

# GOD-shaped hole



*by christine prater*



there was an emptiness inside of me  
that hungered for sweet relief  
it called like a chasm, it burned like a fire  
from loneliness, heartache, and grief

i tried to feed it the world and its lies  
its theories, quick-fixes, and sin  
but that only fed the unrelenting flames  
and I'd find myself empty again

I' d built my own castle on the sands of this world  
and then wondered why I felt alone  
for the greatest of treasures gained here on earth  
cannot compare to The Throne

for I heard someone say that You made me this way  
that Your Word is to be food for my soul  
that it was Your Plan to bring me back again  
with these beautiful God-shaped holes

feed me My Father. fill in these holes  
and push out the world when you do

My Father, My Maker  
oh Seamstress of Souls  
all that can heal me is you

I' ve stitched life together with fear-colored thread  
trying to mend my own pain  
and stood back and admired my own handiwork  
just until the wound opened again

i need you Dear Father. My Creator, My Friend  
to knit me back together and mend  
me back to that girl you so wonderfully made  
on that day when at first life began

so smooth out the scars but leave just a trace  
so I can remember in awe  
all that's been healed by your mercy and grace  
and in wholeness, now answer your call