

Michael McGuire "Myth Of A Man"

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MYTH OF A MAN

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No one ever remembered him being born, he was just
there one day a
rose seeking his thorn, no purpose was he seeking no
god was in his call,
as lonely as a full moon as perfect as the fall.
There is nowhere to be lost but here in this life field,
time is the stone of
any fortress you can build, driven by the weather of
hunger and hot
blood, forecast in the silent bloom of this cold bud, this
mystery cannot
even fathom it's own heartbeat, stares into the blank
logic blur when two
ghosts meet, trimmed in this transitory and humbling
bulk frame, defined
by parameters of absolute end game.
When a man is gone.
There is no truth; his eyes had no color, he's a bucket
of stars; he died of
killer instincts, he once killed a lover with his embrace,
he disappeared
for eleven years one time; to this day we still don't
know where, when he
came home from the war he had a god for breakfast,
he had four hundred
babies; every one of them were fathers, he built a
house in one night and
moved out the next morning, he breeds in the memory
of mankind.

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