

CALL HOME

When beyond the curfew limit,
and the dusk is lost in dark;
sight—by evil clouds that dim it—
blinded from your Maker's mark;
short on help, from sins that trim it;
dogged by demon-devil's bark;
just call Home, my earthly cousin.

Call your Home!

If enticed and not resistant
or you run when you should stand;
courage lost or inconsistent,
dreams defeated, broken, banned;
golden goals grow yet more distant,
as you pitch what you have planned;
just call Home, my earthly brother.

Call your Home!

When your childhood past is haunted
by rejection and abuse—
with your body image daunted
from the fads that ads produce—
feeling so unloved, unwanted,
you're a target guys seduce,
just call Home, my earthly sister.

Call your Home!

Though you trip on global gravel,
falling where you went astray;
take wrong paths on which to travel;
lose the guiding light of day
or your treasured hopes unravel;
God's a simple prayer away:
just call Home, my fellow earthling.

Call your Home!

— David L. Hatton, 4/3/2020