

## BODY'S PSALM OF LAMENT

Call me not an earthly vessel—  
just a temporary shell—  
or a train track's trembling trestle  
over which you travel well.

I'm the journey you are living,  
treading this terrestrial sphere.  
Cast away your mad misgiving . . .  
I'm the reason you are here!

Don't you see that we are tethered  
as a body-soul alloy?  
Long together we have weathered  
storms that threaten and annoy.

We have work to do, a mission!  
God has welded us as one:  
You, the cognitive volition;  
I, the place where deeds are done.

I'm the locus transcendental  
under which two worlds unite—  
of the cosmic and celestial,  
I'm the mediator-site.

Yet you treat me like a stranger  
when you use me as a toy,  
never fearing hidden danger  
tempting demon hosts deploy.

Noble role of rule forsaken,  
you abandon nature's care,  
led astray by fruit you've taken:  
open-eyed, you feel aware.

But your take on good and evil  
trashes Heaven's perfect plan.  
By dark curse of that upheaval,  
I'm put falsely under ban.

When your whims objectify me—  
treat my gifts with body shame—  
how your wayward lusts defy me,  
saying I'm the one to blame!

Gender's gift of procreation  
comes from Him Who reigns above,  
not for sex as recreation  
but for sealing wedded love.

Feed me food in modest measure;  
let me exercise and rest.  
We are bound as sacred treasure:  
templed image of the Blest.

Let's be teammates in these travels,  
face together Fall's decay,  
till your tie with dust unravels  
then rejoins on Judgment Day.

— *David L. Hatton, 2/6/2020*