

THE WILL

No will is weak.
All souls are strong
To choose their choices, right or wrong.

While wayward wills
Know to obey,
They rhyme and reason it away.

Though minds be weak,
Emotions frail,
Some launch with them as chart and sail.

Yes, wisdom warns,
And tempests chide,
But wants and whims won't be denied.

When hearts are bent
To have their way,
Their faulty wishes lead astray.

You doubt this true?
Review the Book!
Beware what duped desire took!

Forbidden fruit
Is still in style,
Along with sin's guilt-ridden guile.

We think we're free,
But we are not.
That dream's a ploy in Satan's plot.

No soul is safe;
Our foe is set
On keeping us his servants yet.

Each human will
Is free alone
Beneath the reign of Heaven's throne.

— *David L. Hatton, 2/6/2016*