

# The New Criterion

## Poems

September 2007

### One morning

by [Geoffrey Brock](#)

The boy is wide awake:  
he climbs into our bed  
and clambers toward my head,  
wielding a yellow rake.

Combing my hair, the boy  
giggles with every stroke.  
His is a simple joke:  
he knows his plastic toy

is not a comb, my hair  
is not disheveled sand,  
and yet his furrowed mind  
has seen a likeness there—

delight grows from small seeds.  
And for now I won't worry  
what else might, as we hurry  
toward what the future breeds.

**Geoffrey Brock** is the author *Weighing Light* and the translator of several books from the Italian language.

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This article originally appeared in The New Criterion, Volume 26 September 2007, on page 30

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