

The Human Archetype

by [Walt Garlington](#) (February 2025)



Ascension (John Singleton Copley, 1775)

Christ the God-man slew the tyrant Death.
Christ the God-man ascended to the Heavens
With our whole human nature—
Flesh and soul and bones—
And set it at the right hand
Of the Father in Glory forever.
There, O man, is the archetype,

The telos, the final goal
Of our race—eyes that flame with fire,
And feet that glow like bronze;
A voice that thunders like the ocean,
And a tongue sharp as a sword;
Head and hair whiter than pure snow,
And a face that shines
More brightly than the summer sun.
All of that, our destiny—
To be sharers of the divine nature.

Yet we have lost that vision
Because of our inordinate affection
For neo-Olympian
Athletic gods and goddesses;
Because of our offerings
Of devotion to screens of various sizes,
Sacrifices of listlessness and sloth
That dim the eyes of head
And heart and weaken the body.

Mankind is not doomed to corruption and decay,
But the New Man will not appear
Through gene splice or nanotech conjunction,
But through union with God in the depths of the heart,
After we have cleaned and hallowed its inmost chambers
With prayers, prostrations, searing tears, and generosity.

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Walt Garlington was born and raised in that part of Dixieland called Louisiana. A chemical engineer by training, he has spent the last several years writing full-time. He has written

essays and poems for *The Hayride*, *New English Review*, *The Tenth Amendment Center*, *The Abbeville Institute*, *Reckonin'*, *Katehon*, *Geopolitica*, and *USA Really*. He writes regularly at his own web site, [Confiteri: A Southern Perspective](#).

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