

THE TONGUE

Hell reaches out its horrid tongue of damning death
To penetrate our souls and sow its hateful lies,
While Heaven blows down fruitful flames of Spirit breath
To purge our lips with peace and make us warm and wise.

No man is so immune, no woman so well hid,
That fire from Hell is not life's tempting verbal trap:
Our tongue burns hot, condemns, and blames what others did,
While demons laugh to watch us land in Satan's lap.

We make ears drink words sweet or bitter from our well--
Our mouth pronounces verbal blessings or a curse.
Instead of blasting accusations born in Hell,
Why not let devils cringe from praises we disperse?

Dispel Hell's poison with the whispers angels teach.
Control the forest fire before the spark is lit.
Let benediction sanctify our daily speech.
Let wrathful echoes fail and fall back to the Pit.

— *David L. Hatton, 5/22/1995*