

REFUGEE FROM GOD

Lying in the castle where he hides,
The refugee from God is fast asleep.
He gallops in his dreams on folly's steed.
Intoxicated with the wind and speed
From chasing through the marshes cold and deep,
Away from Heaven's love and light he rides.

Rushing past the posted warning signs,
The refugee from God employs his whip
To slash the horse of craving into rage.
He flashes faster on to reap the wage
Of sin's reward, to end his reckless trip
Across forbidden bridge and boundary lines.

Waking to his dismal, sheltered day,
The refugee from God bemoans his plight.
He curses, as delusions dance and fall
In phantom shadows on each stony wall,
And damns the devil's hell that plagues his night,
While angels beckon him to kneel and pray.

Peering from his parapet of pride,
The refugee from God stares down to see
The pilgrims marching by, who preach and call,
Whose words are drowned by cackling from the hall.
He joins and laughs, pretends himself still free . . .
Yet, in his heart, he knows the demons lied.

Hearing sudden crashing from below,
The refugee from God flies down the stairs,
While tortured fears harass him in his flight.
Aghast, he staggers at the awesome sight
Of splintered drawbridge, fallen unawares.
Outside his stronghold stand the praying foe.

Facing flooding light from gaping gate,
The refugee from God can hear the shout
From soldiers' lips whose warfare-prayer was heard.
They plead for him to listen to their Word.
But will he take Love's gift of coming out,
Or make hell's fortress his eternal fate?

— *David L. Hatton 12/31/1993*