

LOVE OR LUST

There ticks a human clock
Of hormones that unlock
When youth has come of age
To write the marriage page.
But pride and lust can team
To smash the wedding dream
By feigning tender care
To rape the pleasures there.
She merely wants his arms;
He has to drink her charms.
Affection's her desire;
He's got to quench the fire!
Hot passion wastes what's real:
It grabs what it can feel.
But love is on alert
To guard a friend from hurt.
The promises of lust
A fool alone will trust:
While lust must seize the bed,
True love can wait to wed.

— *David L. Hatton, 9/21/1991*