

## VALENTINE'S EVE MEDITATION

How lonesome, lover, I would be  
Without you.

If from this tiny stretch of space  
And time we call our race  
Your life should run ahead of me. . .  
Yet such has joy, my sweet,  
In detail taught my heart  
About you,  
That I could never languish  
Long to mourn my fairest dead,  
To straggle somberly behind  
To stagger stagnantly. . .  
Too rich you've made my mind—  
Too fully we are wed.

Oh, not to mock the anguish  
I would meet!  
But dear, our bosom bond—  
This friendship Jesus sent  
So we, as one, might live our life—  
Has made my days complete.  
And all the love that went  
Between us goes beyond  
Where death, like earthly strife,  
Cannot defeat!

But lonesome, lover, I would be  
Without you.

— *David L. Hatton 2/13/1993*