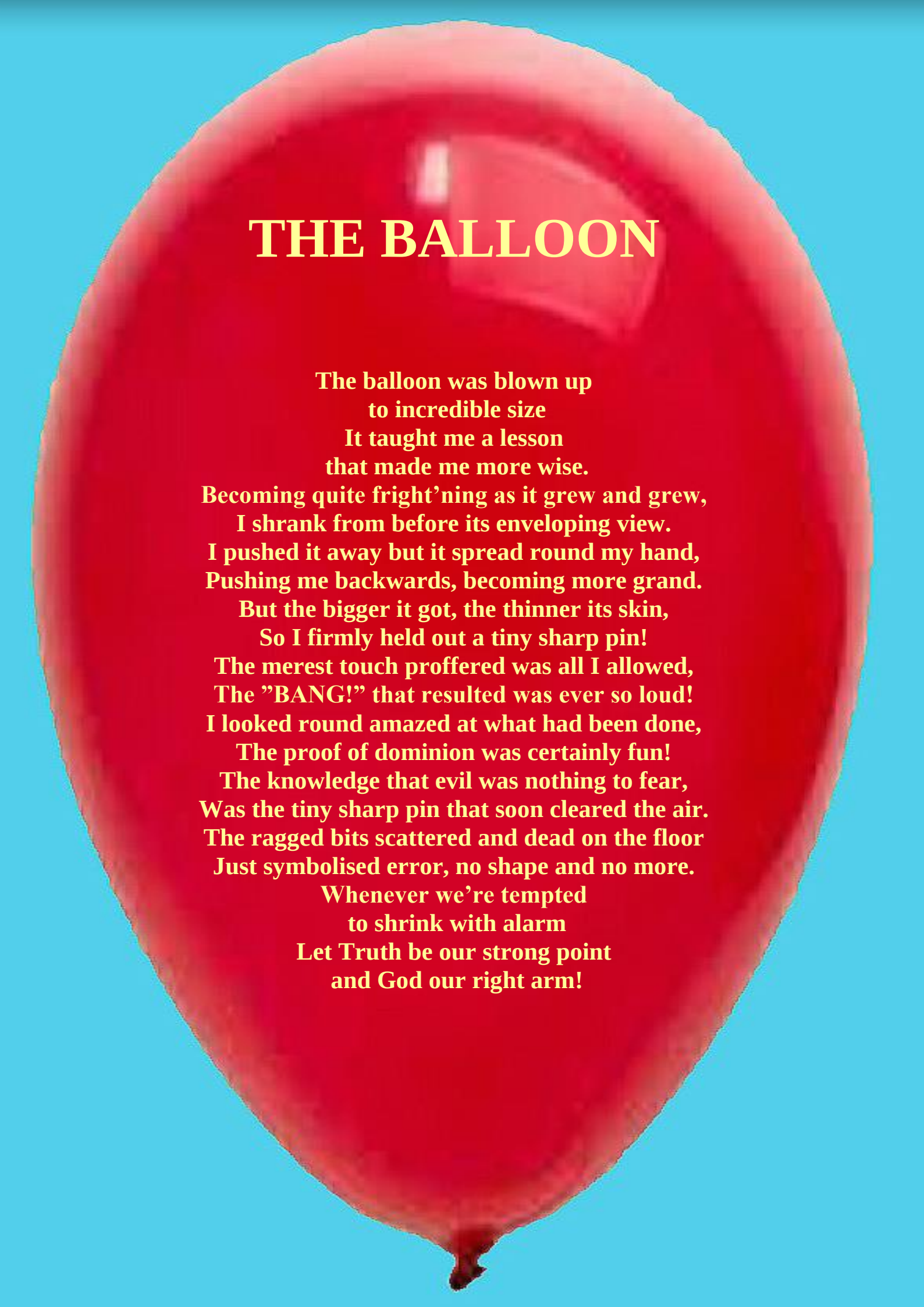


THE BALLOON

The balloon was blown up
to incredible size
It taught me a lesson
that made me more wise.
Becoming quite fright'ning as it grew and grew,
I shrank from before its enveloping view.
I pushed it away but it spread round my hand,
Pushing me backwards, becoming more grand.
But the bigger it got, the thinner its skin,
So I firmly held out a tiny sharp pin!
The merest touch proffered was all I allowed,
The "BANG!" that resulted was ever so loud!
I looked round amazed at what had been done,
The proof of dominion was certainly fun!
The knowledge that evil was nothing to fear,
Was the tiny sharp pin that soon cleared the air.
The ragged bits scattered and dead on the floor
Just symbolised error, no shape and no more.
Whenever we're tempted
to shrink with alarm
Let Truth be our strong point
and God our right arm!