

## **PRUDERY, PORN, AND PRAISE**

It's foolish to argue that woman is not  
The last composition and best of God's art,  
But turning her into an object is what  
Maligns her Creator and sullies the heart.

Cut up by the prudish from pulpits galore,  
The parts of her body are labeled as lewd:  
At best they are treated as sights to ignore;  
At worst they're exploited for shame in the nude.

The preachers of prudery preface the porn,  
Affirm its foundation, empower its sting,  
Are blind to the Image her body has borne,  
Discounting the glory God meant it to bring.

Pornographers echo the tune of the prude  
With lyrics of lust in a sex-obsessed song  
For mesmerized masses who glut on its food,  
While starving their souls where God's praises belong.

Proclaimed as a path for depravity's ploy  
Or pimped for a porn-broker's life-sucking scheme,  
The woman's degraded and used as a toy,  
An object of shame for an immoral dream.

But there is a mindset where womanly form  
Enriches a canvas or sculpture with grace  
Or bathes at a beach in her skin as a norm,  
Where she is a person, not flesh with no face.

Desiring her beauty, with lust to possess,  
Submerges the soul in impurity's night.  
Admiring her beauty, its Maker to bless,  
Immerses the heart in pure joy and delight.

— *David L. Hatton, 1/10/2011*