

## THE GODHEAD

To speak of God, all grammar fails:  
*Past tense* expires; the *future* quails;  
The *present*'s dash between those dreams,  
Explodes, engulfing all extremes.

If words attempt to tell God's name,  
"I AM" must stand to make the claim—  
All letters raised in upper case,  
If they dare Deity embrace.

Yet *person* must be *plural*, if true:  
The Godhead dwells as more than TWO,  
For "God is love" eternally,  
And changeless social love needs THREE.

Tri-unity is so complete  
That *singular* alone is meet  
To capture such a Trinity:  
*Third person plural* is always "He."

"But why must *masculine* prevail?  
God's not a woman nor a male!"  
Today these language complaints are cried  
When revelation is denied.

The Maker so Himself reveals  
That all creation knows it feels  
As *feminine* as mother earth,  
Compared to Him Who spoke its birth.

But hear this mystery sublime:  
God breached our grammar's space and time,  
Became a truly gendered man,  
And launched a cosmic wedding plan.

The faithful, who to 'self' have died,  
Will join together as His Bride,  
To wed the Godhead's Human Son,  
Whose sacrifice has made us one.

"The Maker marry me and you?"  
Doubt laughs, "That's too good to be true!"  
But all who know His love as we  
Can answer, "Too good not to be!"

— David L. Hatton, 12/19/2016