

THE DEAD

There's just a layer spread out thin,
Only a fringe of us on earth
Still living here to name the beasts,
Tend the garden and dance with mirth.

Most all of us have flown away
From journeys either short or long
With some yet singing, forced to go
Before they sang a farewell song.

Comparatively few remain
In sun to bask, of fruit to taste,
With tests to take, choices to make,
Led well to work, misled to waste.

Behind are left invested lives—
Once deposited, not returned.
We keep alone the deeds performed,
Decisions chosen, lessons learned.

That huge majority awaits—
Until God's Resurrection Day—
The next sure set of you and me
To feel death take our breath away.

Shall we delight or dread to join
The crowds our souls must greet or grieve?
Our faith in grace or folly's greed
Determines which, before we leave.

— *David L. Hatton, 6/27/2015*