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On the Priesthood

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On the Priesthood

I dream a house in life I will not see:
Its marble, books, and silk and templed walls,
Holy, chandeliers, colored glass, and halls,
All corridors and well-hung tapestries.
I would, in spring, take garden strolls and think.
In fall, recline, in winter, by the fire,
And grant myself my meaningless desire.
Raise herbs, and cook; Raise grapes, make wine, and drink.
And there, within my sacred house, would I,
Grow old! Grow old! And rest so splendidly,
That I, delightfully, so carelessly,
Could live amongst my memories and die.
 But, dream, I do; it is my sacrifice.
 I trade one paradise one paradise.

By T.F.G. Warner