

## **The David of Donatello**

I am watching the grey man  
swing his sinewed arms,  
his sweaty biceps flexing then shaking with impact  
striking the block of stone.  
Little chips and imperfections  
cover the workroom floor.

*We are on the edge of the world*

I see the head of David  
emerge like a stillbirth  
pressing through the stone.  
He is staring with cold, lidless eyes  
that burn through me.

*I am not a martyr*

I know that he wants to turn his head  
to look out the window  
where he might spot a  
woman smiling under an apple tree.  
But he is trapped by the Old Goliath  
pounding him into existence.

Donatello continues to work  
like a god afraid of being forgotten:  
cutting and tearing down the universe  
to find one man frozen.