



# THE MERCURY

THE STUDENT ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE OF GETTYSBURG COLLEGE

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Year 2018

Article 50

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4-25-2018

## At the Feet of the David

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Class of 2018

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Kamppila, Aubrey (2018) "At the Feet of the David," *The Mercury*: Year 2018, Article 50.

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## At the Feet of the David

### **Author Bio**

Aubrey Kamppila is a senior at Gettysburg College from Burnt Hills, New York. She is an english major with a writing concentration and a studio art minor, and hopes to pursue a career in editing and publishing.

## At the Feet of David

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I press as close as the glass barrier allows  
and let the yellow light  
from the windowed dome above wash  
over me, neck dropping back, mouth  
falling open, like a baby bird  
just minutes old, calling to be fed.  
I wait for him to bestow upon me  
the knowledge, the perspective  
he has, the understanding I crave.

He is everything they said he would be.  
Massive but delicate, more beautiful,  
more human than stone should ever be allowed  
to be. I see what every art professor  
has always raved about: the defined  
musculature, the contrapposto  
stance, the smoothness of the marble,  
the steady gaze into the distance,  
the legend reborn, and me, standing  
here so small in his presence.

But there is more than that. The look  
in his eyes and the gears turning behind them,  
the rock that hasn't been thrown  
yet resting gently on his thigh. I can  
see him deliberating, planning the battle  
to come: how his agile feet will  
spring through the grass, how his shoulder  
will drop back, how the muscles in his arm  
will tense and release, the air  
in his lungs forced out with a grunt as he  
does so. He calculates the trajectory  
of the airborne stone before he lets it fly.  
He knows where it will strike.  
He knows how his opponent will fall.

How is he so confident in the face of a Goliath?  
How is he so assured of his victory when so much stands in his way?  
How do you beat a giant when you're just a woman,  
little more than five feet tall, twenty-one years old,  
disgusted with the world you live in  
and desperate to fix it?

Throngs of tourists with their cameras and guidebooks

and *Top Ten Things to do in Florence* checklists  
wade around me, like swells of the ocean  
trying to loosen my grip on the pier.  
I do not let go. I cling to  
the David because he has the answers I need,  
I'm sure of it.  
He knows how to beat every Goliath plaguing  
this fucked up world.  
He must know. He's survived  
every other Goliath he's faced, looked Hitler  
and Mussolini in the eyes and watched  
them fall. He can tell me how to  
defeat the Goliaths we face today, as long  
as I wait here long enough to hear him speak.