

THEY THAT MOURN

Mourn, mourn for the hurting heart
Who feels eternity's
Whimsical dart . . .
Beloved breath
Has joined eternity's
Home, home through the vale of death.

Mourn, mourn for the weeping soul
Who longs for certainty's
Promising goal. . .
Capricious day
Has merged with certainty's
Date, date for the final stay.

Mourn, mourn for the wounded one
Who grieves fraternity's
Separate run. . .
Bright Heaven's fires
That cheered fraternity's
Flame, flame into lost desires.

Mourn, mourn for the curse we bear
That gives maturity's
Regular share. . .
Our common ground:
To learn maturity's
Pain, pain in an earth that's bound.

Mourn, mourn both for you and me,
Who hear security's
Perishing plea. . .
A dying trust
In false security's
Love, love in our hands of dust.

Mourn, mourn for the tearful face
That walks formality's
Funeral trace. . .
Appointment last
With stark formality's
Tears, tears for the happy past.

Mourn, mourn with a world that's torn,
Then hope eternity's
Guarantee sworn. . .
Bouquets adorn
Divine eternity's
Pledge, pledge of a Spring reborn.

— David L. Hatton, 8/4/1994