Quaker Army Knife

Today I give a boy
His first knife and compass
A soul weapon
And portable stonehenge
Useful in the treehouse

A folding knife for the spinning earth
A slow initiation
Into this club of roots and toys
Four tiny tractors parked perfectly
Beneath the ancient oak

A collection of shiny stones
And two strange sacks of acorns
Gathered carefully the season past
In the boy’s seventh year
Of natural history

Tony D’Arpino’s most recent book is Seven Dials. His poetry has appeared in Crossconnect, Pavement Saw, Poetry New York, and The Portable Californian. An excerpt from his novel, St Bonaventure’s Island, appears in the current issue of Terra Incognita (Madrid). He was recently writer-in-residence at the Djerassi Foundation.