The Journey of the Magi  
TS Eliot

A cold coming we had of it,  
Just the worst time of the year  
For a journey, and such a long journey:  
The ways deep and the weather sharp,  
The very dead of winter.

And the camels galled, sorefooted, refractory,  
Lying down in the melting snow.

There were times we regretted  
The summer palaces on slopes, the terraces,  
And the silken girls bringing sherbet.

Then the camel men cursing and grumbling  
and running away, and wanting their liquor and women,

And the night-fires going out, and the lack of shelters,  
And the cities hostile and the towns unfriendly  
And the villages dirty and charging high prices:

A hard time we had of it.

At the end we preferred to travel all night,  
Sleeping in snatches,  
With the voices singing in our ears, saying  
That this was all folly.

All this was a long time ago, I remember,

And I would do it again, but set down  
This set down

This: were we led all that way for Birth or Death?

There was a Birth, certainly  
We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth and death,  
But had thought they were different; this Birth was  
Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death.

We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,  
But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,  
With an alien people clutching their gods.

I should be glad of another death.