

Born in an Age

Born in an age when questions of Truth and Being were being replaced
in thoughtful minds with those of Self and Other, and those in turn
by what came to be called Freedom (more *from* than *of* or *to*)
while Nationalism and Individualism, Rationalism
and Indeterminacy, Autonomy and Inquiry
(irony, method, theory, critique), spun consciousness dry
with Quantum String Chaos black sites in a New World Order
rehearsing concerns of those mostly born early in the teens and twenties
of the last century, as they had wrestled with those born
in the one before that, and they with those recirculated
since ancient Greece. Truth and Being: ethics, physics, metaphysics, psyche.

Raised by his mother, so in his own mind bearing allegiance
to no man, thus understanding his own offspring,
raised by their mothers, were in no wise his
save for certain paternal hand-me-downs come out in the wash.
Made by the National Insecurity State good for nothing
but work and die: muscles to crank the wheel, cannon fodder,
brain devolved to a mechanism for fingering buttons,
pulling triggers and popping tabs, playing the little god
with things within his grasp or reach or ken as best he can,
trying to figure out on his own what good he is —
for what, for whom, while he's here — wondering *if*
he is in fact here or there or anywhere at all,
or anyone: trying to be a person, a self, a man
when all the powers that be tell him he's not.