

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Rescinded -- Grace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.