

# David

The so-handsome marble form of a boy, a fool  
for showing up unguarded for the fight,  
appearing that naked in front of what is giant  
and terrifying. Did you hear me? He, the hero  
who is the fool transformed, which is his form,  
the idea of being renewed, a bestowal, how  
messiah he stands. I said a bestowal, a myth  
which then meets the craft of his mantle, his knuckle,  
the tight punctuation of his neck, his nipple.  
The carriage of his hip holds us. We have been  
sharing this psychology, quiet, how still and quiet  
standing alone we are. The peril wears its massive outfit,  
aiming at us, and David, with his sheepskin slingshot,  
with his all-he-had to fight Goliath—it was  
so small in its human way, almost a worthless  
tool—he wins with it. Did you hear me? He won.  
He had it—the everything of the self, the eye,  
the call, a fearlessness within fear, a living-with-it,  
subverting it, placing a rock in a cloth and releasing.  
The mammoth troop of his anger was a foe falling down,  
a rock lodged in its forehead. Do not run from this feeling.