

BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD

The artists, poets and musicians
Can seize our minds in contemplation,
Attracting gaze that brinks on wonder,
A mental awe, our heart's elation.

But these were merely acquiescing
To gifts obliging contribution.
Though some, it seems, complied with fervor,
With studied hands, with resolution.

The others . . . what about the others,
The silent ones, with dreams enraptured?
What depth of rich creative treasure
In them lies unexpressed, uncaptured?

Or what of others, worse, who squander
Their strength, and toss the work of teachers,
And live like parasitic vermin,
Ungiving and ungrateful creatures?

Aren't there some bright spots in the darkness,
Obscured in shadows cast by winners?
Those famous giants had their failings. . . .
Can we not find some gems in sinners?

Enthralled by beauty in the noble,
We miss what's precious deep within
The others history won't remember,
Or will remember for their sin.

A Shepherd-God is ever seeking
The souls where seeds of light were sown.
For Him, the quest is sheep that wander.
The flock He's found graze fine alone.

— *David L. Hatton, 4/15/2002*