

UNTIL HE COMES

I stared at all the naked poor
who starved beneath harsh burdens long
in prison-treadmills of the rich,
and writhed in hopeless slavery's pit
to gorge their master's appetites.
I raised my fist in holy zeal
and mined the walls with TNT
to blast oppression's wretched scheme.
Away they flew, and each brick screamed:
the wall was now just bleeding flesh,
that scattered soil with orphans' tears
and left young widows stripped for rape.
At that I wept in sickened shock—
and watched the poor, so newly freed,
in frenzy flee to live with pigs
on the Animal Farm close by.

So in the throne-room of the King
I knelt with weary, blood-stained hands,
and did not raise my eyes to Him,
as heart-tears soaked my agony.
He rose and washed my hands, then said,
“That's not the spirit meant for you:
I came to save, not to destroy.”
He dried my cheeks, then stood me up
and raised my chin to hold my gaze,
“As I was sent, so send I you:
Take up the cross and follow Me.”

With zeal renewed, I left my knees
and ran for Leader of the Land.
My path to Power was a track
of compromise, unwilling packs,
and lonely speeches, partly mine.
And each step closer to the top
was tighter than the one before,
until I saw the iron chair,
and sitting there, was strapped within.
And though I could not even move
to keep the promises I'd made,
I fought all those who worked to try
to take my chair to do the same.
My time was spent not in reform
but in preserving many walls,

for in them, from my Leader's view,
the corporate welfare was secure.
The system I inherited
sealed all decisions I could make,
and even locked my fingers on
the trigger of world massacre.

But in the midst of binding web—
(political technocracy)—
I heard the throne-room's gentle Voice:
"It's not by might or power, My child,
but by My Spirit and My Word."

Broken, humbled, sad, and sore,
I fell into the urban sprawl
of wounded lives and poverty,
of untaught minds with programmed brains,
of budding criminals and their prey,
of beggars dressed in tattered rags
and some in silk and velvet gowns.
I took a city job and worked
beside them in their treadmill lives,
and lived the story of the King.
My door was open, and my home
became a refuge for the weak;
I gave my coat and shared my fire,
I visited their prison cells,
I fed them when they had no food
and tried to nurse their sick to health.
And one day while I bathed their feet,
I noticed at my side He knelt
and bound the wounds of one nearby. . .
He smiled and waved His hand about:
"Behold, My throne-room; now you see
where I have been this planet's light.
And now you shine, and now you're free
to stand before men's walls to preach.
And if they fall, or if they stand
until they feel My trumpet's blast,
you've followed where your King has walked
in faith, and heedless of success."

— *David L. Hatton, 1983*