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Can Man Ever Remain a Man?

When I am

A throbbing, pulsating, feeling

And full -blooded creature,

Why hook up my thoughts and emotions

To the social key- board?

Can the software of my psyche

Run on the social machine?

Pathetically, our mechanized society

Has installed in us, A social software That works in sync

With fixed modes and codes,

Robbing man of his innate complex beauty,

Squeezing out all his human nitty-gritty,

From his psyche.

Unpredictable changes

In the Sun, the Moon, the Earth-

-the entire nature

Are often wrought,

But conversely, man is quite predictable
And can be taken for granted. It is good to be predictable
For certain moral or eternal values, but bad to be predictable
For some. Preconceived notions
That should be unwholesome Are now wholesome, Reducing life to mere
Mathematical rules
Wherein rule-example-rule Is nothing, but a mule.
Mankind that should be
Infinitely complex
And unfathomable,
Has lost all his glory and aura of mystery.
Bereft thus, of true human attributes,
Can man ever remain
A real man?
Or, can he shed
All socio- mechanical gestures
And survive on the freak
Of his own instincts
And impulses?