

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 breath of God
Passes over 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Rescinded -- Grace.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 through it

But, was not of it.

For he knew not

The world, nor man

Being both.

And yet, something else.