

FALSE POETRY

When words enfold clandestine thought
And lips conceal a hidden heart,
A rhythmic ruse is sometimes taught
To ears attuned to verbal art.

Arranged by practiced wit and skill,
A verse can reach into the mind
And grab the reins, for good or ill,
To guide or garble, loose or bind.

As painted lies may trick the gaze,
So poor but pleasant lines, when heard,
May lay a trap of moral maze
For minds to miss the higher Word.

With eloquence in days of old,
When seers sang false prophecy,
They captured simple souls with bold
Refrains enshrined in poetry.

Let all beware these phrases tooled
By wayward tongues with measures bright.
Prevent your will from being fooled:
Immerse yourself in psalms of Light.

— *David L Hatton, 4/18/2016*