

The Nature Of Man

Trapped in the depth-less vortex of his making,
Man has cut off himself from the infinity -
The grand cosmic architecture.
A splendid aberration of his mental-machine.

He has traded his freedom to the worldly-order,
Stressed his tranquility and harmony by material progress,
And perturbed communication with the unbounded
By corporeal concerns.

Man is born free -
An animal designed to soar,
But a lofty creature grown remote to his nature,
A casualty of his survival myopia.

Man must live with nature in accord,
And with man with respect and love.
Peace and freedom are the same things,
If he should live in grandeur.

The rights of man are given to him not by man,
But they come from the kingdom of nature,
For it is in the nature of nature
To give each being and thing an inviolable space and form.

Man's freedom is his origin and existence,
His wholeness the condition of his cosmic identity.
The worldly order ought not take away what he has come with,
The worldly wisdom ought not stain his pristine primordial grandeur.

Child is a man displaced in time, but more helpless,
Let man protect saplings before dreaming of trees,
A child is a mirror of nature, a man its adulterated extension,
He should discharge his debts to nature before he weaves his agenda.

Man is his own message,

Tinkering with his nature is perilous.