

AN EARTHLY PASSAGE

Dead,
Dry seeds
In a bed
Of dirt and weeds:
Rain and light, their needs;
How they're waiting to be fed.

Love,
God sent—
What kind of
New nourishment?
Holy, Heaven-sent,
Descending from above.

Earth
Transformed:
A new birth
By God performed.
And cold dust is warmed
Into heavenly worth.

Life
Through Him.
And a wife
Perhaps; a stem
To help, or a limb
Beside, amid the strife.

Day
And night,
A dark haze—
Time wears their might.
As dust, their spirits fight
To win God's blessed praise.

Then,
Parting—
The time when,
From earth parting,
They behold their King—
Dust down, souls leave the den.

— *David L. Hatton, 5/18/1969*