

WE POETS

“They love to write their poetry,” you thought?
We all, one voice, would answer, “It’s a must!”
Succumbing to the consonance and rhyme,
Entranced by sacred duty, solemn trust,
We weave with word-sung, cadence-keeping time
The ancient net where reason’s heart is caught.

Old poets, ardent singers, dead and gone,
They knew this burden, and they left it here.
Now we, their students, willing so or not,
Constrain the language, write in faith or fear,
Revive the rhythms that the world forgot,
And prod the human race to journey on.

Today’s brash songs that crowd the cluttered mind,
They numb the soul with lust and grim despair,
They rumble through a frantic world turned sour
With foolish spurning of its Maker’s care.
True poets, bred and fed on older power,
Spring up to rouse this listless humankind.

We poets, slaves to Virtue’s ink and pen,
Inflamed by inner fire to dream and dance,
Must chant the classic chords of wit and will,
Awake the frozen heart from deadly trance,
Attune lost memories with primal skill,
And chide the wayward world to think again.

— *David L. Hatton, 2/25/1994*