

THE OTHER SIDE

I've tasted truth and beauty,
enjoying songs of mirth.
I've felt the call of duty,
while dwelling on the earth.
But it was hard to do it,
and even though I tried,
I knew, at times, I blew it,
and for forgiveness cried.

I heard the call of Jesus,
when I was only nine,
and found it's true: He frees us
from sin, by grace divine.
But, so we won't go near it—
that path where demons hide—
He gives His Holy Spirit
as Guardian and Guide.

I've stopped to smell sweet flowers,
while dancing garden trails,
and used poetic powers
to capture thoughts and tales.
My mind was ever learning,
but often I have sighed
at truths that teased my yearning
for mysteries denied.

I'm not intimidated
by death's sea, feared by some,
but patiently have waited
for what is yet to come.
My eyes of faith are steady,
fast fixed beyond the tide,
Where friends and kin are ready
to greet me when I've died.

Though grateful for the graces
of earthly life and love,
I long for promised places
that Christ prepared above.
So, when my journey's over,
with Reaper satisfied
and bones beneath the clover,
I'll hike the other side.

— David L. Hatton, 10/26/2017