

## TIME PEACE

You can't with gold buy happiness  
Or capture fleeting joys.  
Elusive pleasures shine, but pass  
Like once-new, broken toys . . .

The hours and days, the weeks, the years,  
All flirt while flying by  
And tease the sinner's heart to tears  
For things that flash, then die.

Eternity is waiting still  
On those preoccupied  
With demon dreams that drain the will  
While feasting on its pride.

Eternity is waiting yet  
To trade life's tragic clock  
For peace that offers no regret  
Within the Shepherd's flock.

— *David L. Hatton, 1/22/1995*