



(Reading this book at time of poem.)

THE GOOD MAN .

Where are all the good men,
Who see us, hear us, feel us
Touch us with a gentle hand.
Who can button our cardigan
Tie our bow
Kiss us dryly on the cheek
And love us in our strength.

Who mind us in our fragile state
Cradle us as you would a broken bird
Not to satisfy a need within themselves
Nor to forever stroke our weakness
But to strengthen the flight they wish for us to take.

Where are all the good men,
Who can accept without threat
All we invite and excite over
Remain seated throughout the pleasure
Of each unbridled offering
And protect the innocence of the gift.

Who safe keep precious pieces we discard
Hear our strange and distant song
Follow notes beyond the noise
And return knowingly without taking.



Where are all the good men,
Who keep light and air in windows high
Flowers on the stairs.
Who hold a mirror quietly to the side
So we can recognise the newness
And the goodness in ourselves
Comprehend the whole of who we are
And fear no more the stage.
Who wait well outside our hiding place
Offer not hand but time
A refuge where within we tend neglected hurts
slow to a halt from our exhaustive run
and bring to life our dreams.

Where is the good man,
So sure and steady in stride
He invites us into our own
Where we unite in all our consciousness
With the good man in ourselves.
Where we fill with the fearlessness
Of taking our very first step
And release ourselves from an endless edge.

Written August, 2015 / J Browne



Footnote 1:

As girls, we're brought up with the concept of men being the protectors in our lives. For many it is not our experience. But what if we could be 'the good man' to ourselves? Afford ourselves the tenderness and care that is portrayed in the poem?

For men folk, I think the poem pays tribute to the aspects of manhood that aren't often valued because they're not associated with power, strength, wealth or success, yet they are essential to being a good man. A gentle man. And you get the sense through the poem, how hard it must be to consistently be a good man. The responsibility that goes with that.

Despite a history of grim experiences with men, I have also experienced that there are good men out there. 'The Good Man' poem is about just one of those men who has, for the past eight years, been all of the things in the poem. Andrew (my Psychologist).

SEARCH Blog: [Boy Oh Boy](#) poem. [Army of Ink Authority on Self](#). [Army of Ink Upside Down Dress](#). [The New Brave](#). Search [Boy](#) in topics list. And a must read book, '[He'll Be OK](#) - Growing Gorgeous Boys Into Good Men' by Celia Lashlie, previously posted '[There Will Be More Moments](#)'.



Footnote 2:

The moment that triggered the arrival of *The Good Man* poem was finishing this short chapter (below) towards the end of a brilliant book called, *All the Light We Cannot See*, by Anthony Doerr. The book is full of good men.

Are you there?

He is a ghost. He is from some other world. He is Papa, Madame Manec, Etienne; he is everyone who has left her finally coming back.

Through the panel he calls, "I am not killing you. I am hearing you. On radio. Is why I come." He pauses, fumbling to translate. "The song, light of the moon? She almost smiles.

We all come into existence as a single cell, smaller than a speck of dust. Much smaller. Divide. Multiply. Add and subtract. Matter changes hands, atoms flow in and out, molecules pivot, proteins stitch together, mitochondria send out their oxidative dictates; we begin as a microscopic electrical swarm. The lungs the brain the heart. Forty weeks later, six trillion cells get crushed in the vice of our mother's birth canal and we howl. Then the world starts in on us.

Marie-Laure slides open the wardrobe. He* takes her hand and helps her out. Her feet find the floor of her Grandfather's room. "Mes souliers," she says. "I have not been able to find my shoes."

* *Name taken out so not to spoil the book's story.*

