

# Soft Sculpture

*Mary Lythgoe Bradford*

I sink into a beanbag chair  
shaped like a giant ear  
but changing shape to fit my rear

I swim in a giant waterbed  
till my back unlocks and floats  
and I'm seasick in the head

I climb foam rubber stairs  
my legs hanging around my feet  
then I somersault in space

My typewriter walks on spindly legs  
begging me reach out and rap  
but when I do the keys collapse

Claes Oldenburg offers a place  
on his largest toilet seat  
sewn cunningly of kapoc paste

It takes my body in round embrace  
it turns my body to meet my face  
in pure and formless grace