

CREATION WAITS

Those rocks, with many suns and seasons spent,
Worn down and smoothed by wind-blown sand and icy rain,
So patient in their vigil's long intent,
Received a glimpse to prove they had not watched in vain.

Those rocks, beside the well-worn ancient trail
That wound its silent way to old Jerusalem,
Were trembling as they heard the people hail
The donkey-riding King and felt them dance for Him.

Those rocks, their essence just about to burst
And confiscate the gift of human speech to shout,
Were checked by Adam's sin, by stillness cursed,
While sensing dancers' cloaks and palm leaves strewn about.

Those rocks, who knew their King had come at last,
Were scarcely bridled back from breaking forth in song,
From breaching shackles from their quiet past
To echo loud "Hosannas" from the joyous throng.

Those rocks, who had to bear the piercing beam,
Did not stay still beneath His body, crucified,
But bellowed out an earthquake-shaking scream
To rue postponement of the freedom prophesied!

Those rocks, still watching, wait in hope to greet
Their risen Master, whom their rocky tomb set free.
They still anticipate His coming feet,
At which their mountains will break forth in melody.

— *David L. Hatton, 8/17/1993*