

# Full Blown

I look into my empty hands,  
and wonder where you are.

Where did I go wrong.

When did I lose my fire?

I long to fill this empty space.

The one you used to fill.

How can I draw nearer,  
and run back to your call?

Now I think I understand.

I open up my heart.

why do I believe in you?

In what do you have a part?

I praise this name out loud.

I cry to this man Jesus.

when did I slip away?

This love is just too blessed.

I look into my empty hands,  
and feel more than I have known.

Why had I run from you?

Your love is so full blown.

By: Natalie A. Thornhill

Dedicated to Anna Probst.