

# WANTON

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Life led you gently to her inner shrine  
And gave her ancient treasures to your care,  
Old jewelled cups that chanting priests might bear,  
And plainer vessels, earthen, crude of line,  
By age-long use of worship made divine  
And centuries of sacrifice; your share  
Of loving task to guard them close, aware  
Of that far toil that shaped their strange design.

But you—you smiled to see the quaint array.  
And “Oh!” you cried, “I’ll serve a merry feast  
And make new pleasure of these time-worn things!  
What if they break before another day?  
I shall have laughter for the night at least!”  
Unconscious you of soft withdrawing wings.