

TERMINAL TIME

Death is interwoven in our fabric of life;
loss invades each fortress of safety.
Yet with hope unsure, we press on to secure
peace amid the sadness and strife,
peace amid the hazy
paths we endure.

Tragic global turmoil with its threatening noise
slams against our minds in confusion.
Yet we seek refrain from the ache and the pain,
lost in the distraction of toys,
lost in our illusion,
just to stay sane.

Fragile flesh will quiver under virus and lead,
plodding toward a nebulous future.
Yet we guard our pride, as it trembles inside,
shaken at the news of the dead,
shaken—without closure—
for those who died.

Dreams are God's reminder of a spirit within,
built to last both here and hereafter.
Yet we see the shroud of the suffering crowd,
hiding in the sorrow of sin,
hiding in their laughter,
silent but loud.

Slipping through the hourglass of terminal time,
tumbling here, we fall on our faces.
Do we choose ocean strands or dry desert sands,
reaching up to heaven sublime
or down to lower places
in shadowlands?

— *David L. Hatton, 12/2/2017*