

## POEM NURTURE

When just a boy on my father's knee,  
he read the Word, then some poetry—  
old classic picks from his only book.  
Those lines were cast like a fishing hook.  
When I bit down on its baited lure,  
they caught my heart, and their baits endure!

As I grew up, I could not escape!  
Longfellow's works left my mouth agape,  
Kipling and Scott set my soul aglow,  
While mesmerized by the words of Poe.  
The more I found, the more I read,  
Till rhythms and rhymes had filled my head.

That overflow is the way I write.  
My poem-goal is to roll up tight  
in phrases—born from my inner core—  
the wealth of wit from my wisdom-store,  
to exalt the Lord, and to shine His light  
in a world of woe, till I say, "Good-night!"

— *David L. Hatton, 11/22/2019*