

The Struggles of Life

The road of life grows weary,
Sometimes so hard to bear.
But then I look to Calvary
And leave my burdens there.
Satan tempts me day by day,
As I walk this narrow way,
Precious Lord, keep your mighty hand on me.
As I gaze upon the poor and the needy,
I am reminded of one thing—
The Lord Almighty is
Jehovah Jireh, my provider;
And his grace is sufficient for me.
Reflecting on the blessings
Thou hast showered on me,
Or the talents
You have endowed on me,
I am grateful Oh Lord!
For the abundant life
You have bestowed on me.

JOANNA UDAYKUMAR

Balloon

Bit by bit I blew you up.
Step by step I mounted my wrath.
With every blow
You altered,
Took shape.

You deem to be endless
But with the last blow given,
And the final word spoken,
Oh! Anger! You blasted
Like a balloon in air.

S. KRISHNA