

The Palace Down the Road

By Glenn Currier

There's a palace a good piece away
it opens its doors to all on Sunday
and for those who enter that place
there are endless treasures of grace

Bracelets, locket, and chalices of gold
wines of vintage foreign and old
priceless objects shining bright
and flowing arraignment of light

Some of the wealth is tough to bear
requiring much thought and earnest prayer
there are precious lessons and pages
of thought and wisdom gathered for ages

But the man presiding on the stage
provokes and prods and makes you engage
your moral compass before you receive
his riches, before you can leave

Who wouldn't go to this palace each week
to gather those gems to hear sages speak
who wouldn't eat the food, drink the wine
sing and listen and discover the divine?

Author's Note: This poem describes what I get from my church.

Written 8-27-15