

## OCHOZIAS: A DREAM

*'And Ochosias fell through the lattices of his upper chamber  
in Samaria' (IV Kings I, 2).*

ONE day, it is my dream, I too shall fall  
Clean through the lattices of that old self  
Which dotes so much on human praise and pelf,  
And then at last look up, deaf to the call  
Of that same self which did so long enthrall  
My pilgrim spirit, and gay as any elf,  
I shall have done with such dull earthen delf,  
Finding the living gold with Heaven's wide hall,  
Through which to sport and wander for all time,  
Free as the rushing wind that round me sings,  
Able at last to spread my freedom's wings,  
Flashing like light to penetrate and climb  
Each magic glen and mountain, and with kings  
Of poesy and song to match my rhyme.

Then shall I mount the heavens and be free  
To 'sit in heavenly places' with the saints,  
Feasting my soul on all that fancy paints,  
All I did ever long to hear and see.  
O, what a world of wonders that will be!  
With very joy my trembling spirit faints,  
Haunted no more by that which soils and taints  
And robs me now of what God meant for me.

But there's a thought dearer to me; this earth,  
This crippled, wandering, human earth I love,  
How will it look to me upon that day?  
No more I'll question its celestial birth,  
But see it as God sees it from above,  
A golden planet glittering on its way.

ROMUALD ALEXANDER, O.S.B.