

I OWN THE WORLD

“I own the world!” a little boy cried,
as he splashed his feet in the shallow tide.
“The sky and the clouds are in my reach!”
he sang, as he skipped on the sandy beach.

Twirling, he pointed his tiny hand
at the far-off mountains and wooded land,
and shouted, “You hills belong to me!”
then ran up the road that led from the sea.

When passing some cows, whose fate was sealed
by the grass they grazed in a fenced-in field,
he climbed and straddled a wall of vine
and sat on its height, calling out, “You’re mine!”

When one of the herd looked up and mooed,
he laughed and added, “And so is your food!”
Then scrambling down to the old dirt road,
he came to a bridge where a river flowed.

He crossed and mounted its rail with glee,
and told the water, “Flow down to the sea!”
Then spotting a fish, he hailed it too,
“But you must stay here! Let my gramps catch you!”

As on he ran, leaving tracks in dust,
he claimed each sight he was holding in trust,
then, reaching home in time to be fed,
his mother bathed him and tucked him in bed.

While blessed with dreams of all he possessed,
by a Hand he felt his forehead caressed,
and to his ears came a wondrous word
from the sweetest Voice he had ever heard:

“You’re right, dear child, in what you declare!
Creation is yours and under your care,
But always be kind to these gifts you see,
And never forget that they come from Me.”

— *David L. Hatton, 2/10/2018*