

NIGHT WAKING

Half-weary, rushing off to work my shift,
I snatch too short a space in time to doze,
To bring the busy firings in my brain
Back down a level to re-load, to lift
My thoughts from care awhile in sleep's repose.

So shortly, sharply starts the set-time slap,
Reflexes have me on my feet before
My mind is sure I've left a dream's domain.
Awake and clear, as if I'd had no nap,
I feel time's thin and fragile breath no more. . . .

Eternity's immensity takes hold.
My life span's length appears a flashing spark;
As nothing, any years that yet remain.
I sense the awesome Presence, Ageless-Old,
The Light of Love within my room, still dark.

In one brief instant, all I need to know
Is given, simply: "God is all in all."
Life's little glitter dims before His Reign:
Momentous stands the urgency to grow
Away from self and closer to His call.

Too soon this vibrant aura fades away.
Invigoration, more than sleep could give,
And motivation, more than I explain,
Stays with me, as I dress for work and pray:
"I'm ready, Lord, to love and die and live."

— *David L. Hatton, 10/12/1996*