

POETIC RESONANCE

Poetic labors, words of art,
Reach out to gain their goal.
They slip from page into the heart
And make resounding feelings start
To stir within the soul.

Their paintings captured in a frame
Of rhyme and symmetry
Reverberate to pound the same
As threshold thoughts on doors of flame,
Unlatched by poetry.

These poets may be new or gone,
Of few or many years,
But lines they carved their minds upon
Create a deep phenomenon
Of wisdom dipped in tears.

Like ocean waves on spirit sands,
Their billows mix and churn
To strike with briny reprimands
Against the beach's rocky lands
Where reason failed to learn.

The Oversoul, the Muse's voice,
God's echoes in our dreams,
Converge to urge us to rejoice
Or nobly face life's hardest choice,
Spurred on by metered schemes.

Too often sung, the senseless verse
Or lyrics merged for play
Lull us to sleep or death or worse. . .
Their dulling rhymes and tunes rehearse
To drown an empty day.

But mystic rhythm fashions lines,
In poems true and pure,
To strike a dance that intertwines
Our souls with strong symbolic signs
Of virtues that endure.

Read on, re-read, you can't escape
The magic in the best!
Draw tight the guard of mental drape
Against emotion's haunting shape . . .
The poem wins the quest!

—David L. Hatton, 12/22/1993