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## David: Donatello, Michelangelo, and Bernini

Marie Williamson

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## **David: Donatello, Michelangelo, and Bernini**

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### **First Advisor**

Carla Harryman

### **Second Advisor**

Joseph Csicsila

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DAVID: DONATELLO, MICHELANGELO, AND BERINI

By

Marie Williamson

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# David

Donatello, Michelangelo, and Bernini

Marie Williamson

*Batter my heart, three-person'd God, for you  
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;  
That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend  
Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me new.  
I, like an usurp'd town to another due,  
Labor to admit you, but oh, to no end;  
Reason, your viceroy in me, me should defend,  
But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue.  
Yet dearly I love you, and would be lov'd fain,  
But am betroth'd unto your enemy;  
Divorce me, untie or break that knot again,  
Take me to you, imprison me, for I,  
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,  
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.*

—John Donne, *Holy Sonnets*

Donatello's *David*, About 1440

There is a hat. There are womanly hips. There is a womanly face. A young boy. Hand on one of these hips. Contrapposto. He stands on the head of Goliath. He holds a sword. Decapitation. Goliath's sword. The feather of Goliath's helmet traces its way up his leg. Slithers.

## 1. Hips

I always forget the end  
Of the Our Father

Something about temptation

Something about evil

Delivering children from

We are lambs who meet wildflowers instead of slaughter  
Slaughter instead

I -----cut to the Hail Mary

Her blue mysteries

Starry temples

Praise thy womb vessel  
Kraters

Wine drips chins  
Chalice

Blood thickens  
Land flies scoped

Wash  
Pontius Pilate

These fruits  
Sink-ed

F R U I T

O F

T H Y

F I S T S

F R U I T

O F

T H Y

E A R T H

F R U I T

O F

T H Y

F R U I T S



Her Eden

Contains fruit of thy Bread

Thy Bread on thy breast

Flesh split open for thee

Gold pages purge leeches

Pulped

She words

While

She wombs

Gentle woman

Women wish to be your fertile follower

Vessel

Womb as ladle

Cramps and clots

*I can count all my bones*

*I can count all my bones*

Two hundred and six

Dy(e)ing withers wounds

Finds raisins

Sour pupils

God

Illusionistic ceiling

Leaking oculus eye

Weeps matter

Dome

Canopy

Flesh plasters

Giornata

Eyes

Inlaid pearls

Kneelers

Down

Mouth open

Wafers

Slide

Slot

Machine-ed

Wide Book of Hours hips

Sweat cools

Touching

What thin

Pages

Pews smelling

Watered down wine

Hands s s s shake

Meeting holy water bowls

That is what we dip our tongues into

Offer souls for

Sound

Wax hitting aisles

These *mother bees*

If he David had a halo  
 Light would extend cheeks  
 Travel skull  
 Where flesh  
 Become gossamer

I shall see sockets

As my uncle reminds me  
 Heaven's streets are gold paved

Gilded ceilings

Mary ultramarine

Lapis Lazuli makes a good paperweight

Echoes Pietra Serena

Touch marble  
 Sounded  
 Lip smacked

Marbles eyes closed cold compress

•  
 Vanishing Point

David  
 Touches  
 Left Hip

All those who feel shapely  
 At the neck, a hinge

Dares not to be smoothed fat

A sculptor said once David wears costume jewelry parts his hair slightly to the right likes to  
 double knot his hiking boots shines his oxfords leaves butter out overnight for his toast sits on  
 his eyeliner pencil to get warm

.

This

This

Where fruit replaces children      Knuckle red grapes      G(r)aze these knees

Women and men become the dish and the s(p)oon

Nothing wisps all

Feel hands      Taking      Glass

My

Anti-Adam's apple

- - - p - - ulling tongue

Thigh dimples

Water and wax pressing thumbssss pat pat patting

Dugout flesh

Carved with thumbsss

Hips of hours

Bronze light

Chairs throne-ing

Right hand sitting

Crowning infants

Nudity coughs asks pardons parabolizes scams schools harmonizes humbles personalizes  
 punishes praises pushes excuses honors reviles revolts socializes specializes sexualizes

Eve      Bronze sight-seeing

Mary      Column captive

David      Feather kinked

Corinthian order

Turned tobacco and corn

•  
Vanishing Point

Doric order

Turned Ionic

## 2. Hat

Amend the bronze day body that makes man a conquered a daydream plucking out  
eyebrow hair

Face mosquitos bump they leave appear to be the stones lodged stone age shrapnel a bone  
bends

Road go to the tipping of gentleman they suck in their lip the statement of an once ghosts  
who

Bags bodies and sips on airplane Bailey's and finds that God has made the booths empty  
of her

Spirits and that descends fiery Pentecost and the tongue I speak with extends to reach my  
nose put

Up nostrils that are the foundation of faces a bridge of a bow the island we find in  
dictionaries

Coast float and the temples we build keep fires inside and virgins and mask our own  
scents

So Divine flips light switches and the chariots and the charioteers bite apples and hold  
apples

Head a crown itself a bright crown hair as rope as coil as skein to royalty king of the  
Ionic

Orderly call ecstatic flesh granted portraits bless beacons bacon up our scores paint the  
nails cross

Cord on crystals and cross out fingers while crossing ourselves that we will brim low a  
brim

Sun has nothing to reach Roman nose sneezing loud music of spiritual cadences organs  
trim fat

Livers wine has a way to her/his life as woman or man the walls mosaics bad nose bleeds  
paints

Fingers buried separately from the body oracle of Delphi hear your woes with solitary  
solitaire

Stare in orange fluorescent pastel night club stiff limbs roll out our pupils astigmatism put  
a rose

Thorns behind your ear call yourself an antiquity mode groves to traces broken nails over  
how

When you stare down into my cherry pit eyes judge articulation of my joints fat ass  
below brow

Lashes out call me a hole to build a church into one for Mary and of Mary and  
decapitated heads

Become filled with lightbulbs Goliath John the Baptist St. Denis or cephalophores  
chandeliers

Rolling red and red cheek chin crown fold etch neck eyes pit of cherries choke on  
maraschino

Choke fish bone St. Blaise candle cross over blessing of the throats malady throat the  
swan

When saturated color drip word salad thoughts and the young find youth within  
dumpsters green

Interiors exteriors pause at star tips tails noise from torso speaker of thy bosom blossom  
verse

Wrist tattoos bronze wrists engrave tattoo burin a pinky promise a sword phallic figure  
hilted hilt

Streak in museums kiss bust of women see breasts Mary pale pale marble-like indent  
fingernails

Stood seven hills stood Tiber and Arno mud and sticks and bones poking out flesh pull  
apart ribs

Clavicle flowers florals curtains mouth lips labial lilies of the Madonna and her robes  
gowns

Man wishes out women pulls out branches fingers hell out human a chord to play pluck  
rub prick

Hat tip out look under eyes build up rogue wild body tar pits Annunciation where flesh  
rises and

Vanishing Point  
Bronze stays • Bronze stays

## 3. F(e)ather

Bronze Boyhood Wonder.  
Early morning looks wheat on you.

And the Blood from your nose  
Can paint crucifixion frescoes.

Those thorns dig into His head.  
Some hip hat.

That spear pierces His side.  
Some fresh cartilage.

You walk along the dusty paths.  
Corrupt in love for God.

A pulley system bird.  
Getting a kite stuck in a powerline.

Heeled boots stick mud.  
Ripped pants bending to pick up stones.

Halos glow neon bar lights.  
Flash of teeth in sun.

Flesh a ripe dove.  
Peace a ripe dove.

Stones find their way  
Into your pocket.

The pathway of the Roman Forum  
Has many loose stones.

Prayed before the arches.  
Wrap ribbons around shovel blisters.

Set fire to the heads of hearts soul-capped.  
Mutter the Act of Contrition before Confession, not after.



*In choosing to do wrong and failing to do good,  
I have sinned against You whom I should love above all things.*

There are no screens.  
The priest likes to lick his lips.

“Father, I have trouble with the  
Fact that women cannot be priests.

Father, I have stolen a stone  
From the pathway of the Roman Forum.

Father, it was right in front of the  
Temple of Vesta.

Father, have you heard of the Vestal Virgins?  
They would be buried alive if they had sex.

Father...

I killed Goliath.

I have stood on his head.

I was fully nude

And I looked down on God and you and all heterosexuals.

I am a victor.

A wonder.

I am David.

Father..."

Given 10 Hail Marys  
To be said while kneeling near the altar.

Knees crunch up  
Into faces scolding bodily.

Bronze Boyhood Wonder  
Tearing down gates.

Repotting plants  
And repotting brain matter into soil.

“Rise up you crypt souls.  
Judgment looks on with shitting devils.  
This is no garden of earthly delights  
Or a cardio workout.  
There is only the tumbling of flesh.  
Hair wrapped around knees.  
We are such Mary Magdalenes.  
Whores for each other.  
But women find the empty tomb first.

Saints watch on  
As they debate with themselves  
That they may also be gods.  
Patrons of specialty.  
Their martyr instruments play hymns.  
These stumps of neck.

Rise  
To forget the earth  
Its stone births  
Turn heaven into bronze  
Bodies sunlight.  
Cities for hair.”

And you.  
Bronze Boyhood Wonder.

Parade in the street  
With the decomposed risen.

Skin green translucent.  
Botched breath in cupboard chests.  
Rising groans.  
The ecstasy.

Donato di Niccolo di Betto Bardi (Donatello) sculpted this Early Renaissance bronze sculpture made for the Medici family to rest in their palazzo's courtyard. It is believed to be the first free standing male nude sculpture since classical antiquity, and Donatello is also known for the beginning developments of linear perspective and naturalism. *David* is currently located in the Bargello in Florence, Italy.

Michelangelo's *David*, 1501-1504

He is 17 feet tall. Marble. His nudity. Idealistic body. High Renaissance. In contrapposto. He carries a slingshot over his shoulder. Rock in his right fist. Staring down the enemy. Vulnerable genitals.

## 1. Slingshot

Soft vessels

Open bellies

One sky melts gelatin

Death fur coat-ed

Death teeth pearls

Death taps blood into her cheeks

Wind fabrics bodies

Made supple flesh marble

Dagger at hip    flask at hip

Tearing buttons against his throat

Adam's apple

Fell

Can I?

Mirror bloats pupils

Pooled pumped jewel gems

Stance stealing stirrups

Fists reliquaries

Sipping molten glass

Hold-ing finger bone glitter

Say it

Holy rages war

Gilded

Or Gold Leafed

Lord of *mother bees*

Wax swims soup

Bitters ends ourselves

Can you?

*This is the night*

Earth crucifies herself  
At the place of the planets

*This is the night*

Women and men free their backs  
From holy flagellations

Will you?

When standing up against a railing  
My toes turn into fingers  
My fingers erupt spires

Cross myself  
A year  
Up

Down  
Left  
Right

Rinse Repeat  
Holy  
Waters

Living age throats choked pulsed  
Mildew nerves and eyes  
Handmade grout born

Foreheads rich chrism oil gloss  
Spreads paints fingers  
Align Dimples of Venus

And the sighs taste body and blood  
Without metaphor  
Spiritual cannibals with cannabis

Senses loom waves plastic trash and glass beer bottle bottom feet *Jesus falls for the third time*



*We adore You, O Christ and we praise You  
Because, by Your holy cross, You have redeemed the world.*

Genuflecting floors  
Kneelers banging to halts  
Keeps clutch pearl teeth rosaries

He would have blue eyes  
Wouldn't he?  
He has just been birthed

David

We contour his abs with our open skin  
Open our womanly sides for rib return  
What an Adam's apple

Maybe  
He'll only stone us  
Rend us dust

Amid  
Marble  
Seams

He'll need a seamstress  
All men do  
Closing unclosed

In his side there is the notion that muscle has brought back earth ribbed and vaulted under  
grounded where cathedrals seat women with dirty bed sheets and thorny roses to fall again with

## 2. Stare

My chest pounded  
 History looped  
 Tongue-ed

Mirage ghosts  
 Shimmered lesser light  
 Above frames  
 Above-ed

Cried leaves off genitals  
 They lack spines  
 In wire

Have  
 I took  
 Grabbed  
 These stones

Writhe bones I  
 Whipped out flesh wrath  
 In the raised wafer

Bells  
 Sound paper

Belt undone jingle  
 Kissing down corduroy  
 Ribs out leaves

Budded nipples  
 Hands laterals grazed  
 Eyes bent  
 Neck pinned  
 Sight goiters gap their own  
 Garbage teeth black  
 Root and rim pitting

Days at my feet  
Dawn at my middle  
Night at the suspension of my curls

Temporal  
Beast  
I lack  
Cold  
Lacked

Fat hooked  
Her hips  
Laugh under  
Torque  
A dying slump  
Soft  
Elastic waistbands  
Wrung

Measuring tapes  
Worn boas

I had angel  
Navels halo-ed

I land her naked  
Ichthy beauty  
Took-en  
Star dome  
Heaven  
Spheres  
Flesh mantles  
Fresh ritual  
Incense wafts raises faces  
Face of Christ  
Imprinted Veronica  
Cloth as skin  
All veiled  
These nude paintings

My body given  
Manhood glory  
Peach pit  
Lemon rind  
Taste bent metal pitted

Long  
Wrapping hand coil  
Sipping nectar ages

Sailing saying  
I transplant my  
Lunged disasters

Her jewel tones  
My dip dye  
My halved plum

My lion loins  
Bible tells me so  
In pile up collection  
Cells

Shall I lounge to you  
Linger whispered  
My holy body  
In-chant

This in curtains  
Your bedroom  
Thrown about floor

Kingdom again  
Restless numbed

Pressed face in  
Your similes  
Shield butter  
Near bread  
Hold your  
Brain  
Platter-ed Salome

Foul of thy name  
Done for kingdom to come

Heaven  
Sees turned faces  
Saw eyes  
Ripe ringlets  
Fingertips tented

This slingshot  
May be a whip

May murder

Breath  
 Chests underrotated  
 Quilted bedding

•  
 Vanishing Point

Warm cool-toned pink  
 Buildings structured sky

Hand cramping  
 Cramped

Dregs in sink  
 Hair dye on hands  
 On for an in

Inspired miracle crying Madonna  
 Beeswax hot glue guns holy water lube

Her tears diamonds  
 Ringless ring-ed fingers

Sleeps  
 Lie  
 Button  
 Blouse  
 Crepe  
 Cut

Church aisle flower-ed bulbs  
 Mother's Day  
 May Crowning  
 Bleach our bathrobes  
 Sin curls hair  
 Cut eyelashes  
 Burn bed sheets a crunch  
 Premarital oblivion  
 Leaks virginity  
 Petal pound heel into soft grind

Soft grinded  
 Peck breasted women  
 Fresco-ed men ceilings  
 Pouty lip plumped gloss  
 Lace begotten dollies

Pillars and portals and prostitutions

All Marys in the Bible  
 Look golden lettering  
 Hands resting belly below  
 Flowers twisted finger gaps  
 Baby's Breath hollows  
 Roses ripe  
 Petals a crowned  
 Crown

We remain  
 Vessels  
 Floating  
 Sea-less  
 Sea

Pastel dances sun ceilings  
 Raising hand in dark  
 Matter  
*Gentle woman*  
*Quiet Light*  
*Morning Star*  
*So strong and bright*  
 Steel hard harbored

Dreams:  
 Ankle shapes  
 Blown ornamentals  
 Stained-glass window bodices  
 Catholicism tastes bloody wine  
 Fruit of thy womb:  
 Pomegranate stained fingers  
 Taken out tampons  
 He screams padded bras  
 Occupied husband stich  
 These cackles cockled cocks  
 Heart-shaped nostrils dilate  
 Cling a fingernail  
 Grip a tongue

Teeth bit  
 Maggots we punch through  
 Into gooey center nougat  
 Rose scented  
 Throat sewing needle

Sound:  
 Rubbing  
 His hand  
 Over his own  
 Stubble

Sound:  
 Rubbing  
 My Hands  
 Over his  
 Stubble

The difference in faith

David rests elbow on our knees laps up mercury rolling off breasts tissue building wastebasket

Negotiate throw pillows  
 Pills popped  
 Gripped plunge  
 Hallelujah Yahweh  
 Praise

Immerse daylight quitter smokers

Window catch flies  
 Flies catch  
 Poems stuck screen  
 Blown kisses wallpaper-ed  
 Jazz candy wrappers  
 Onions tears pulpy paper  
 Between vertebrae

Why Love  
 When scenes of crucifixions  
 Plague us  
 Wild  
 ?



Hands holy ghosted  
 Pageants robes thrown  
 Bare clavicles  
 Dig ditches  
 Graves  
 Stone  
 Vases

Heads  
 Hula-hoop  
 To  
*Midnight Sonata*

Honestly Lord

I freely  
 Sacrifice  
 My sons for you

A shrimp  
 Hanging off  
 The cocktail glass  
 Genital

Reminders

Pinched  
 My ass  
 Un-frontal  
 Form

He sways  
 Laying our feet at  
 Our feet

Heaven why must feet bleed too

Nails sick crimson

Hymens lost  
 On bicycles  
 She thought  
 Talked through  
 Movie butter

*Aside*

Fingers slick when Throat, what a choker, has hung us over and made us gasp at tempera it is a flat. Says one with the scales that blinks too long with Justice urinates in cranium skulls. The jaws off bat wings with side of fries.

*Enter as if to soon exit a Loggia. A rampant display of the uninvolved remedial sense that stages are meant to exist in the size of a grocery cart.*

Throat: Longing to salivate these days prove that while there are landmasses we have no oars or

Hands

Cuz

Strange wrists out

Pet stroke

Salivate

Tempera

Lipstick: I note that he always seems the he-*ist* when rummaged through empty perfume bottles  
grandma stacks with the puff on top

So

Mirrors dive mercury

Encrusted headbands that warp craniums

The choric figure that sits on the chair and only ever sits on that chair: Olives have pits too

Smelling like man

The man walks over to Throat and spits:

Spiced shower

Like wax

Such scentless candles

Roses on periods

Calendars

Car rides

Notes

All those who appear appear together holding with what fingers they have left in large ballgowns  
or tasteful chinos across the ass states an exploitative that flirts with the hem of a shirt

Honey

And

Bees

Brocade

And

Denim

Slender  
And  
Sloped

Hands meeting over fingers the man describes why after all this time night fails to exit eyeing  
chinos:  
Thighs hover  
Grabbing moles  
Pretty insects

The painted woman in brocade keeps a flask of Listerine between her breasts and complains on  
the technical advancement of a window screen: Wanting wind from windows

Brocade as a Swollen Venus has leg hair can only wear men's shoes and identifies more with the  
Venus of Willendorf than Botticelli's:

To Man:  
Is it hair  
Keeps your eye out  
For copper shadows  
?

Throat overhears and glottal stops before gutting already gutted fish:  
Once thought  
Carpenters caskets  
Copulation  
Has landmass

Said to no one  
They look on  
Voices have a tinge to them  
A shimmer  
Mimics skin  
After cortisone ointment

The man as he fingers every feather in Honey's boa finds the nearest statue pedestal to stand on  
kicks off stone Bacchus' penis and lectures to the crowd that found Radio frequencies that  
penetrate entrails and soak alcohol:

Clorox  
Your counters

Drain  
Your tub

Rub  
Your temples

Barren

Barren  
Echoes Brocade  
Gather fabric  
Arnolfini  
Front forward

Choric figure: This goshes us all.  
Sender coolant-ing their own cars  
These men have made men before  
But what men made?

Blue eye-zes since cease me  
Call me crease and taste berry boiled  
Molded feet b(r)unch every toe  
Nails in again hands splay wild hair

Call middle

Dances

Have no impression that to shave  
A head is to shave a head

These moments shaved  
Passiveness wound a way  
Swallowing stones wick necks

*Concluded Aside*

*Concluded All Together*

*Reasons: The rain soon became Holy Spirit fire*

## 3. Stone

Said from Michelangelo

To a young and impressionable poet

Who has once craned their neck to see the ceiling

The ceiling

Aimed to reach out and stroke the thigh of *David*

Found glass

Michelangelo:

*I've Grown a Goitre (I' ho fatto un gozzo)*

*I've grown a goitre by dwelling in this den—*

*As cats from stagnant streams in Lombardy,*

*Or in what other land they hap to be—*

*Which drives the belly close beneath the chin:*

As one talks these dips  
Woe Gregorian mouths I touch

Tongue halved holy words  
An alien experience

Skies popcorned ceilings  
Grated cheese and luminaries

Bedding has a rosy scent  
The perfume does doesn't it do

Apples bruise  
When mistaken for rubber

Reaching also pulled  
Muscles stream with ribbon curls

His knee flees  
To be out-walled

Her back forms  
To be out-worded

Michelangelo screens seams  
Skin papered coiled

A day to be dry in

Has his motion wrists

I beg  
A bed a scaffold

*My beard turns up to heaven; my nape falls in  
Fixed on my spine: my breasts bone visible  
Grows like a harp: a rich embroidery  
Bedews my face from brush-drops thick and thin.*

A warm  
Stone that leaks marble drilled

I still swam  
A prayer to the children

Young priests  
With bible belts

Words painted Latin-ed  
Romance for cleft chins

I have brought under  
Your robes

Tasted pigments  
In his binding

All of this Petrarchan beauty  
And she still refuses to pluck her hairline

Have your way with apparitions  
In the fraying of your paint brush

Mouth prayers  
To you in confession skims

Your age remembers  
Nudity in pointed stars ripped back heaven

Heaven a panel to  
Peel a mask to set fiends upon

A body to migrate to

When stone has set

Oil painted  
Has long glazed this panel

A sound escapes the rush  
Where Zephyr like a trope begins

House made broom  
Has given us cardinal directions

In these carnal desires  
We may dare flat feet dynasties

*My loins into my paunch like levers grind:  
My buttock like a cupper bears my weight;  
My feet unguided wander to and fro;*

In mist there is a coming  
Where Christ ahead creates

Adam apples and lemon zest  
To sip cocktails

We hunch down to kneel  
Before coffins with initials buzz

Havoc stands planted  
Born of backpain and locomotion

Bottle rimmed with no twist top  
Become the top

Longing we twists fist in beards  
Dare prophets to vision future anthropoids

Elevated heights a half-way house  
Between picking your feet up and the curb

Bearing down  
Children come up smoke and barley

In him is light bespoke  
 Joy happens to place ants at my table

*In front my skin grows loose and long; behind,  
 By bending it becomes more taut and strait;  
 Crosswise I strain me like a Syrian bow:  
     Whence false and quaint I know,  
 Must be the fruit of squinting brain and eye;  
 For ill can aim the gun that bends awry.*

Behind/below my skin worms  
 Veils to fishnet lace my cornice jaw

Un-come corrupted uncorrupted bodies  
 Billow coffin air placing sticks in hands

And linear perspective  
 cannot grid our wombs over

Quiet an inner peace  
 Promises blood dye

Body bow a brain haven it  
 Catch earth in its toys

My my David will croak  
 You over in the womb you hover

Sky eyelets ponder prescription drugs  
 In a pill a small token of my love for you

Damn it covet the convent  
 Eve makes sins areola

Leaning curve crosses crucifixes  
 Blessing gesture fingers finger

Ceilings reaching  
 God looming lazy eye

*Come then Giovanni, try  
 To succor my dead pictures and my fame;  
 Since foul I fare and painting is my shame.*



Long route buttons on my jacket unhinge un-gap and un-ply we hear quarry stone built muscle  
the underdeveloped hole punch a long lesson in beating heat bound to burn a way humans are of  
God but in God below God he wipes our noses with His ringer finger distant a puff wind made to  
dare say this art book contains David and the Delphic Sybil and mind is once again body where  
we play our genitals into a sand way feet as weak metaphor anchor bite into infected arm crowd  
admirers virgins and Gospel writers frown at the way I tie my shoes God longs again to get out  
of the rafters raptures all the judgement and I still get away un-shitted long a day where he  
screamed from some distant shore don't touch frescoes on walls they contain Adam's apple  
rotten a creation bend thumbs a long inanimation where humans fall for the third time in  
clattering where priests speaks of frothing exorcisms and sheep fathers in moist noses long ago  
away doesn't mean above a long art away we touch our tongue first Christ as saunter first a place  
in womb he is not a painter perchance that writing is pen that tips dry.

Michelangelo di Lodovico Buonarroti Simoni was hired by the new Republic of Florence after the Medici were thrown out of power and chased out of the city to create this very famous sculpture. The biblical figure of David was a symbol of the underdog defeating the enemy (the Medici). This sculpture was placed in front of the Palazzo Vecchio, Florence's government building, in the Piazza della Signoria. He, however, now stands in the Galleria dell'Accademia in Florence.

Bernini's *David*, 1623-1624

David. Young man. David twists. Throwing stone. We Goliath. His brow furrowed. His lips pursed. His left leg begins to rise from movement. Drapery covers genitals. Not static. Not column. He is in the round. Every side story.

## 1. Throw

*Seed, scattered and sown* comes a time night when the chapel sprays wax and dust upon David boy and man and neither ribbons grown out of his crotch

So while we out

Mimic the body

When I don't think

About it I fold

My hands up into

A tight ball

When I doubt my faith I sing the songs I know about God *Holy God we praise Thy name Lord of all we bow before Thee* and then I am holding a candle and wearing altar server vestments and a green rope because it is Ordinary Time and it always seems Ordinary Time when walking up the main aisle people part sea and I am David twisted but I am woman but this is all ribbons out of the crotch when I kneel down on the steps in front of the altar I always forget to breathe and my knees turn a sour red that is the waxed grocery store apples many have fainted on these steps but not me not yet I feel 12 13 14 again and soon I will pick the confirmation name St. Germaine Cousin and she is the patron saint of abused and neglected children and I am not an abused and neglected child but wish to be incorrupt like stone tis stone her body remind the turn I take and the world built out of stained glass and Christmas nativity scene decorations where the shepherds come with a flock and I am always taught the basic metaphor of the shepherd and the flock Jesus will guide us with his shepherd's crook which acts as scythe and follow we must follow

*If the world*

*Hates you*

*Realize that it hated*

*Me first*

If the world

Hates you

Realize that

There is little to be done

Throw a stone

At the middle

Of their eyes

Cast lots

Clothing patterns

Pattern

Emerge I'll be unruly girl ghost praying with worry stones marked in crosses fat sticks to me shapes me out for the lost wax process only David can be of ermine only David sees the lack of my muscular structure built of bread but bread is body says all He priest and wafer and the cup overflows lips touch the same rim over and over again standing in the middle aisle next to Father as I am an Eucharistic Minister saying over and over again *The Body of Christ The Blood of Christ* handed given reached for sat on pin cushion tongue lush white film moss teeth seen cavities years of swallowing grandma's strawberry hard candies the fingers hold no grace no touching of Body or marble whose flesh is more real than my own holding my back from spilling over cup overflows hollow dropping the Body one must pick Him up and eat Him give Him to

Father to eat or place Him in the bowl we use to get all of Christ's crumbs off of us nothing can remain from our touch with God it is a brief stroke on the cheek hands catching the knots in His beard this is my layperson dedication my act my ritual my holy my glimpse at what it means to wear a habit and create one crucifixion scene where the nails pierce my feet too

*Taste and see*

*The goodness*

*Of the lord*

Bland honestly

Wine watered down

Yet tongue gilded

Putting Drano down

Our throats

Cleaning

Clogged sin

Side aisle isn't it the way my mom continually chooses to sit next to the Fourth Station of the Cross *Jesus meets his mother* getting a blessing before I go to Rome placing cold hands on foreheads for safe travels Father says he hasn't been there yet it is a pilgrimage isn't it near Baldacchino above crypts of dead men popes below Michelangelo's dome side chapel guard would not let me cut into Communion hands limp folded lips I have 15 minutes to saunter around seat of God Hand of God Right Hand of the Father a peace a piece of bread of notion this Baptized at four I have lived with original sin took a bite out of fruit of knowledge of good and evil Honeycrisp maybe perhaps we are all naked these leaves gap at nipples but David is covered you see he has seen Rome and takes along with him his train of drapery haute couture washing him waves sea and dust and land standing this is his arm understand a bulge leaves won't cover

## 2. Brows

Boiled in salvation salivate these mighty men

Let them lie at the bottom of your lazy river

After worshipping themselves

To the smell of burning hair

Claim that this is all for the Romans

May they never fall their aqueducts rain

Their crucifixions beyond an eyesore

Lambled Him have you sent grave epitaph

To David and his large stones

May they hit every forehead that butchers

Crouch every eye hanging spider

Senses have made a body fingertouched

God looks on his ruins with rulers

Trinity tongues I speak mouth open

Faces found in the reflection of a spoon

Hell has racks for you

Heaven racks of lamb

Potatoes pulpit preach glue

Cards and copies tongue rolls to seal

In remembrance of tomorrow

A coming needs no spirits just a brain green

Adam is on the line he asks for

Alcohol and forbidden fruitful

Eve mails her letters with dollars bills

Prefers coins the Trevi Fountain swallows

Should we fold the fitted sheets

Find hideaways in closets

Rhythmically punch in the number to the sperm bank

Ants crawl around the window	Where your light comes in billions
Buildings roads for the trees	In trees and in their milk
Supermarkets and their bruised produce	Can't save all the souls
With their blemished faces uncrowned	Longing is a type of lived for

Hold back arrows piercing sides

Why is St. Sebastian always windswept?

Built a cathedral on top of my grave	Nothing but scared domes and scab glass
Candles and votives near Mary	She has pinned me against Eve wrapped me
She rejects Venus calls her	Shelf genitals bitch born of beer foam

David

I say

Must you hide gems in your stones	Toss geodes open eggs
David I conjure your motif	Long awaited arm posed to drape
Shoulders have mended their muscle	Men long await the coming of themselves
David to spit his food out at the table	Find a way back to Rome which has never fallen

Ancient breath

Coming for the rotting second

Where the arm is released from its sling

And the road once more reminds us to arch triumphally

## 3. Lips

Bought souvenirs to place on altars  
 These nip slips through your button up shirt  
 From turning in your chair

Lapping memento toasts  
 To the brides we may have been  
 The grooms we may have grown to

Crosses heavy on our necks  
 Lifting up  
 Collar bones beckon forth flesh  
 Gravestones marked for fall

Hell descended upon  
 Chorus hymns sing  
 Sometimes our lips numb  
 Pages flipping on their axis

Pardon bones split from body  
 Veil torn in two  
 Sky molds over blood pudding color

Kissing feet of the cross  
 On Good Friday  
 Rubbed clean after lips touch

Our embroidered vestments  
 Plastic bag dry cleaning  
 Sunday best better  
 Ways shoes already blister



Home of art prints  
Badly reproduced  
He throws again  
His arm fold into creases

Modeled from body  
Haven't you turned enough  
In your chair already  
Mourned through your fingers

Heaven knows  
Our unsacred mysterious  
Licking gridded fingers  
Our strawberries sugar syrup

Tattooed your back the Virgin  
This is all for a reason  
Becoming sketches  
Hellenistic heroes

Make me bust  
A mantled life  
Before Earth's end crust  
Tying all bows

You  
Masterpiece  
Not made of me  
Holily soaped

All made in man's image  
His fingers glided torsos  
Stiff stately unwavering  
Poems pushed through button gaps

Deep knots  
Taken moved stones  
Over eyes burned day  
Houses shelled over  
Fish tanked

Adoration  
Condensation  
Condemnation  
Pulling drapery along tile

Man is a beast  
Haven't we denied our holy  
Slept with our socks on

Our stones under pillows  
Heads shaped to swallow  
Brain matter

Bury low slow deep  
Wait you to rise  
Go and uncover risen  
Bodies that blow their noses  
Into sleeves

Bless their own daylight  
With a back peddle  
Hands direct the wind  
To sift our stories

This  
Still to turn in your chair

This is Gian Lorenzo Bernini's Baroque interpretation of David. Baroque art can be characterized by dramatic movement, dramatic use of light and dark, and a total extravagance in architecture. This art movement comes out of the direct reaction of the Catholic Counter-Reformation, when the church was under attack by the Protestants. As a result, the popes, and other Catholic patrons, used their wealth to promote artwork that could represent their power and authority. This sculpture was commissioned by Cardinal Scipione Borghese, nephew to Pope Paul V. Borghese constructed a luxury villa, Villa Borghese, where he stored his personal art collection, including paintings by Caravaggio. Villa Borghese is now Galleria Borghese, housing Bernini's *David* and his other masterpieces, like *Rape of Persephone* and *Apollo and Daphne*.

## Notes

All of the historical information about the artworks and their context is from Dr. Ronald Delph's lectures in the study abroad course *Power, Place, and Image in Florence and Rome* and Dr. Pamela Stewart's lectures in the Art History courses *Survey II* and *History of Renaissance Art* at Eastern Michigan University.

There are references to the words used in the Catholic Stations of the Cross, The Easter Proclamation (Exsultet) said during Easter Vigil, and the Act of Contrition (Rite of Penance, no. 45) said during Confession.

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