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!