

# Sonnet 50

The making of the Great was hard to see -  
He lived in his body and then our minds.  
He traveled from the desert to the sea  
But never in a straight or righted line.  
He left his love when he went off to war  
And drank with enemies when it did end.  
When people went to church he said, "what for?"  
And stayed as shepherd, none other would tend.  
And so the time did come for him to die  
And to be buried under a stone post  
(Except for some of his bones and an eye  
Enough so shamans then could raise his ghost)  
So the Great was made in peace and fray  
The more I think, the more I think him gray.