

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?*