

His dusty cowboys and dusted them off
And said, "We will teach you the
Way it is and has been."

But he said, "My paper says only
I am me,"

The old men said, "We are you people,
We don't live in the masses. You may
look for your people in the masses, but
They do not own the mind of your dusty
Cowboys. They have learned to bleat like sheep.
Their bleating will deafen you, their dust will blind you,
And your voice will cry"

The old men handed him a tablet

Writ with the motto of the old men, the dusty cowboys, he read:

Freedom is the process of man
Becoming the image of his maker.
Freedom is man's subjugation of
The universe. Freedom is the unopening
Of the parameters of matter. Freedom is
The ordering of the earth to the end
Of processing the becoming ideal.
Freedom is the continuity of man.
Freedom's duty is the material improvement
Of individual fate. Freedom is the
Process of man becoming the image of his
Maker.

He was overcome in a way