

NATURE'S TOUCH

Inner healing, not always but occasionally,
is unanticipated spiritual epiphany.

More often, it comes embodied,
incarnationally down-to-earth
through the gentleness of caring hands,
or from creativity's simply shared beauty:
paintings, sculptures, poems, songs. . . .

And yet, sometimes, souls suddenly mend
through ecstatic rendezvous with
varicolored vegetation's verdancy;
birdsong solos or calmly gliding wings;
lavish landscapes of forested meadows;
a peaceful seaside's thundering undulations.

Nagging deficits can bathe at the stream
of primordial energy latent in a creation
still reverberating with vitality
from the Planner's providential hand,
despite ancient curse and chronic abuse
under willfully wayward stewards.

Confused, tortured or taunted,
a trembling, timorous conscience—
awakening to new hope—is drawn
to emerge from despair's dark depths
and dares reach out to meet nature's touch.

Mysterious wonder soothes the wounds;
divine design dispels the dread;
echoing grace greets the emptiness;
and a hurting heart, with healing just begun,
finally looks up. . . .

— *David L. Hatton, 4/9/2016*