

HOME

Home is not the table where you take your daily bread,
Nor is it the pillow where you nightly lay your head.
Closer to the target are the ones you're dreaming of—
Folks and friends you trust from having tasted of their love.

You may treasure trinkets for the memories they stir,
Line the wall with knick-knacks for the pleasures they confer,
Feel the welcome cushions of your fav'rite easy chair,
All without enjoying what your heart was meant to share.

God made human hands to fit within another's grip,
Arms for hugging others in a sweet relationship,
Feet to trace again the steps misled to stray and roam,
Hearts that know content upon return to those at home.

Sadly, paths divide, as loved ones breathe their final breath.
Then our thoughts anticipate reunion after death.
Earth becomes less thrilling, less a comfort, and we sigh,
“Home will be forever in that fellowship on high.”

— David L. Hatton, 5/5/2023