

SOUL SLEEP

For eighteen hundred years was taught
That only corpses went to graves,
That souls went on, awake in thought,
While bodies slept 'neath dust or waves.

I choose to keep the older creed
That says our flesh must rest from toil,
Awaiting, like the planted seed,
That Day of Rising from the soil.

If later teachers' words are right—
That souls must sleep before they rise—
Then when I hear that Trumpet bright,
I'll wake up and apologize.

But if they're wrong, then their mistake
Was known the moment that they died,
For even now they're wide awake
Repenting for what they denied.

I'd rather be aroused from sleep
To find that I was duped by lies
Than be awake in death to weep
Till God decides to dry my eyes.

— *David L. Hatton, 3/12/2013*