

AN ATHEIST'S YEAR OF HOLIDAYS

Soused to the hilt to confront the New Year,
Howling with laughter to muffle his fear;
Valentines sent with some flowers, of course--
Homage to Love with no faith in its Source;
Angry at Easter for daring to teach
Life after death was a hope within reach.
Wreaths on the grave sites of soldiers once known,
Certain that now they are just dust alone;
Dazzled the Fourth by the fire in the skies--
Puzzled at why noble feelings arise;
Lauding as sacred the Labor of Man,
Skipping, however, the Sabbaths God planned;
Treating kids dressed up as devils and ghouls,
Blind to the real ones who trick faithless fools;
Focused on dining for Thanksgiving Day,
No One to thank, no conviction to pray;
Doubting a God Who, by coming to the earth,
Placed on each sinner phenomenal worth.
Meaningless cycle of years till his death:
What a big shock when he takes his last breath!

— *David L. Hatton, 2/28/1999*