

NURSES AND NUILITY

“Stark naked,” they say, is a state of the mind,
and “nude” is a lesson in art.
In nursing, I’ve studied their meanings combined
in bodies and thoughts of the heart.

Exposed for exam, or a treatment, or bath,
the work of our Maker is seen.
In public His craft would elicit the wrath
of being reputed “Obscene!”

We waver concerning our natural state,
“indecent” by cultural whim.
We zealously flaunt it or hide it with hate
by standards of “shapely” and “slim.”

Such trivial trifling is sentenced to die,
when starkly the soul is laid bare.
False modesty’s game shows its shame as a lie,
when clothes are relinquished for care.

Both patients and nurses discover what’s real,
when man-contrived fig leaves are gone:
that humans are not what our dress makes us feel. . .
we’re more than the things we put on.

When porno pimps market the skin of our dust,
society labels it “Wrong!”
yet raises our young with temptations to lust
by singing pornography’s song.

The nurse sees this mockery stripped of its might,
and patients are witnesses, too.
Our simple humanity comes to the light
when body parts come into view.

For people are people, dressed up or undressed,
reflecting God’s image divine.
Our bodies are temples, and nurses are blessed
to take care of Heaven’s design.

— *David L. Hatton, 1/14/2008*