

THE LAST LAUGH

(Psalm 2:4)

It's almost coming to a halt
That you can mock us anymore.
You've laughed and laugh and yet will laugh,
But time is flying fast:
The twilight's almost past!
Too late, this fault will sound no more,
And yet you laugh.

We've tried to warn you of the night!
We've cried for you, and yet we cry,
"The time is coming for the Laugh,
The final, coming fast,
The final Laugh laughed last!"
Is there still sight before good-bye?
Or just a laugh. . . .

When time was young, it passed the same.
We stood alone then, while you jeered.
You killed us with your bloody laugh,
And still we hear the blast
That on our bones was cast!
But all your fame has now been smeared
Into a laugh!

We hear the roar you shout today—
In frolic mocking God on High
With all your toys to make you laugh.
Your world of jokes is vast,
But it is ending fast!
The end of play is drawing nigh
When none shall laugh.

You've rolled with laughter at the Love
That we have patiently pursued.
When we would share it, you would laugh,
But those of you who've passed
Already feel the blast!
The burning of a solitude
Where wails no laugh.

The noise you gaily beat this hour
Will ring eternally a scream
That once had been your godless laugh.
"The pain! Too late! The past!"
Unceasingly to last!
That note, so sour, to end your dream,
When God shall laugh.

— David L. Hatton, 7/24/1970