

A WEEPING TECHNICALITY

“They all were lies,
The fragments of the world
Each hour on the hour every day
Flashed by our reeling minds
Too fast for life, disjointed,
Too immense and far away,
Yet daily pressed on us
As vital! So important!

“The lies, the ads, the hours
Lost in pretty pages:
For this and that and this and that,
So then I took that job
And saw you less
And thought it was a duty. . .
For this and that and this and that!
O God! The lies! We ate them all!

“And they were false,
The flashy, painted lifestyles,
Opinions of a thousand Technicolor faces,
The television chatter
Of stars and politicians,
Of all the lovely people
With robbing, senseless,
Rambling, ceaseless voices!
Thieves, blood-sucking thieves of life!

“Those silly fashion fads and fleeting facts,
We bought them all:
Flirtations in a whirling demon world!
And now it’s lost for good,
The real adventure,
Belonging just to us, and God.
That’s all that really mattered
In this blinding mess!

“Remember once how glad we were
Just simply sitting down to talk. . .
And dying never crossed our minds,
But we were caught and pulled and lost
In modern living, progress
And improvement, better information, yes,
And more exciting entertainment,
And the news before it happens,
Our lives before they’re lived.

“O God, I’m sorry, I repent, O please!
Can’t I have my Tom back?” she said.

— *David L. Hatton, 4/7/1983*