

Outlaw

An outlaw is a man

A man made whole.

Born in quiet and solitude

The quiet of aloneness.

Wind, cold and desolate

Heralds his birth

And being.

Eyes like polished glass

Opening on everything

Nothing.

His flesh shivers, then accepts

The coldness passes.

It was only a fleeting thought

Set aside now

Forgotten.

His life pulses in rhythm

Time is a schedule

Life a continuum.

To the man

All is simple, clear

To live.

The flesh of God

Lies within him

Transforming.

Its essence absorbed

Flowing through his veins

Cleansing.

Bursting into his brain

Lifting a thousand shades

Clearing binding webs.

Webs like steel girders

Weighing upon the mind

Suppressing the man.

And the man knew God

And he was made free.

All history and tradition

Culture and words

Rescinded -- Grace.

Freedom from the past

And from the future

An outlaw.

God moved through him

And he was God

He was neither good nor evil

Nor right or wrong

And the man moved

With the world and of it

But, not through it

For he knew not

The world, nor man

Being both

And yet, something else.