

INVITING VISITATIONS

Appearing again, they come tonight, the shining ones,
Inviting again against the fates of souls in gloom.
Approaching again, they bring to light the whining ones,
Re-reading again from glowing slates that warm the room.

The beings of light step in and through the gaping door,
Announcing again the Word of Life to hopeless hosts.
So used to the night, they crouch in shadows on the floor.
They snicker and sneer at what they fear as faithless ghosts.

Then one of the lot, a younger one among the rest,
Slides slowly to steal a glance upon an angel's slate.
And briefly a beam of living love, as if a test,
Gleams out to his face to melt the lying mask of hate.

The spirit, surprised, jumps back amazed in unbelief.
He trembles to find love's wonder pulsing through his mind.
Forgetting at once his tortured, self-tormenting grief,
He feels with a chill the thrill of his days with humankind.

Recalling again the simple smile on someone's face,
The touch of a friend, a mother's hug, a sister's kiss . . .
Remembering songs and stories, gifts and mealtime grace,
The pleasures of music, marriage bed, and lover's bliss . . .

Bright visions return of Nature's multicolored speech,
Reminding of nights he camped beneath her starry sky.
Her vivacious voice and rhythmic rhymes all seemed to teach
The Song of the King that men should sing before they die.

Enthralled with the light, the dazzled ghost begins to turn
To go with the group of shining angels as they part.
Then up from the floor the others fly with faces stern,
And whining, they squeal their proud appeal into his heart.

“Remember your rights! Refuse to choose the holy curse!
No freedom you crave is worth the chains of Heaven’s will!
Forbidding free thought, He pardons wrongs whose wounds we nurse!
Remember the bitter pain you’ve known, and stay here still!”

The spirit slinks back, and all his visions dim and fade.
He watches the team, reluctant, leave for realms on high.
Returning, the wailing noise of night’s eternal shade
Rehearses again regrets that drown his empty sigh.

Appearing again, in loving patience, shining ones,
Inviting again against the willful walls of gloom,
Approaching forever, bring the Light to whining ones,
Repeating again the call of Love for souls in doom.

— *David L. Hatton 10/6/1992*