

Craig Dobson

Throw

*—a sense of delight from its own roundness, smoothness...
& the rapidity of its own motion*

Not the story's smallest conqueror—
that underdog shepherd boy
flocking, well-aimed, to glory that day.

I too felt the desert sun,
the earth beneath me fine with dust
which his young grip—roughing
with menial work—disturbed before it slung
soft leather round my sides, and tore me
through the wind's whirled wide embrace
cooling my flight towards that smile—
huge and arrogant as the surprise striking
like a god between those eyes the light left
empty as the crown of bone I wore a while,
before it brought the boy to king and throne.