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.