

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.

[more from this author](#)

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

Copyright © 2009 The New Criterion | www.newcriterion.com

<http://www.newcriterion.com/articles.cfm/One-morning-3594>