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The Glorious Man

Robert MacInnis
Western Michigan University

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THE GLORIOUS MAN

Robert MacInnis

Cameras and lights and cords and microphones and . . .
Mr. Henson. THE GLORIOUS MAN.
Tall, bearded, smiling, charismatic and . . . GLORIOUS.
And all the T.V. screens would know his glory because of another.
The novice—the holder. The human microphone stand.
The microphone was held, grasped by
An early learner, a novice with big dreams.
That maybe some day, when the time
Was right, he too would be able to stand
Before a camera like THE GLORIOUS MAN, and
Have a microphone take his words and spill them
 across T.V. screens.
But the Boss wouldn't let him.
He couldn't do what Reporters do—talk to the screen.
For now he is just the microphone holder.
And as he sits in some dimly lit broadcasting control room,
Only hours after he had seen the man, he is watching the screen.
He sees only his own hand, jutting out at the bottom left corner,
Invading a GLORIOUS MAN's triumph of fame witnessed
 by a camera.
A man in a shirt that was too plain for the face. A face that
Was almost too exciting for the lens on the camera.
A moment so big on T.V. that the box holding the Picture
 might burst into flames.
At least that's what everyone else thought.
The novice still could only see his hand.
His hand—strangling the microphone.
Making it choke on the words being forced down it
By the glorious man.
And maybe someone would notice that, hand, marvel

At its wide fingernails, its texture, its few freckles
splattered on the top

Like paint.

He looked onto the screen again, watching the glorious man
speak his glorious words.

But he was deaf to the glory.

His hand would extend out

To Millions of viewers now, be seen by the unsuspecting.

Would they recognize that hand? Would they know that it
belonged to

A novice, new at the game of putting images

On screens and controlling squares in peoples houses?

Would they see that his hand belonged to a father and a husband?

Could they see a wife or a dog or a house or a garage with things
lining the walls?

The novice thought not.

So he looked away from the screen, let the reporters do their
Reporting and the cameras do their capturing and the forgotten
to do

Their forgotten "behind the scenes things," whatever forgotten
things they might do.

The novice decided that he would be a hand holding on to
a microphone and that's enough for now.

And he would let THE GLORIOUS MAN keep on talking until
the novice got his turn

To be glorious.