

In My Father's House

No, not cold beneath the grasses,
Not close-walled within the tomb;
Rather, in my Father's mansion,
Living, in another room.

Living, like the one who loves me,
Like yon child with cheeks abloom,
Out of sight, at desk or schoolbook,
Busy, in another room.

Nearer than the youth whom fortune
Beckons where the strange lands loom;
Just behind the hanging curtain,
Serving, in another room.

Shall I doubt my Father's mercy?
Shall I think of death as doom,
Or the stepping o'er the threshold
To a bigger, brighter room?

Shall I blame my Father's wisdom?
Shall I sit enswathed in gloom,
When I know my Love is happy
Waiting, in another room?

Robert Freeman