

**Articles and Sermons :: A rich man's poem by Derek Melton**

A rich man's poem by Derek Melton - posted by sermonindex (), on: 2011/6/29 15:46

All of my life, for me I lived, pleasure to pursue,
All the while, at my gate, a man I never knew;
While I feasted, had my fill, delighting in my lot,
Begging for my crumbs, riddled with sores, give him I will not.

For by my hands, these goods of mine, have fallen in their place,
That beggar man, ignoble birth, pathetic pleading face;
Passing by my gate, I hide my face, my fare I will withhold,
For inside my gate, even my dogs, wear garments made of gold.

Through the years, my goods increase, my waste is others want,
Lips stained with wine, new barns to build, all of my wealth so to vaunt;
That voice I hear, oh so near, that beggar outside my gate?
Leather skin, lapped over bones, hath chosen his own fate!

Sunday morn, such a crowd, more riches to attain,
Gucci suit, diamond rings, much fortune and much fame;
The music dawns, the sermon spawns, the offering is so great,
All the while, that suffering man, lying at my gate.

After the show, Iâve got to go, speed away in my Mercedes Benz,
Finest foods, I have my fill, my increase knows no end;
I only wish, that rancid smell, coming from my gate,
Would go away, with his need, for this I truly hate!

Is this not, the church today, drunk on much success?

While the poor, in their pain, are given less and less?

How can we claim, Jesus name, withholding Jesus love?

His hands and feet, we are to be, sent from heaven above!

It's your choice, what will you do, the poor are at your gate?

Heaped with sores, in want and lack, please do not hesitate!

For if you chose, to turn away, their pains you will not share,

The book of life, seals your reward, your name shall not be there!