

EARTH'S GROANING

Staring downward from the wood
Into faces of defiance,
Christ drank evil for our good,
Arms extended in compliance.

Deep beneath the jeering crowd,
After pardoning their mocking,
He knew silently out loud
Earth in mournful moans was talking . . .

“Master, free us from the curse!”
“Our Creator, don’t forsake us!”
He could feel the rocks rehearse,
“Break the bondage now! Awake us!”

Grief was twisting out its toil
As His holy flesh was ripping.
Underneath, reluctant soil
Soaked up precious crimson dripping.

Then protesting storm clouds came.
Restless ground rebelled and trembled.
Earthquake rumbles roared His name:
Fear gripped souls of those assembled.

But He cried a final word,
As His soul breathed out His spirit . . .
“It is finished!” people heard,
And the stones could also hear it.

Listen gently, friend or foe
Of the God-Man, Christ the Savior.
Feel Earth’s groaning down below,
Under humankind’s behavior.

Listen, hear all Nature’s plea
For the sons of men to follow,
To possess their liberty
From the sins in which they wallow.

Hear Earth’s moaning as it longs
For deliverance from frustration.
We alone must sing the songs
That precede a freed creation.

— David L. Hatton 9/1/1994