

## SCHOLARS CLUTCHING GARMENTS

Confidently pagan, underneath the Roman cross,  
Philosophic soldiers focus hard upon the toss:  
Dice to teach what each will learn before they leave the hill,  
Haste to claim the Jewish raiment of the Life they kill . . .

Gamblers scoff, “Behold the myth! This prophet shall not reign!  
We will keep the clothes he wore, without the bloody stain!”  
But above their tasseled helmets breathes the voice of Love:  
“Pardon, Father. . .they know not the work they’re guilty of.”

Each one, sure to win the vestments sorted in debate,  
Longs to boast addition to his academic weight.  
Staring deep, they study chance, assessing Christ’s attire,  
Sure that truth and reason will not orphan what they sire.

Off they go to spread their tales and talk of books and fame.  
Then they slip into the past, where time forgets each name.  
Sinners’ faith still owns the Life Who died to win our trust.  
Scholars clutching garments form the myth entombed in dust.

— *David L. Hatton, 2/24/1995*