

HIGH ABOVE

In a clearing on a mountain sits a massive piece of stone
with a printed plaque embedded, and who put it there's unknown.
It lies off the beaten path, a monument in open air.
With no map to guide you to it, only deer trails lead you there.

But its author spent some money—this was no tightfisted scrooge.
Carved within the bronze is artwork, and that lettered piece is huge!
Birds and chipmunks, fawns and flowers, hewn with craft and care, surround
graven words whose shouts of feeling whisper grace without a sound:

“High above the frantic freeways, up away from towns and toys,
Dad and I walked here together, safe from interfering noise.
Far up here we talked like buddies: he told stories; I told dreams.
Now he's gone, and I've grown older, but that day's still young, it seems.”

What a shrine to reminiscence in that poetry engraved!
What a precious bit of life upon that rock adorned was saved!
It was ancient when I found it—you might find it, when I'm gone—
but before I go, here's something I've had time to think upon. . . .

In a world where selfish goals can steer a parent's mind from care,
or much worse, where frank abuse can strip a child's emotions bare,
we're so blessed to stroll with parents high on mountaintops above,
sharing tales of past and future in the fellowship of love.

But God's gift will far surpass the fragile joys we know below
which are meant to whet our thirst for what His grace will yet bestow.
High above, I'll talk with Mom and Dad, then walk while holding hands
to explore where they've been living with the Lord in Heaven's lands.

— *David L. Hatton, 4/17/2023*