

EDEN'S TABLE

I lived with nature, and nature cherished me.
The Maker meant for us to dance
 throughout eternity.
But I loved a wisdom nature didn't know.
She only knew Who gave her life
 and caused her form to grow.

I too sought beauty, though beauty was my home.
In hot pursuit of pretty things,
 I left her side to roam.
But I, in my searching, lost my deeper sight.
As on I chased elusive dreams,
 I stumbled in the night.

How I liked eating! So, nature held a feast
To strengthen me to serve and rule
 the fish and fowl and beast.
But I, craving knowledge, pleased my hungry will
With moral freedom's deadly fruit,
 which plagues creation still.

Still, God loved humans, who strayed from Eden's path
To wander—body, soul, and mind—
 beneath redemptive wrath.
He set a Table with His own beauty's Love,
Inviting our return to feed
 on Wisdom from above.

Life's Tree has furnished this Food of mystery,
Renourishing the wayward self
 back to its destiny.
Christ is the Nurture, restoring Eden's bliss:
His flesh and blood, the holy Meal
 that sinners mustn't miss.

— *David L. Hatton, 5/9/2015*