

This was one of my first poems I ever wrote.

For a time in a space,
Life is but an image in a place.
Senses added purpose made,
Life seems but a promenade.
But without guidance purpose is lost,
Eternal consequences at too high a cost.
Without God no goal is reached,
Live in flesh no prison breached.
If self-serving and not discerning,
Never fulfilled will be your yearning.
Find the light that reveals more,
That displays the soul and heaven's door.
What can do this? Know not I,
Though I search so low and high.
It be not science, it be not art,
Nor something in the Holy Ark.
Could it be this little book,
For which I give a hopeful look?
Turn the pages read the words,
Of the perfect home high above the birds.
A perfect Father who loves me so,
From fathomless depths I'll never know.
He permeates all time and space,
And brings alive my present place.
He gives me purpose and joys unknown,
Come my Father, come take me home.