



Whispering Stone

by Deborah Kloepfel

...His trained eyes study it with the rare intensity of genius searching out the secrets held deep within the stone

...His hands continue to explore the marble's surface, searching for the being trapped within, measuring; tracing the veins, examining each superficial bump, dimple, and blemish to know every indigenous feature as intimately as a lover

“...Be patient, my reverent one,” he whispers, his lips gently brushing the marble. “I shall begin on the morrow. Speak to me as I work. I am your servant; guide my hand as I search for you.”

...observing how the stone's natural veins accentuate the play of light; his fingers tracing each life-like curl as if trying to coax them into place

“... it was Michael who kept whispering to me from within the stone, revealing himself as I worked... I merely applied his counsels to set the Archangel free.”