

The Rich Man

by Carolyn Gibbs



Have you heard about the man
Who gave away his frying pan?
Who gave away his coat, his hat
And said: "I have no need of that"?

He gave away his watch, his jewels.
People said, "That man's a fool!"
He gave his money to the poor
And said: "My dears, you need it more."

He gave away his books of prose.
He said: "I have no need of those!"
He gave away his pictures too.
"Begone!" he said, "I don't need you!"

And when he gave away his food
People started being rude.
"The man is mad," all of them said.
And then he gave away his bed!

He gave away his shoes and socks,
Put all his videos in a cardboard box.
"Come on!" he cried, "just help yourselves,
I've plenty more stuff on the shelves!"

And when his house was almost clear
Folk said: "He's nothing left we fear!"
"You're oh so wrong," he said with glee,
For I am really rich you see!

"I'm rich beyond my wildest dreams.
Richer than millionaires with get-rich schemes.
I'm rich," he said, "by an enormous measure,
For I have found the most amazing treasure!

"It's worth far more than books of prose,
Frying pans and videos.
That stuff can vanish overnight,
Without it all, my future's bright!

"I'm rich, I'm rich as rich can be.
I've so much treasure, can't you see?
I'm rich with love, with happiness.
Where's it come from? Can't you guess?

"This treasure sparkles, I've been told,
Not with jewels, not with gold;
It shines with all the gems of heaven.
It's God's treasure I've been given!"

The people shrugged, the people laughed.
"As we thought," they said, "he's daft!"
Said the man: "Just wait and see,
I think the last laugh will be with me!"

