

Actors' House

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John 14:2

This house is ours for just a month or two
When we're in town, performing in a play.
Nobody lives here; we're just passing through.

Outside, the clapboard's scuffed as some old shoe.
If paint was once applied, that paint was gray.
This house is ours for just a month or two.

Inside, the rooms are clean but spare, the hue
Is eggshell, just like everywhere today.
Nobody lives here; we're just passing through.

We find a half-filled bottle of shampoo,
A dried-out vase clutching a dried bouquet.
This house is ours for just a month or two.

Now come rehearsals, then the first previews.
The run's six nights a week plus matinees.
Nobody lives here; we're just passing through.

Yet there's another house, with many rooms,
Prepared for us beyond our acting days.
That house we had for just a month or two?
It's there to tell us: We're just passing through.