

# *THE DIRGE OF DIGNITY*

*Many are the riddles, and many the wonders  
Of nature, God, infinity and space,  
That mortal minds and fallible reason,  
Can ever pry open, uncover and expose.*

*And dignity is one such conundrum,  
The more I read, the less I know  
The further I probe, the deeper I sink,  
Emerging dazed confused but always elated*

*Of philosophy, politik, activism, and all other "isms"  
Quaffed the dregs of knowledge, wisdom-splendor and yet the beast eludes  
My fingers mortal, reason sublime endowed,  
Cannot upon its spine, my mark imprint  
Hey! Morning mist, that disappeareth, before my very eyes.*

*Yet for sure, I know, 'tis something great, of golden truths and eternal quests,  
That churns the millennium, plucks the strings of human heart,  
To win back depraved humankind, from the valley of folly and vice  
In times when religion and reason falters,  
This much glory, I seek from thee, this much yearning faith I repose in you  
Oh! Human dignity oh! Noble warrior, grant me thy succour.*

*Where is it engendered-born, where doth it reside, this dignity?  
In the heart, soul, body or mind;*

*In the pulsing plasma of fused passion, the embryo;  
Or in the empty hollowed-eyes, of the dying, wasted hopeless man?*

*Me thinks, I have seen it often, in the eyes of the beggar, bold and defiant, unflinching,  
Bereft of belongings, yet clad in faith and hopes finery  
I have seen it at battles, in the victor's eyes, yet more so in the victims stare  
Cut in the prime, and singed in honor  
Dignity quietly walks away, collecting the remains of the day, of greed, hatred and ignorance.*

*But most of all, in my mother's eyes, as she welcomes me home every night.  
And in the touch of my father's rough hands, patting my back,  
In the mysterious bond of fire and love  
That entwines and encircles father and son.*

*Imago die, in the likeness of God,  
Smelted in the fires of enlightenment,  
Baked, peeled, scarred, by wars, trials and holocausts  
Reinforced by scientific technocracy and medical advances  
Dignity continues to solemnly march.*

*I will not rest from dignity's fight, nor shall my pen sleep, lips slur  
Till I have built the temple of dignity, in the hearts and minds of every living man  
Oh bring me my bows of liberty and autonomy.  
Bring me my arrow of justice,  
Bring me my spear of equality  
And my very own chariot of dignity.*