

# David

*Michael Hicks*

say here doth lie . . .  
his best piece of poetry —  
Ben Jonson, *On My First Son*

This blade of stone  
cuts the grass  
to the quick.

The stonecutter laid  
it down  
a perfect rectangle  
of prose

a cover closing on  
an empty page of flesh.

(the vision of all  
as a book that is sealed)

Eating apples  
I study psalms here, idly  
dream of your linens  
folding eastward  
like new leaves,  
of stone peeling back  
in some fierce unruly  
Dawn,

(and save ourselves with  
all  
our  
dead)

your skin white as the meat  
of an elm, limbs  
advance in a final  
polyphony of light.

I drop a core into  
the grass, entreating:  
O flesh, outlast this page,  
O bone, outsing this poem.

