

LADY OF THE STREET

Pale as a walking tombstone
In the graveyard of the slum,
Eyes like the vacant windows
Of a flat where drifters come
Gnawing a chewed up morsel
Who was once so shy and sweet,
Lost little girl with daydreams,
Hopeful plans that met defeat

Pale as a blood-drained corpse is
Underneath mortician's paint,
Dead as a cold stone statue
That's mistaken for a saint,
Blown like a leaf in winter,
Withered dry and crumbling thin,
Tottering on a sidewalk
With a brown-sacked flask of gin. . . .

Feeble from feeling failure
In her heart's impurity,
Gambling with each cold morning
For a chance security,
Thinking there is no exit
From the chains she knows so well,
Used to the Devil's laughter
And a life of living hell. . . .

Blind to her guardian angel,
Who is there to guide her feet,
Deaf to a Christian preacher
Whom she meets upon the street,
Doubting his urgent message
Of a way for her to change,
Deeming the "peace of Heaven"
Or a "loving God" too strange. . . .

Lady, the Lord can lift you
From the trap of lust you're in.
Strip off your rags. . . He'll bathe you
In His pool that purges sin.
You wish a horse and saddle. . .
What you need is a new inside.
Come to the Prince of healing,
And you'll see how beggars ride. . .

— David L. Hatton 1/8/1992