

# C. S. LEWIS: A LIFE

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Donald T. Williams

Such a tapestry his mind could weave;  
He gave us Puddleglum and Reepicheep!  
Yet there were two things he could not conceive:  
A book too long, a pot of tea too deep.

He plumbed the deepest caves of human thought;  
He climbed the peaks of poetry and song,  
Yet never could he find that God had wrought  
A cup of tea too large, a book too long.

Each day would dawn to the same set of plans:  
Chapel, breakfast, and then what comes next?  
The endless quest to satisfy the man's  
Voracious appetite for tea and text.

He gave his time, his energy, his love  
To pupils, letters, books, and family,  
To friends, chores, God—and the fulfillment of  
His endless appetite for text and tea.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> This poem is taken from the book *Stars Through the Clouds: The Collected Poetry of Donald T. Williams*, 2nd ed. (Lynchburg: Lantern Hollow Press, 2018), and is used here by permission.