

THE BODY SPEAKS

How foolish are the doctrines
Despising flesh and skin,
 Suspecting lust
 Within the dust
That we are living in!

Our Maker is an Artist
Whose compositions speak.
 The body's word
 Is seldom heard,
Except by those who seek.

There's artwork in the body—
Divine incarnate speech—
 And open hearts
 Can hear the parts,
For there's a voice in each.

The head is close to heaven,
Because the brain must be
 A likeness of
 The God of love
And creativity.

The eyes need light for vision
To see if tales are true,
 And faith is blind
 Till rays divine
Restore our sight anew.

The ears can weigh vibrations
As sweet or bitter sounds.
 They run in flight
 Or take delight,
When guiding truth abounds.

The mouth shows need for nurture
That self cannot supply,
 And lips call out
 To those about
With their connecting cry.

The arms enfold their lover;
The breasts embrace their fruit.
 And to His side
 God hugs the Bride
Who treasured His pursuit.

The hands extend the image
That human work must bear
 Of Him Who willed
 That we should build
His Kingdom everywhere.

The pro-creative organs
Are matched to meet as mates
 And bring by birth
 New life on earth,
As Triune Love creates.

The legs and feet, so busy
To crawl and walk and run,
 Predict our trail
 Shall never fail
Beyond the setting sun.

— *David L. Hatton, 8/10/2015*