

# 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