

EVERLASTING

Though seas subside to plains of glass
And winds forget where they have blown,
Though centuries and eons flee,
Time cannot steal a thing from me:
Not one brief episode will pass
From all the moments I have known.

Though mountains proudly scratch the sky
With rocky fingers firm and fast,
Beside their rubble I will stand
And see them wither into sand.
I'll be alive to watch them die,
As they erode into the past.

While storm clouds drop their rain or snow
In winter's rush to circle round,
I'll mark the water's slow return
To restless salty waves that churn,
Until all rivers cease to flow
And no more ocean can be found.

When Earth was just a flaming ball,
The stars had twinkled ages long.
Yet when all galaxies are gone,
My fruitful soul will journey on.
My reach shall span beyond them all,
As their light wanes and mine grows strong.

Unless the Maker makes them true,
Such boasts as these are mad and vain;
But sharing His eternity
Is part of human destiny.
I bear His image. . . so do you:
All worlds must end, but we'll remain.

— *David L. Hatton, 12/8/2015*