



CREATION OF MAN

Based on Michelangelo's "Creation of Man"

Two hands stretched out as if to say good-bye,
Now God and man would never be as one.
Their fingers parted and each breathed a sigh—
Their life together ever more was done.
The Father's face bore lines of strength and love,
A mighty man on earth He would place.
Yet would His child of flesh from high above
Be strong and true and ever run the race?
The boy was young and brave to start anew,
The dreams and plans for the new world had he.
With work and toil and sweat all he could do—
Just like his Father, that's what he would be.
Now hands no longer touch, nor lives combine:
The boy is one apart from God Divine.

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