If I could write a poem or song to set
Me on the shelf somewhere between Herbert
And Donne, and all I had to do was write
A poem or song that man would love, but God
Would be ashamed of, then I should hope
I'd take that power and sing a song of praise
To God with perfect pitch, untainted tone
And words like those of David's, for not an ear
But His. But He is merciful and wise
To keep the muse away, for if she fell
Upon me now, His praise I would not sing.
I should be deeply grateful my Lord denies
To let the muse descend. For if she did,
I would gladly praise myself as I became
A poet of poets and made myself a name.

1It is "better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n." –
Words spoken by Satan in Paradise Lost, Book 1.