

Robert L. Martin
The Room Upstairs

The highest for the highest on high
A groan, a shriek, a big deep sigh
A carriage waiting with soft silk banners
From hovels below and country manors

Blazing clouds wrap around crimson skies
To the earth sink ye heavy laden eyes
Days of thy glory ride out with mortal hopes
The sun breaking free from terrestrial ropes

A celestial ride with faceless drivers
Those who lived, those few survivors
From cracked hallways up to ivory rooms
From mortal desserts into florid blooms

They drift into spaces reserved for kings
Noble beds for all what heaven brings
Golden horns in their shoutings at the gate
As marble roads and pillows softly wait

A fate worth ten fold as angels chant
A life of harmony for we thee grant
Kings and paupers are all the same
A fresh new echelon without a name
The room upstairs with our names inscribed
The room upstairs with open arms inside
"Rest thy weary head upon my pillows"