

A FATHER'S CRY

“Love not the world nor things that are in it,
but love like Him Who will rebegin it.
Lose not life's goal in grasping for pleasure,
Your true self longs for glory-bound treasure.

“Christ came and stayed through the Holy Spirit,
but beauty's missed if you won't go near it.
Awake, dear Son, see His hand!” I told him,
“If eyes are closed, you cannot behold Him.”

But well I know why his sight's unseeing,
why sleepy clouds sabotage his freeing,
why gaze is glazed, why the brain is blinking
at Light within meant to guide his thinking.

The lies believed are the shackles gathered,
while the *way*, the *truth*, and *life* unfettered
are lost in misty deception's voicing
from undetected demons, rejoicing.

Behind dark veils, in the shadows hidden,
the Kingdom path—to which all are bidden—
still leads to Life, for the souls who take it.
“By faith leap forth, or you'll never make it!”

— *David L. Hatton, 2/3/2022*