

LESSONS OF LIFE

The statue has a fissure; a wide crack mars the bust.
Upon the rack of time our works of art return to dust.
The image of the Maker gets wrinkles on its face,
And youth's array of loveliness the passing years efface.

Though built to last forever, the frame wherein we dwell
Begins to fall apart with aging aches we can't dispel.
Our hoard of trinket treasures and precious souvenirs
Devolves to tattered tarnish just before it disappears.

Time serves as an eraser of might and memories,
Consuming gathered fortunes and dethroning majesties.
We lose our grip on treasures of pomp and circumstance,
As we grow older, closer to the end of earthly dance.

Upon this downward spiral, the skeptics scream a cry:
"So this is it? We work to win, then waste away and die!
This life has been a trickster! a masquerading thief!"
Resentful complaints like these seem right, confirming unbelief.

But artwork gives a whisper of mysteries unknown;
The body offers miracles of muscle, skin and bone;
Our hopes to garner blessings that fruitful years provide
Are hints of a hereafter that will last when we have died.

The painful dissolutions experienced through time
Are warnings not to linger in the past days of our prime.
Our worthy aspirations are all divinely willed,
To draw us to the Savior Christ, in Whom they are fulfilled.

— *David L. Hatton, 12/5/2017*