

EARTH, AIR, FIRE AND WATER

Sin plunged our race and globe in lethal Fall—
depravity's decay now echoes Hell.
Yet vestiges of Eden still enthrall,
with Heaven's hints of paradise as well.

We dance in dust on luscious biosphere,
bequeathed to beast and bloom by beauty's breath.
But ground erupts and quakes to foster fear,
and tumbling missile-stones may deal us death.

We bask in balmy breeze that blows to bless
our sailing ships and planes and birds on wing.
But harm is hurled by hurricane's caress;
tornado's touch can flatten everything!

Bright sunlight soaks all life for growth and health,
but bakes the broad Sahara deadly dry;
when flames for sight and warmth escape, our wealth
turns into ash, and forest's fauna die.

Rain's showered gift is streamed to irrigate,
to bathe bare skin, cleanse clothes, and quench our thirst,
but muddy flood's deluge can devastate,
as tempest's raging downpour does its worst.

Despite their schizoid mix of weal and woe,
we use these elements to stay alive.
They shine as assets, but we feel we know
their liabilities ought not to thrive.

Will dreams come true for lost primeval bliss,
where earth and air and fire and water meet
to serve in tune? They shall! . . . at Terra's kiss
on her returning King and Maker's feet!

— *David L. Hatton, 3/14/2020*