

LETHAL GUESTS

As hungry, burrowing worms gnaw through,
destroying the plants on which they grew . . .

As rust reduces to soft red earth
the mighty iron that gave it birth . . .

As moths lay larvae in woolen wear
to ravage the threads that feed them there . . .

As ashes fall in a fiery flame
from the fueling wood from which it came . . .

So pride's long reach for its haughty goal
consumes the life of its host, the soul.

— *David L. Hatton, 2/20/2019*