

## FLOWER TALK

You never have talked with a flower?  
One whispered to me, as I dreamed;  
she captured me fast in her power  
with petals that glistened and gleamed.

She said she awaited the waking  
of humans, asleep in their sin,  
to destinies bright and breathtaking  
that start from devotion within.

She chided our broken condition—  
our wills running wayward and bent—  
and told of our need for contrition,  
returning with hearts that repent.

I felt that she somehow was reading  
the doubts and suspicions I had  
on hearing her sincerely pleading,  
and my unbelief made her sad.

“We labor so briefly in beauty  
but perish in cycles, until  
you humans get back to your duty,  
obeying your Creator’s will.

“Fast bound in the curse you have brought us,  
we still shine the light of His throne  
in speeches the Maker has taught us  
for making His majesty known.

“Don’t shirk your responsible calling.  
Behold how we wither and die,”  
she moaned as her petals were falling.  
“Our hope is in how you reply.”

Then silent, her last sentence spoken,  
she drooped to the ground and was dead.  
I woke, for the morning had broken,  
and knelt on my knees by the bed.

Each time I now look at a flower,  
I whisper a prayer to the Lord,  
“Come quickly, O Christ, in Your power.  
Make groaning creation restored.”

— *David L. Hatton, 5/17/2016*