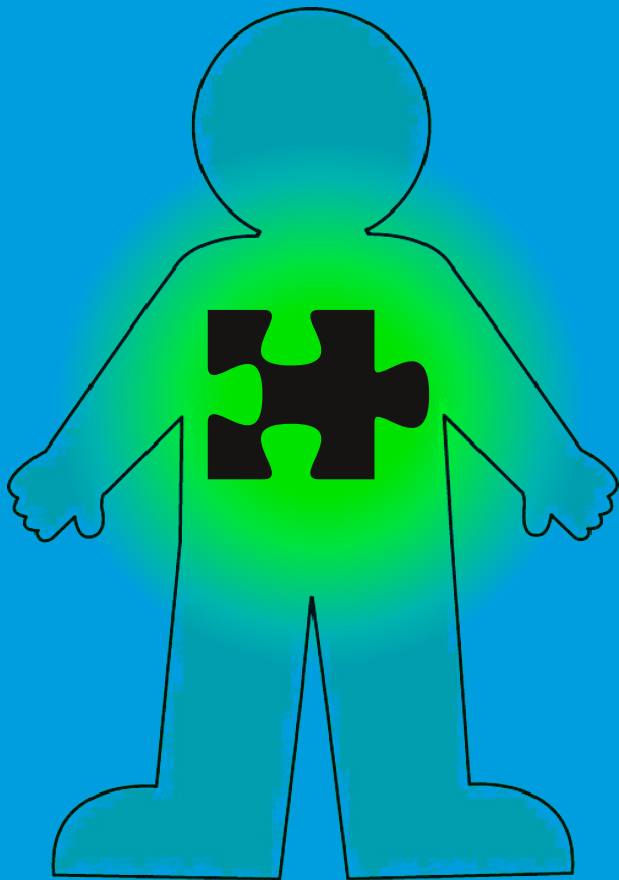


Empty Space



A Poem by
Robert Prins

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I have an empty space inside
Which I've tried to fill, I've tried and tried.
It's a vacuum like a hunger pain,
A wild beast I cannot tame.

I found good jokes, I drank fine wine,
It was only on the best I'd dine,
But once the food and fun had left
Of fulfilment I was still bereft.

I built a house and made it great,
I planted gardens by the gate.
The trees I planted grew so tall,
But they didn't fill my space at all.

I gathered money for my bank
Hoping it would fill my tank,
Flash cars and boats and everything,
But I couldn't fill my space with bling.

Singing songs and writing books
I thought would give me all the looks,
The fame, the glory, show and glitz,
But the place to fill was not the Ritz.

And then I learned that just one thing
Would fill the hole and make me sing:
To fear my God and love him too,
Is exactly what I was made to do.

Empty Space

How do we fill that empty space
inside of us?

We can try all sorts of things but not
everything fills the void.

A wise man tried everything 3000
years ago and left his findings on
record for us.

Find out what the wise man found in
this short poem by Robert Prins.

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