

## CHRIST IS FIRST

Too many times desire fixed my gaze  
Upon an object or a lovely face. . . .  
This often harmed my soul in subtle ways,  
If such attractions stole my heart's first-place.

For I belong to Christ who gave me peace;  
My life, with all its length, must be His, too.  
If from my lips His praises ever cease,  
My first love, owed to Him, would prove untrue.

When I let others enter in-between  
My Lord and me, I quickly realize  
How spirit-wounded pain is keen,  
How vanity can blind my inner eyes.

If led astray by something beautiful,  
I've missed the point! All beauty comes from Him!  
My adoration is undutiful,  
When worldly sparks make holy flames grow dim.

Through poetry, I dare no more embrace  
Such petty feelings taking hold of me!  
My rhymes must not forget His love and grace,  
If I would write my verses faithfully.

— *David L. Hatton, 1/23/1969 (revised 2016)*