

THE MEETING OF EAST AND WEST

Though the West sits to feast from the best of the East,
Where creation re-cycles its light from the past,
Stores of wealth from the East may be little increased
By the hopeful progression the West has forecast.

For the seasons repeat, and all life spins a song
In a poetic wheel where five spokes sing in rhyme,
But a prophetic hope pushes progress along
On the path from the past to a future in Time.

There's a Way in the middle, where *yin* and *yang* greet
Where the Truth is a Person Who split time in two.
He's the Life wherein Heaven and whirling Earth meet,
By Whom nature began . . . in Whom all becomes new.

— *David L. Hatton, 3/12/2012*