

I, DAVID

CORTNEY P. WORLEY



encased
i have waited
since sun's first day
to slay my goliath

god's face was the first i saw
he chipped me free
grain by crude grain

consciousness
then pain
a toenail
a vein
when it was done
he wept at my feet

yet who am i to stand above
why should you marvel at me
perfect marble boy
not dead not alive
stuck
in some wild-eyed place

yes yes beat me there
see my left foot crumble
no tear can fall from my silent eye
i am just a rock
and my god just a man
and faith
and rage
and a stone
are all i have