

CONTEMPLATING FOR TOMORROW

When daylight dims until our solar sphere has set,
And shadows, lengthening, absorb each ling'ring ray,
It's odd, but we may better visualize our day—
More clearly weigh and ween the worth of what we met.

While wading deep in worries, how could we forget
Poor sparrows singing trusting birdsongs—*come what may?*
As flowers openly released their sweet array,
How tensely our attentions tightened on regret!

Across our paths fell parables from which to learn,
Or people needing our compassionate concern,
But trapped in trivia and tapestries of toys,
To Kingdom life and Heaven's will we failed to turn;
And only now, at twilight time, do we discern
Missed treasures of devotion... everlasting joys.

— *David L. Hatton, 3/31/2021*