

## NAKED WE CAME, NAKED DEPART

In spite of warm breeze and the sunlight's soft heat,  
When diapers alone might have kept our souls sweet,  
Our parents took blankets and swaddled our hide  
In bundles, restricting our bodies inside.

But what was their wish, when their barefooted tot  
Dispensed with his duds when the sun was too hot  
And splashed in a puddle, delighting his skin?  
They envied the freedom he frolicked within. . . .

For tots become toddlers and young girls and boys.  
Their romps in the nude? Unacceptable joys.  
Tight pants and cute dresses must cover what's bare.  
Our God-given garment? "Indecent to wear!"

To clothing was added a legion of things  
That muffled the gifts nature cheerfully sings.  
Her melodies dimmed with the increasing noise  
That came from the multiplication of toys.

We sought to obtain what affluence could yield,  
To gain all the nice-to-own things that appealed.  
On shelves, inside drawers, and in boxes galore,  
We dressed ourselves up as we gathered in more.

We found, as we aged, that we needed more space  
To garner the gear we pursued in our race.  
But also, the zeal of our grabbing and grip  
Got weaker the nearer the end of our trip.

God's nature won't wait for our clutter to thin;  
His sunshine goes down never seeing our skin;  
His rivers run dry while our dipping's withheld;  
His flowers grow withered that we've never smelled.

And as we consider this loss with a sigh,  
The doom of our clothing and clutter draws nigh,  
When God will retrieve us, as naked in death  
As when we arrived with our first naked breath.

If this be the case for our clothed-minded ways,  
If this be the end of our cluttering days,  
Then let us start now, even though it is late,  
To live simpler lives in our natural state.

— *David L. Hatton, 8/22/2008*