

little iron man

angry eyes burn behind cold metal mask
muscles tensed for fight in flight
repulsor rays boot jets armor
he is iron man.

all-powerful controller master of his fate
vengeful righteous realist almighty godlike hero
protector judge destroyer martyr
invincible impervious inhuman.

mechanical masculinity lover of the machine
better safe than sorry greedy me-first hoarder
dark doomy death dealer
self-satisfying soul stealer
childhood's chosen champion.

his armor
once glistening once wonderful
now binds and holds in place
battle-scarred time-tarnished too small
pitted scorched outdated in the way
barrier to growth and love and life.

I tried to forget him
but he came to me in dreams
I tried to kill him
but he was stronger than I am
I tried to banish him
but he wouldn't leave me
so I pulled off his grim metal mask.

a child's face my face revealed at last
frustrated frightened familiar hopeful
little boy with wounded heart
scared of the body he can't control
afraid to come outside it hurts to be with people
a quarter century in an armor shell
waiting for mommy and daddy to make it right.

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