

## CHOICE

Fear is a recollection.  
Hope looks forward and waits.  
When the two collide,  
we must each decide  
which one of them dissipates.

Bitterness grips rejection.  
Freedom is fit to flow.  
But when hurts hang on,  
the pain's never gone,  
till our will has let them go.

Doubt stirs dark introspection.  
Faith looks outward and up.  
When deep swamps of grief  
drown our heart's belief,  
trust alone refills our cup.

Hatred breeds sore infection.  
Love brings a healing song.  
Hell's loud hateful noise  
smothers health and joys,  
if we fail to sing along.

— *David L. Hatton, 10/10/2018*