

## DEAD POETS

Across ten thousand days and nights,  
Across a million, bow your head  
To read the hearts, the depths and heights:  
The poetry of those long dead.

You read their joy, you feel their smile,  
You sense their pain and touch their tears.  
You lose your soul in theirs awhile  
And dream their dreams and fear their fears.

What scientific fools have read  
In fossil fragments is a lie . . .  
We've not surpassed the ancient dead,  
Evolved beyond our common tie.

God placed within the human heart  
In every age familiar strings  
That vibrate to the poet's art:  
Their visions live, their voice still sings.

— *David L. Hatton, 5/14/1992*