

THE GAME CHANGER

There lurks a slavish subtlety
in cyber-gaming's mystery
where new adventure's mastery
can bind in trappings taut.

It's not primeval free-will law
nor RAM and ROM that form the flaw,
but frank surrender to the draw
away from what we ought.

If we're to win back what's been sold,
we must relearn the songs of old,
the sagas prophet-bards foretold
of triumphs most forgot. . . .

Soon after her God-labored birth,
a battlefield of global girth
sprang up to ravage Mother Earth,
as fiends and angels fought.

The Maker's Self-expanding plan
for guarding His terrestrial span
was imaging Himself in Man—
of flesh and spirit wrought.

You know the tale . . . it's in the Book:
our sacred stand we soon forsook,
and Terra's now the Serpent's nook,
which Christ by Cross re-bought.

Campaigns and clean-up through the years,
by bloody martyrdom and tears,
have pierced our enemy with fears
that Hell will come to naught.

While demons fled and wraiths were bound,
with scores of pagan strongholds downed,
the devil tried to hold his ground.
New strategies were sought.

A dark return was the result:
regrouping flanks from the occult,
where witches gibe and jinn exult
in spells and curses wrought.

But Satan's strategy has changed,
his old deployment's rearranged
to make the human mind estranged
from God, from life, from thought.

"We'll get them passionate," he said,
"in realms connected with our dead
by drumming stories in their head
until their wills are caught!"

"With narratives of ancient fame
We'll capture millions through my game
and on their gifts and skills lay claim,
by fervent folly fraught.

"They're blind to how my will controls
real evil through their made-up roles.
They'll never know I guide their souls!"
He launched this subtle plot.

With amulets and potions filled,
his interactive dramas thrilled,
while godly goals were being stilled,
and Heaven's host distraught.

Unwitting players, lulled and caged,
were drained of power—disengaged
from posts where Earth's true war is waged,
which praying veterans taught.

Before this fantasy is sealed,
take up God's Sword and faith's strong shield
and on this fiendish fortress wield
the weapons Jesus brought!

Let Light on phantom darkness shine!
Destroy the camps where demons dine!
Restore the real-life battle line!
Cut through illusion's knot!

— David L. Hatton, 11/12/2019