

GUARDIANS

With their massive wings extended,
Blazing golden with the dawn,
Tirth and Asterine descended,
Lighting gently on the lawn.
They were at the home of Shirley,
Who was pregnant and unwed.
She was up so very early,
Hearing voices in her head.

“Don’t put off today’s appointment.”
“No, another day’s too late!”
“Don’t let Larry’s disappointment
Change your choice to keep this date.”
So, she dressed while Tirth was praying
With his eyes fixed on the swarm
Of the demons who were playing
Thoughts to churn her mental storm.

Both huge angels followed after,
As she halted down the street.
She knew nothing of the laughter
From the imps who pulled her feet.
“Let her go!” said Tirth the giant.
Both unsheathed their shining swords.
But the spirits, dark, defiant,
Dragged her on with crimson cords.

“She is ours! Her sin is blatant!”
“There is nothing you can do!”
“She is clearly unrepentant!”
“We will see our mischief through!”
“But,” said Tirth, “she has a child.
We are here to keep him safe.”
“But his mother’s heart’s defiled!”
“You can’t save her little waif!”

Asterine stepped toward the mother,
Saying, “Feel the baby stir?
In the world there’s not another
Just like him . . . and he’s so pure.”
“It’s not like a living person,”
Slurred her captors in her mind,
“It’s not really even human!”
On she went, bewitched and blind.

“For the love of God!” Tirth shouted,
And she felt her conscience prick.
“There’s no God!” a demon spouted,
But she felt the baby kick.
Near the clinic, at its corner,
Like a daydream in her head,
Shirley saw herself a mourner
For her baby, cold and dead.

“No, now don’t get sentimental.”
“Anyway, you’ve made your choice.”
“This thing’s all been accidental.”
She would hear no other voice . . .
So, the angels spoke no further,
Though they trailed her to the room
Where a clinic staff and murder
Met and merged within her womb.

Then the silent infant, screaming
With his little lungs of fluid,
Left his corpse and found the gleaming
Arms of Asterine who stood
Close beside the moaning mother
Who’d refused to give him birth.
“She will bear his future brother,”
Asterine declared to Tirth.

“You go on,” said Tirth, “I’ll tarry
Here continuing my fight.
God will bless this child you carry
Up to Heaven’s healing light.
Just as you must guard her baby,
I have watched her through the years,
With a hope that she will, maybe,
Weep contrition’s cleansing tears.

Asterine, with golden fury,
Flapped his flaming wings to hurl
Demons tumbling in a flurry:
They all scattered from the girl.
They forsook their territory
In her drug-sedated sleep.
Asterine flew on to glory.
Tirth remained, his charge to keep.

With the demon host departed,
She was left to cramp and bleed
In the trap their tricks had started,
Culminating in a deed
Which her brain would never bury:
She'd remember till her death
How she killed her child from Larry
Long before he took a breath.

“Listen, Shirley, God is weeping,”
Whispered Tirth into her ear.
She was restless, barely sleeping
With her emptiness and fear.
“You were terribly mistaken . . .
You have been the fool of lies.”
Tirth provoked her to awaken
Dreaming of her baby's cries.

When the grim abortuary
Was behind her down the street,
Tirth had summoned one named Mary
And arranged for them to meet.
“Can I help you? You look tired.
Let's sit down . . . your face is pale.”
Somehow Shirley was inspired
To relate her dreadful tale.

“I'm so sorry,” Mary uttered,
When the story all was told.
“I'm a killer,” Shirley stuttered.
“How could I have been so cold?”
Mary calmed her, “God is willing
To forgive what you have done.
He can cleanse this crime of killing
Through the death of Christ, His Son.”

Mary prayed and Shirley followed,
And the strength of God was tapped.
Chains from sins in which she'd wallowed
And the demon cords were snapped!
Tirth in brilliant joy exulted,
Tears filled both the women's eyes,
And a victory resulted
That shook Hell with all its lies!

Devils creeping back to find her
Formed a cringing, fearful horde.
When they tried again to bind her,
Tirth began to swing his sword.
Quick, his blade of Truth went searching
Deep inside their evil dreams.
Flashing lightning left them lurching,
Burned and banished with their schemes.

Now, without the demons hissing,
Shirley's soul could fully grieve
For her infant who was missing
From the home she'd made him leave.
Tirth then showed her him in vision,
How already he forgave . . .
It was planned, by God's decision,
They would greet beyond the grave.

All the concepts we are thinking
Come not always from ourselves.
Throng of thoughts are often slinking
From a world of fiendish elves.
God in Heaven wants to guard us
With His angels from above.
He can heal where sin has scarred us,
If we'll just embrace His love.

— *David L. Hatton 1/7/1993*