

A Child's Meditation on Mt. 18:3 OJBC

Phillip Goble

For him the land was seasoned Spring
(He had somersaulted down hills all down)
And reeling him tumbling on savory green
He had likewise rolled eyes and found
His littlesome person
(Gone upside-short)
Had commenced thence to whistle
Anew life's import.

Thus singing of Father and matters of sky
(He'd wondered if blue goes forever)
He'd questioned if others go never to die
But somersault sun from the heather
To loop Death invalid
(Under wonder of down)
For a Ben Elohim yeled
With a Bria Chadasha crown.