

WOMAN

She is woman . . . and much abused:
Her lovely womb and breasts and buttocks were infused
With sordid meaning, twisted thought,
By vain imagination packaged, sold, and bought.
A wayward culture holds her chain,
And even sermons preach the sex-obsessed refrain
That turns her body parts and skin
Into ignition points for carnal lust and sin.

Yet in her flesh, along with man,
She bears the image of the Maker's master plan
For a Self-portrait, so designed
That in their bodies they declare His holy mind.
God's leadership and strength is shown
In shoulder breadth and muscle, for which men are known.
But women's wombs, that swell for birth,
Reflect God's own heart pregnant with creation's worth.
And in their breasts, where babies feed,
We see the nurture from God's bosom humans need.
These signs laid bare in wholesome light
Should launch our souls to praise God's glory at the sight.

She is woman . . . Lord, set her free
To be the temple You intended her to be.
And let Your church repent her rape
By calling lewd the beauty of her shape.
Since in her flesh You wish to dwell,
Lord, damn these lies that make her form a path to hell.

— *David L. Hatton, 12/31/09*