

LABYRINTHINE JOURNEY

A forest meadow decked with hyacinth
Enfolds a brick-laid mystic labyrinth
Whose ancient Builder at its center set
A sundial wrought of bronze on marble plinth.

Step past its entrance, . . . you will not regret
The vast array of thoughts its paths beget
By twists and turns or steps of brief dead-end,
To pause, review, reflect, and not forget. . . .

Sometimes an unanticipated bend
Will lead so close to Center, yet will send
You out again to circumnavigate
Time's fringe, its long and lonely ways to wend.

At last, where maze of trail and dial mate,
Repose: a quiet space to contemplate
The gains and griefs that make life's labyrinth,
While outward days of will and choice await.

— *David L. Hatton, 6/7/2016*