God's Workshop
by Muhammed Muneer

Little Tony was out on a stroll with Mom.
The moon was about to rise, and when it did,
It cast a magic spell on him, “Mom, the moon,
I guess, is a big ball of brilliance”, said the kid.

Mom was amused beyond compare, when Tony
gave wings to his moon ideas. She told Dad
Their young one was a poet in the making.

“A poet! We should nurture the gifted lad”.

This world, my son, is God’s little workshop.
You and I are the little tools in His industry.
He is the master craftsman, and His art,
My dear, is above and beyond all and sundry.

The moon that caught your attention,
Is a great piece of His artistic revelry.

Look! How much we owe our life to it!

All of us. Mommy, Daddy, you and Henry.
The world is an amazing county fair.
We meet, greet but after a while we part.
The funhouse and the rides are short-lived.
For every mortal should someday depart.
The stars, the birds, the lakes and the flowers,
Are all tokens of God's endless charisma.
Our life is a play, and the world its stage.
The script is partly clear, and partly an enigma.
Thank you, Dad. That was simply amazing.
Thank you, Mom. Let my poet now blossom!
The moon has been a fantastic life lesson.
And our gentle stroll an experience awesome.
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