"Man makes himself," most modern thinkers say:
By freely chosen acts we shape our lives,
Becoming what we see and do, like clay
Taking expression from our conscious knives.

But ancient sages saw us differently:
They saw a soul-seed sprouting from within,
Molding our form and feature gradually
Until we bloomed to virtue or to sin.

So, “Do we make or find ourselves?” I ask:
I think it’s both, like sculpting from a block
Of marble, chipping away the outer mask
That hides identity in selfless rock.

With work an artful figure is revealed,
By making found, a flower unconcealed.