

CONVALESCENCE

Wrapped in tunes of mockingbirds, who chant their varied song,
Your whisperings sustain me, although the journey's long—
Precious and precise each step, beneath Your Spirit's wing,
Serenaded by sweet notes Your feathered servants sing.

Memories of former walks flow pillowing my dreams:
Flowered meadows, laughing falls, incessant babbling streams.
Then labored wombs and babies assail my wearied mind,
As lost lines beg for birthing and untold tales unwind.

Night-shadows fall about me, and bed can seem a rack
To stretch my mental limits until the day comes back,
When sunshine offers solace at cloudless sky's reprieve
To bathe my skin and spirit from thoughts I long to leave.

I watch the winter's waning, as spring's new bloom unfurls.
Week's fleeting speed has quickened to steal our boys and girls—
Whisking them to other worlds of pomp and circumstance:
Youthful feet on deep-worn paths where grownups dare to dance.

Lent's ashes for the forehead have crossed my hourglass,
Where sandy pasts have trickled, and future waits to pass.
But in the narrow present my moments hasten on,
Till tumbling grains, unwary, to lifeless piles have gone.

My slow-paced convalescence has kept me short-of-breath,
Occasioning reflections on how I'd handle death,
If this was but an omen—a subtle, boding sign—
Of spiraling conditions that bring the last decline.

I turn to prayer and Scripture to face another day,
But find it hard to focus on what to read or pray.
Your hand alone is stable, predating any creed,
Invisibly upholding my drooping vigor's need.

This weakness weathers worry alone by grace's glimpse—
Its long, drawn-out recovery is not a trek for wimps!
But precious are Your whispers, O Lord, throughout its length!
Your promise gives me comfort! Your Presence is my strength!

— *David L. Hatton, 3/20/2019*