



# HE WAS A MAN

a poem about epics  
and the kings within them

by Julia Schaefer



He was a man.  
He had broad shoulders and a self-assured grin.  
He ran bravely into danger  
With passion.  
He had a best friend  
Who was his opposite in every way.  
Why does it take the death of his friend  
To teach him that he can die?



He was a man.  
He had always been this way.  
He had no childhood,  
But he had endless youth.  
He had perfect hair that shone in the sun  
And perfect teeth that glistened when he grimaced at his enemies.  
It's not his fault he's so brash.  
The chorus of elders cries out:  
How else is a king supposed to learn if he does not act?

He was a man.  
And if he did not live forever  
What was the point of living?  
When deciding between Glory and Peace  
Fame and Love  
There is no decision!  
He deserved to live forever  
Because he was a man.



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He was man.  
He was a son, a brother,  
And he was perfect.  
He was master of the wilderness,  
Though he did not belong there.  
He fought battles no other men would dare to fight.  
Against demons and monsters and devils.  
He deserves thanks and praise.  
He believed in God,  
And God in turn believed in him.  
And we all should too.  
Because he was a man.



He was a man.  
He was clever  
And he knew it.  
He believed in himself  
He knew battle and travel  
And he would succeed.

He was a man  
And as he turned old,  
His sons and his servants remembered his adventure  
And whispered it to their grandchildren  
He hates to hear the whispers  
The ghosts of his history  
His lovers  
They haunt him.  
His journey scarred him  
But made him a man.





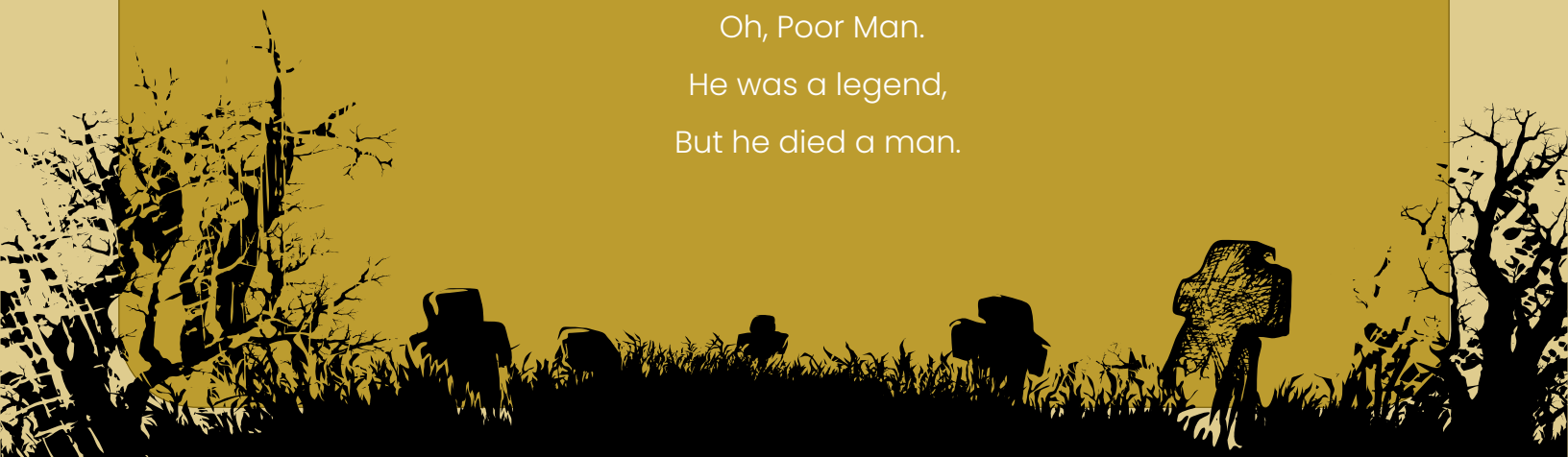
He was a man.  
He protected his own.  
He possessed his own.  
The city was his.  
He wanted a great wall built around it  
And the beasts around it killed.  
And the women inside it killed.  
He was unbeatable, unbestable.  
Uncontrollable.

But, he could be duped.  
Let that be of some comfort to you.  
He could be duped.  
If your breasts were sweet enough  
And if your voice was soft enough.  
You could make a myth  
Out of this man.

He was a man.  
And he was afraid.  
He learned humility  
Right when it was too late.  
He went mad with bloodlust  
And with sorrow  
And regret.



Oh, Poor Man.  
He was a legend,  
But he died a man.





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