

## CHOOSING A DESTINY

Life's a walker . . .  
begins to hike this whirling sphere  
on knees in diapers, without fear,  
stands up to march and scamper free,  
enthralled with will's motility.

Man's a talker . . .  
starts babbling scrambled verbal sounds  
till tongue's relentless speech abounds,  
communicating to impart  
the whims of mind and shifting heart.

Sin's a mocker . . .  
pours venom into young self-will  
to flood desires with wayward skill  
and drown our inborn moral code  
with dark regret's despairing load.

Death's a shocker . . .  
by losses boasting deadly might  
to plunge sweet dreams in hopeless night,  
as growth is smothered with decay,  
before it steals life's breath away.

Love's a stalker . . .  
of pure romance—the Hunter-King,  
intent to gather underwing  
the dying lost whose hunger's fed  
at Table's feast of Living Bread.

Doubt's a squawker . . .  
a skeptic at divine advance,  
resisting Heaven's bid to dance,  
to trust the promised pardon won  
through grace by Father's dying Son.

Christ's a knocker . . . .  
who takes His resurrected place  
at thresholds of our wounded race  
and gently raps, despite our sin,  
to bring His healing life within.

— *David L. Hatton, 2/3/2020*