

THE GREAT MAN

By Linton Robinson

Dragon appearing in the field.

It furthers one to see The Great Man.

The I-Ching (Hexagram 1: Chien, the Creative)

We see The Great Man.
We see the wings, the flames, the teeth.
We see The Great Man.
And are furthered.

We live inside The Great Man.
It is we who people him.
The Great Man lives inside of us.
He hovers at the back of our head,

He is the greatest part of us,
forged from the least of us
by the fire of his own greatness.

There is only one Great Man.
We hold no other man before him.
The Great Man is all men.
Every man is The Great Man.
Would we but see.

The Great Man's posture is like a mountain.
One hand touches the earth
One hand turns out from the heart.
His stand is immutable
Like a tree beside waters, he shall not be moved

And yet....
The breath of a swallow moves this man deeply.
Which is to say, moves him to greatness.
His heart moves as though stone became water
The movements of a great man are like the pulse of the sea
Rewriting itself minute by minute on a tablet of sand.

The Great Man is also all women,
A trick of genetics, not semantics
To The Great Man, the world itself is a vagina,
A vestigial organ as passé as our fins and gills.
He came from the cunt
And to the cunt he long yearns to return.

Born in a hot burst of water,
He will return to those salty inner seas in time.
He does so nightly, sleepwalking in his hidden cavity.

Man is not of dust, but of water...
This much should be obvious.
The Great Man is an ocean that contains all its rivers.
The Great Man is a rain that creates its own wind.
The Great Man is an oasis that contains it's own desert

When the big winds blow,
The Great Man vibrates to his own proper pitch.
He is a sounding reed.
He is a resonant drumhead.
He is an exponentially expanding coil of horn.

We carry The Great Man within us, a seed of seeds.
He awaits his own birth: awaits our nurture.
He is too young to know, too small to matter.
He is a void in our stomachs, a gleam in our eyes.

We are pregnant with his possibility.
We eat for him, sleep for him.
For him we curb our excesses, prepare our lives.
His advent is always at hand.
Will always be at hand.

The Great Man picks up our tears
And wars and deaths from the floor.
And kisses them, returns them to the table.
The next day we will again try to eat
Without spill and waste.
He takes our dirty, throw-off garments.
His kiss renders them clean and radiant.
We step into them like clean, naked children.
He dresses up and loses us outside.
Every morning he finds us again
Lying dirty and dead.
We swoon for The Great Man's wet kiss.

