

THE TWO TREES

It happens, Lord, at each approach
I make in prayer:
My own ideas and thoughts encroach
To keep me where
My earth-bound logic plays the king,
Usurps the throne,
Entranced while speechless idols sing,
Then sits alone.

My wayward mind insists it knows,
By works of word,
The One from Whom all meaning flows.
Yet how absurd,
Imagining that reason's art,
A gift of grace,
Could turn and paint its Master's heart
And touch His face.

The fruit plucked from the "knowing" tree
Is dry and curst.
The drink ordained to set me free
And quench my thirst
Grows on the tree of Life Divine
Where Love has bled,
Where faith may feast on bread and wine,
And hope is fed.

— *David L. Hatton, 2/16/1996*