

THE NATURE POETS

Some nature poets I have read
Thought they would rest beneath the soil,
 When they were dead,
That life was rich with grief and gain,
But when the key began to rust
 And turn with pain,
They would in death from earth recoil
And find an everlasting bed
 Within the dust.

They all know, now that they are dead,
That life was more: they could have known
 And better read
The Word of Life that heals the grief,
That Word who quenches fires of greed
 And unbelief,
So that the soul, when flesh is sown
In dusty death's consuming bed,
 Arises, freed.

They could have prayed and turned to shed
The blinding spell of unbelief,
 But long they fed
On what life's nature never taught:
A vibrant feasting without God.
 If they had sought
The Root of life, then Love's relief
Forever would have been their bread
 Beyond the sod.

— *David L. Hatton, 12/2/1994*