.

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