

## DOOM

On earth, he claimed that God is not;  
In hell, he swears that God is cruel. . . .  
Such reasoning is so much rot  
Upon the lips of either fool.

In life, he rendered God no praise;  
In death, he wails a ceaseless curse,  
With no more wish to mend his ways  
Than when they grew from bad to worse.

In freedom, self was on the throne;  
In chains, free-thinking disappears.  
His mind long ceased to be his own,  
Once demon hosts became his peers.

In hope, he knew the chance to change;  
Despair makes room for no remorse.  
Regret can merely rearrange  
The doubts he forged by willful force.

In light, life's gifts wooed his belief;  
In darkness, flames of anger burn.  
If grace still offered him relief,  
Would he from evil choices turn?

— *David L. Hatton, 3/24/2015*