

WHITE SHEETS

At first, over white sheets,
glimmering snow in the sun's light,
with speed and laughter and thrill.
She was held close to him that night:
side by side, sitting by the firelight,
secure and warm and growing. . .

Then, under white sheets,
clinging and covering in the restless fight
with pain and moaning and fear.
She was left alone by him that night:
supported with pillows, lying so still,
wondering if there was hope. . .

I pulled the white sheets
up around her neck; her eyes begging me,
stay, nurse, please, just to talk, I'm so afraid.
I mourned the daughter of the race that night:
at her side I prayed and touched
her trembling frame beneath the white sheets.
She shared her hurt and fear,
his rejection after her surgery;
then asked me, was there hope.
So, I spoke of Love's light;
the Son's light glimmered above her white sheets
and she stared serenely at the last—
She said she saw Him coming,
catching her up briskly over white sheets
in a sky of rich celestial blue.

Then, those white sheets
over her cold and wasted shell of flesh;
and oh, I wept for that daughter, but. . .
She was held close by Him that night,
side by side, walking in eternal light,
secure and warm and growing. . .

— David L. Hatton, 3/7/1981