

BOLD POET BLAKE

Blake was right, and Blake was wrong:
With truth he sang his early song,
Endued with light and taught by gift,
Until the Spectre slipped along
Instilling thoughts that brought the rift.

Right at first, but wrong at last,
O Blake, why did you not hold fast?
The cunning Serpent stunned your heart!
“Poetic genius” unsurpassed?
Sin’s idols can be works of art. . . .

Darkly duped by demon dreams
And mesmerized to cheer their schemes,
You knew to fear, but Blake, you fell
And flew away from Heaven’s beams,
Embracing flames that darken Hell.

Blake, bold poet, bold mistake!
With open eyes you chose the lake
Where waves of passion lost from Love
Feed fiery thirst no drink can slake:
A true divorce from Light above!

Love and lust could never wed!
The self can’t rape the marriage bed,
Endowment from the Trinity . . .
But strong among the wailing dead
Lust ever burns in infamy.

Blake, proud Blake, can you awake?
Or do infernal fires bake
Beyond where souls to truth return?
Let dread for pride’s inferno make
All poets wary to discern!

— *David L. Hatton, 8/12/1995*