

THAT UNBLINDING LIGHT

Merely for their mounting mass, I trust tales
most skeptics doubt about glimpses beyond.
Those travelers rued returning, coming back here.
Such stark luminosity, too bright for naked eyes,
was much too soothing a bath for naked souls.

Yes, that otherwise blinding illumination,
emanating with vital, penetrating intensity,
unveiled all—from their swim in uterine seas
to hovering, hurled headlong out-of-body—
all events relived, their past refelt in a flash.

Then, as metal hyper-magnetically attracted,
their disembodied selves shot up irresistibly
speeding forth toward the irradiating Source:
not Light alone, but all-knowing Presence;
not sheer power, but Love's living Personality.

Forgotten, all shock or suffering at departure,
until that loving Being's dread telepathic word
ordaining reluctant reversal: "Not your time yet."
Jolted back to this dim, cramped pain and clutter,
can anyone blame the returnee's sworn regret?

— *David L. Hatton, 5/2/2016*