

A NATURISTIC SONG

When strolling out in nature, you might see me there
Exposing skin to sunlight and wearing only air,
Or dipping at a river in water, icy fresh,
And drying off in breeze alone while rubbing naked flesh. . . .

On finding such exposure, if you are unperturbed,
By all means, come and join me! I will not be disturbed.
I would not be distracted, if you should choose to strip,
Revealing your equipment as we take another dip.

Expect good conversation, with clothing set aside.
Amazing! We're so open, when nothing's left to hide!
It's what God first intended, creating humans nude.
He called it "very good," before the Devil made it "lewd."

Our body is God's temple, designed with nature's dust.
He fashioned it for beauty, and not for causing lust.
He put His glory's image within our naked form
To be displayed, not covered up, as is the social norm.

I feel I've rediscovered a pathway back to health,
To draw from naked nature her wholesome, natural wealth,
To milk the grace left over from Eden's tragic fall
That pulses through creation by the Hand that made it all.

I feed my aging body, which to this earth belongs,
With fruits of soil and sunshine and Mother Nature's songs.
I celebrate creation and share its cosmic goal:
RENEWAL, when our Lord rejoins immortal flesh with soul.

So if you come across me in nothing but the gear
That God was pleased to give me upon arrival here,
And feel that primal longing to have such freedom, too,
Go on and toss your fig-leaf dress, and I will welcome you!

— *David L. Hatton, 1/15/2007*