

## MEDIA MIRAGE

Their echoes never hesitate  
Nor pause for us to ruminate,  
To contemplate our acts, or greet  
The strangers we were meant to meet.

We bow to their publicity  
Of mental mediocrity  
And fill our common talk each day  
With lives a thousand miles away.

Their voices mix and mangle thought  
Until our minds are clogged and caught  
By passing fame and distant storm:  
Cold T.V.'s glare has kept us warm.

While flashy fashions flutter past,  
Along with stardom's sexy cast,  
They blast us with hate's latest crime  
To drain our hourglass of time.

We cannot humanly survive  
This noise that keeps the world alive  
With unified fragmented death  
That drowns us to our dying breath.

Yet we can turn the shutting knob  
To cut the pull that lets them rob  
Our souls of creativity  
And dancing with Divinity.

Yes, we can leave the loud mirage  
That hides our lives in camouflage,  
And we can tune our inner ear  
To words the Lord would have us hear.

— *David L. Hatton, 9/9/1993*