

# This is Man

flesh and blood do not make man  
he is wildly and ever alive  
never ambivalent or fleeting when fire and flood collide.  
Man bids farewell to the shifting steps of boyhood.  
His ancient blood leads him not into abundant whims and brief  
adulation  
but a man is daring in times of sudden catastrophic overture  
he rarely counts the costs of self  
he knows the greater portion of history  
in seconds of dooming fate  
a man strikes hard— the perilous tide  
never recoiling, rarely denied  
he is the forest of will and hope of humanity.  
he looks to truth not voluminous data.  
he fights darkness not deep introspection  
He is far more than the cunning seeking harlots  
Man is alive within himself  
standing, fists clinched against injustice  
he strides toward the catastrophe of the fallen  
He is often alone  
away from the raging masses  
and the scent of the cruel and houses of inebriation  
sober and kind  
slow in speech and purposefully incited by God.  
Ah, this is man!  
clarity is his cloth and virtue his mantle  
earthen counsel judges him and finds him to be a perplexing  
steward  
tending the gates of covenant like a holy bandit  
guarding his truth war-like and primeval.  
He expels the treacherous and will raise high the roof beams  
of his salvation  
Man holds secrets and yet never speaks double of anyone  
his voice clear and strong, never waivers

and yet he grows and learns, repents and repairs

Ah, this is man!

from dust to sudden pearly triumph his power encompasses the  
span of a beating heart

he is the worshiper, the tremulous one who gains newness every  
morning bright or dreary.

He is never more a man than when he says no with yeses all  
around.

he is never more triumphant than when he is captured by the  
holy passions of life.

Ah, this is man!

Not a lusting lunatic compelled to fantastic never-wills.

Man is much more than male

more than job, or dream, or pastime.

He is reborn on the backside of deserts  
adorned in camelskin and water

He sings in prisons.

He whirls the deathstone at gawking giants

He hammers out a new beginning before deluge and dawn

He will not bow to king

He will not seek recognition

He refuses the lures of his great lasting hunger when better  
fare is beyond him.

He crushes stones and slaughters lions

He mocks the false gods of the mainstream

He falls and rises.

He conquers and restores

He can be beaten, harassed, bloodied, and mocked

But he will never refuse the call to adventure

Ah this is Man!