

## BRIDE DREAM

Soft sunken down in pillow, swaddled deep,  
She ran in rain, beyond the reach of drought,  
And bathed in wedded ecstasy of sleep,  
Till morning mist restored despair and doubt.

Harsh daylight left no hopeful hiding place  
Within routines of lonely roof and room,  
But daydreams echoed longings for embrace  
Within her empty arms and waiting womb.

Much later, after marriage and divorce—  
Ex-spouse, a rogue; his vow, a shallow lie—  
Her disillusionment enshrined remorse,  
And dreams of love grew dark, as night drew nigh.

At last, one dreamless eve at setting sun,  
The real Groom came to share His life with her.  
By His eternal pledge, her heart was won  
To be true Bride, forevermore secure.

— *David L. Hatton, 5/3/2017*