

Holy Wars

David didn't hit Goliath right away.
Actually, the giant dodged the first two

or three. It was the fourth, a mean fist-
sized rock chosen from the stream, cold and dripping

until it smashed through his forehead into
the soft, white parts of his brain, caught looking,

with his leather underwear creeping like
a night army up the slippery back

of his cheeks, giant watermelon cheeks.
He was born 26 lbs., 37 inches.

That morning his father sliced with a hunting knife
through his dead wife's belly, pulling his son

out gently, still warm, breathing—and now
David yanking his dead boy by the hair

chopping through soft neck and muscle like it
was nothing, because the stones needed a face.