

# Empty Temples

Empty temples everywhere made of gold  
Built to a god — stone cold.

Empty worship by a wheel going round  
Spinning prayers with unheard sound.

Empty children seeking help of visitors from afar  
'Til they recognize Jesus, the pain can never disappear.

The gold on the temple glistens in the sun  
But there is no hope without God's Son.

Red painted foreheads chant repeatedly to no avail;  
Rice left to feed their gods leaves nothing but the smell.

Cows wander aimlessly through the streets with ancestral respect;  
While children hang precariously close to death.

Poverty infuses the mood of time standing still.  
Only God can change the spirits that prevail.

Masses of empty temples everywhere!  
Who will give them the news?  
When will we share?

**Patricia R. White**

*(an original work — written upon her return from Nepal)*