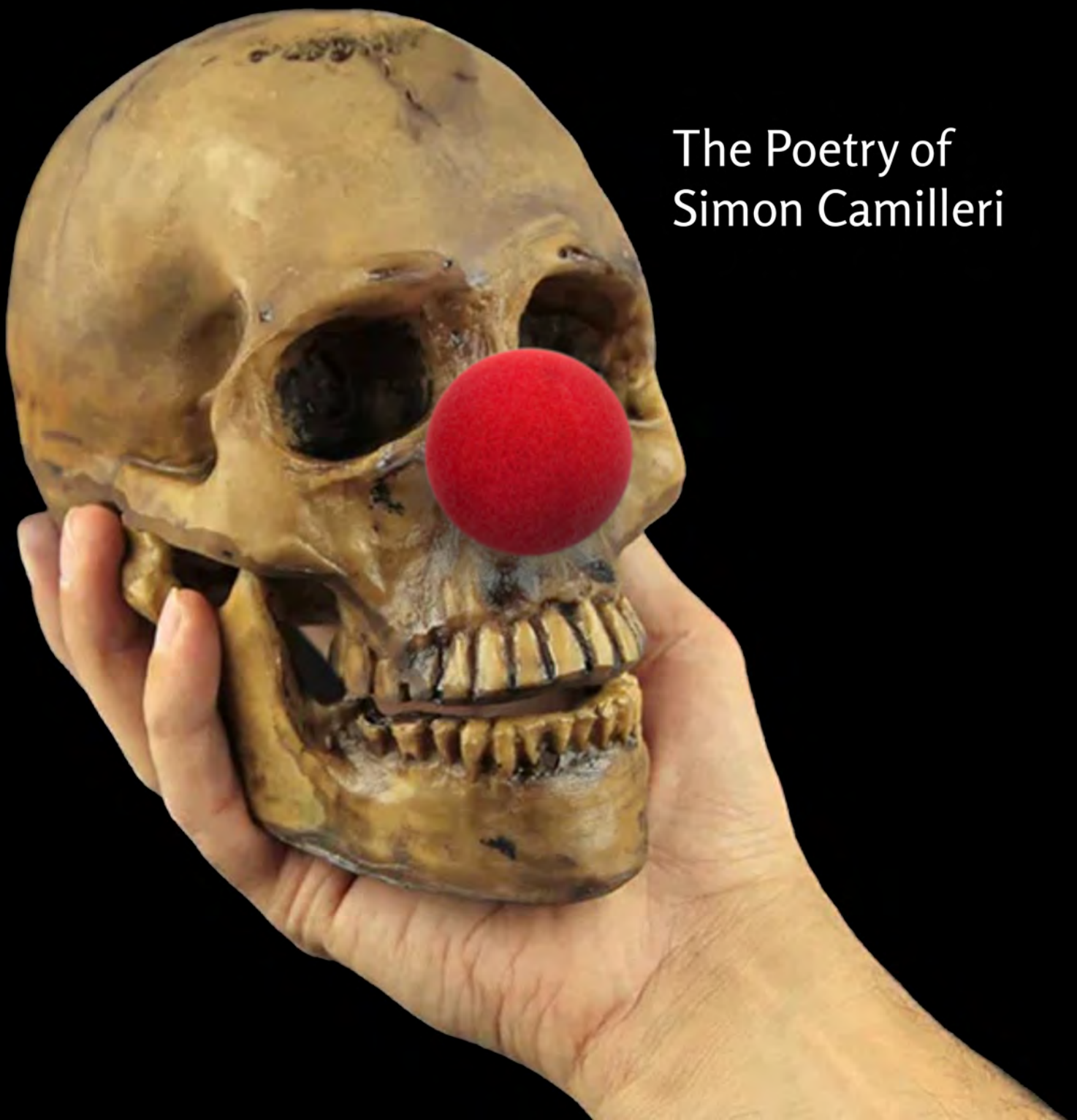


REFLECTIVE & RIDICULOUS

The Poetry of
Simon Camilleri



REFLECTIVE POEMS

[THE MAN IN THE MOON](#)

A reflection on humanity (Pg 2)

[SONSHINE](#)

A reflection on God (Pg 3)

[EASTER SATURDAY](#)

About the darkness before the dawn (Pg 5)

[#LETTHEMSTAY](#)

A poem about refugees and abortion (Pg 6)

[DEATH](#)

A reflection on being free from the fear of death (Pg 7)

[THE END OF THE WORLD](#)

A reflection on how the world might end (Pg 8)

[LOVE HATE RELATIONSHIP](#)

About how we find it hard to let go of hate (Pg 10)

[WOW GOD! THANK YOU, SORRY, PLEASE](#)

A kid's guide to prayer (Pg 11)

[WHEN SANTA SHARED THE GOSPEL](#)

A sequel to Simon's first book (Pg 12)

RIDICULOUS POEMS

[WITHOUT A THUMB](#)

A comic poem about thumbs (Pg 14)

[KNOW THYSELF](#)

A fun poem about alcohol (Pg 16)

[BRAAAINS](#)

A silly poem about zombies (Pg 17)

[MARY HAD AN EVIL LAMB](#)

A comic horror parody (Pg 18)

[McGLOON'S BALLOONS](#)

A silly story best done in a Scottish accent (Pg 20)

TONGUE-TWISTERS

[SELLING SEA SHELLS](#)

(Pg 21)

[PAUL THE APOSTLE](#)

(Pg 21)

[A BETTER BETTY BOTTER](#)

(Pg 22)

[BONUS: A POSITIVE TEST](#)

(Pg 23)

THE MAN IN THE MOON

Let us pause and consider the Man in the Moon,
He glows with a light that isn't his own.
Created to shine in the darkness of night
By reflecting the glory of another's light.

For it's by the sun's light that the moon can be known
And it's by the sun's light that its beauty is shown.
It's the sun that now holds all the orbits in place.
If the sun let it go it would be lost in space.

Yet the man in the moon wishes he could break free.
He thinks of his orbit as like slavery.
Every lunar eclipse, to the earth's furthest side,
The moon tries to escape, and like Adam he hides

In the shadow of earth where he thinks none can see,
And there in the dark, he declares "Now, I'm free!"
"Now it's *my* time to shine. My own light fill the skies!"
So he tries to shine light. Yes he tries and he tries...

But he can't. He's a moon. Not a sun. Not a star.
And you can't be enlightened lest you know what you are.
Still as the moon's orbit from the earth's shadow slips,
The moon vows to try harder, the next lunar eclipse .

The moon is a fool. Just like you. Just like me.
There's a reason why madness is called "lunacy".
The moon thinks he's so big and the sun looks so small.
If he only could see the sun's not small at all.

Even to us on the earth, they both look the same size.
But it's due to perspective, it's a trick of the eyes.
You could fit 64 million moons in one sun!
Yet the man in the moon thinks that he's "Number One".

So later tonight in the moon's bright reflection,
Do your own reflective introspection.
See the man in the moon. Cos if you can,
You'll see that the moon is there in the man.

SONSHINE

No wonder ancient people
Thought the sun must be a God.
To think it is a deity
Is really not that odd.

By day its fire provides us warmth,
Its sunshine gives us light,
And reflecting off the moon
It even lights our way night.

We need the sun to give us life,
To grow our daily bread.
Without the sun our planet
Would be cold and dark and dead.

But though it is a source of life
It also makes us fear.
We must find rescue from it's heat.
We can not draw too near.

And though we will be like the blind
If we don't have its light,
To dare to stare upon its light
Will steal our gift of sight.

It's brilliance is too holy.
It's fire is too hot.
It's size dwarfs our planet.
Yet these things are oft forgot.

As we gaze upon a sunset
And enjoy its warmth and glow,
We can take the sun for granted
And forget these things we know.

No wonder ancient people
Saw a god within the sun.
The sun is like a deity
In ways much more than one.

But the sun above is not a god.
One day its light will fade.
It is not a Creator.
Like us the sun was made.

The sun's more like a diplomat -
A King's ambassador.
To shine the truth of the True God,
That's what the sun is for.

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It's blazing light and heat and size
Is brilliant allegory.
A great and glorious spotlight
Pointing to Another's glory.

And one day there will be no sun
And there will be no night.
For the Lamb of God will be our lamp
His glory be our light.

So when you see the sunshine
Know there is a greater One
Let's shine like stars towards that day
When the sun is replaced by the Son.

EASTER SATURDAY

The day after tragedy

When all seems lost

When God looks like He has failed

When your hopes are dashed

When the bubble is burst

And the tomb is sealed

When your expectations about how life is supposed to be and God is supposed to work are left in tatters

And you are left confused and disillusioned

Unsure of what comes next

Unsure... And unaware

That God is still in control

That God has a plan

That God is doing something through the suffering and the tragedy

That God might be bringing about something you never would have imagined

Outside of the box

Better than a world where not His will but mine is done

Where your Saturday is not simply the day after Friday

But also the day before Sunday

#LETTHEMSTAY

Through dark and watery passage they arrive
With empty hands, for all that they possess
Is the desperate desire to survive
And the beating heart within their chest.

They have not come because they had a choice.
Where else on earth are they supposed to flee?
They have no power, no freedom, no voice.
They come to us like an innocent refugee.

But will they find upon their journey's end
A welcome home? A door open or closed?
Will they meet an enemy or a friend
When our shared humanity is then exposed?

Sure, this is our home, and this is our life,
And they have arrived uninvited,
But how can we turn our backs to their strife?
We can't close our eyes once they are sighted.

Will we insist on our right to turn them away,
Condemning them unto a watery tomb?
Or will we hashtag "let them stay"
For those tiny refugees in the womb?

DEATH

I'm not afraid of death
I have no fear to take that final breath
I have no need to clasp
And clammer to hold my life within my grasp
Death has no sting
When your life is held by life's King

See, I have already faced
My death when Jesus died in my place
He died my death for me
Exhausting my sin's deserved death penalty
What could I do
But repent from my allegiance to
The sin that caused his death
Opening my empty hands to receive this gift
In the blinking of an eye
My life estranged from Life did die
And it was then
That my new life was born again

And so I now fear not
That my body will one day begin to rot
My end already came
My death certificate already framed
My funeral is done
And now my everlasting afterlife has come

And though I still
In some sense live in wait until
Jesus returns again
I do not live in fear of the end
When I farewell mortality's strife
I won't face death – but more and better life
So now I am free to live
A life where I am free to give
Free to bless
With blissful self-forgetfulness
Without a thought
Of holding on to what I've bought
For Jesus' sacrifice
Has bought my life and paid the price
That I could never pay
And so for him I live today and every day
Free of fear
Even as death draws daily near

THE END OF THE WORLD

There are many thoughts how the world might end.
Some look at why. Some look at when.
Some look at where the signs you'll find.
Some look at who is left behind.
Some point to nuclear explosions.
Some point to warming of the oceans.
Some say a virus like Bird Flu
Will one day come and then we're through.

Some say that we should look to space,
A meteor might end our race.
Or aliens may soon attack,
So make sure your bunker is stacked.
Some say the sun will cause our end.
But chill it's a billion years til then.

For me, when thinking bout the end
The one on whom I can depend,
Is he who made the stars in space,
And he who made the human race.
The one who can cure all disease
Can also walk on warming seas.
The one who started all creation
Is where I'll get my information.

Jesus did say the end will come.
When he returns, then all is done.
There will be those who claim it's near,
But on this point Jesus is clear
Earthquakes and wars and global strife
Will just be part of normal life.
They are the birthpains, they are signs,
But they don't tell us dates or times.

When Jesus' plans are fully done
It's only then that he will come.
But though no one knows when he'll visit,
When that day comes you will not miss it.
It won't be secret, won't be small.
It will be clearly seen by all.
All people will before him stand
And he will judge the hearts of man.
And all that matters in the end
Is whether he is foe or friend.

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The words of Jesus I find heavy,
But they are clear so we'll be ready.
His authority I believe is true.
But that is me, what about you?

Each end of the world prophecy
Promotes some life philosophy.
Whether it comes from space or us,
Or at the return of Jesus,

Whether it's caused by warming seas,
Each theory has its priorities.
The world will end. You should think about how.
It will effect how you live now.

LOVE HATE RELATIONSHIP

I love my hate
I hold it close
It keeps me warm
It holds my tears
My broken heart
It shields from pain
Ensuring it won't break again

My hate's my friend
It sits with me
It hears my tale
It nods its head
It does not judge
It does not speak
It seethes for me when I am weak
It understands
It validates
It justifies
It advocates
It stands with me
Against the throng
Alone acknowledging the wrong

How could I
Sacrifice my hate?
How could I
Give up such a friend?
To let it go
Says I admit
That there was no real cause for it.

The only way
I could let go
Would be if God
Replaced my hate
It plays too much
A vital role
Its loss would leave too great a hole

God waits to see
What I will do
Will He be my hate's substitute?
Will He be my true advocate?
Will I trust Him more than my hate?

WOW GOD! THANK YOU, SORRY, PLEASE

What is prayer? It may sound odd
But prayer is just talking to God.

You can do it anywhere!
Tucked in bed or on a chair.
At the park or in the car.
It doesn't matter where you are!
And even if no one else heard
God would hear your every word

So why not say a prayer right now?
If you're not sure, I'll show you how.

See, when I talk to God each day,
There are four things I like to say:
Wow God. Thank you. Sorry. Please.
I pray about each one of these...

WOW GOD Wow God, you're loving! Wow God, you're great!
 Wow God! All things you did create!
 You made the sun, the worm, the cow,
 So first of all I just say "Wow!"

THANK YOU I thank you God for all you give.
 I thank you for the life I live.
 I thank you most for Jesus who
 Has died for me. Dear God, thank you.

SORRY I'm sorry God when I'm not good,
 When I don't love you as I should.
 Through Jesus' death forgive my sin
 And help me love and live like Him.

PLEASE And lastly God I ask you please
 Provide all of my daily needs.
 Please help me grow to trust in you
 And help all those who need you too.

Wow God. Thank you. Sorry. Please.
And now we've prayed all four of these.
And every prayer I end the same:
I pray these things in Jesus' name. Amen

WHEN SANTA *SHARED* THE GOSPEL

A sequel to "When Santa Learned the Gospel"

When Santa shared the gospel, he went first to Easter Bunny.
He wasn't sure how he'd respond, if he would find it funny.
He wasn't sure if he would scoff, or if he'd turn his back.
In truth, he had just no idea how Bunny might react.

But Bunny was a friend of his and so what could he do?
The gospel had transformed his life. It could bless Bunny too.
The gospel had led him to Christ and he'd been born again.
So Santa knew he couldn't keep this good news from his friend.

He loved his friend and had to share he was a new believer,
But he didn't want to jeopardize their solid friendship either.
And so when Santa knocked upon the Easter Bunny's door,
His heart was filled with hope and fear (but fear a little more).

The Easter Bunny greeted Santa with a smile of joy
"What brings you 'round?" He laughed, "Or have I been a 'naughty boy'?"
"Well funny you should say that." Santa said as he sat down,
"I've actually had that whole system of thinking flipped around!"

"I've got something to tell you. I feel awkward. A bit scared.
I know I don't know all that much, but what I know, I'll share."
So Santa shared the gospel. It was simple. It was short.
And when he stopped he couldn't tell at all what Bunny thought.

He worried he had caused offence. Was their long friendship wrecked?
But then his friend said something Santa didn't quite expect...

"That's great." smiled Easter Bunny. "Yeah, I'm really glad for you.
You probably didn't know, but guess what? I'm a Christian too!"
"What news!" cried Santa joyfully, "This must be brand new, is it?
How'd you learn about the gospel? Did my elf friend pay a visit?"

The Easter Bunny laughed, "Nah, my folks are Christians too!
I was brought up with the gospel. I've always known it's true.
I attend my local church each week, and mid-week Bible Study.
Hey! Now that you're a Christian, we can be church-going buddies!"

At this Santa was puzzled. He'd known Bunny now for ages.
He'd never seen him go to church or turning bible pages.
He'd never heard him talk of Christ or sharing the good news.
And Bunny said, "Look Santa, I can see you're quite confused."

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“See, I’m not much of a talker. Definitely no evangelist!
I’ll answer questions if I’m asked, but if not, I won’t insist.
My philosophy is simple. It’s a saying I once heard:
‘Preach the Gospel at all times. And if needed then use words.’”

“I like that motto. Words are hard! I’d rather preach through deeds.
And so instead of talking I’ve been sowing subtle seeds.”

“Like, you know how every Easter I make you a hot cross bun?
Well, I hoped that cross might vaguely point you the ‘Jesus’ one.
And the eggs I paint each year are symbols of the resurrection.
I guess I hoped you’d see the subtle gospel-rich connection.

“Why didn’t you just tell me?” Santa asked, shaking his head.
“Well, I didn’t want to force my faith upon you.” Bunny said.
“I had really hoped to ask you if you’d come to church with me.
But for years I’ve just been waiting for the opportunity.”

“Oh Bunny”, Santa sighed, “I’m sorry that you felt that way.
I understand you feeling awkward but there was no need for delay.
The gospel has the power to save, you shouldn’t feel ashamed!
You’re the Easter Bunny after all. The gospel’s in your name!”

“When I first learned the gospel, I was told it by an elf.
Her example showed me all you need to do is be yourself.
There’s no need to be clever. Don’t have to try to sell it.
You don’t have to be subtle. All you have to do... is tell it.”

“Look, I’m all pretty new to this, so don’t think I’m comparing,
But if Jesus is alive, my friend, that’s good news that’s worth sharing!”
“You’re right,” said Bunny sheepishly, “I’ve wasted time I know.
I could have shared the gospel with you years and years ago.

“Well, no regrets!” smiled Santa, “Let’s go out and celebrate!”
The Easter Bunny grinned and said, “You know what? That sounds great!”
His bunny eyes were twinkling as fresh joy filled his face,
“And while we’re out how ‘bout we go swing past Tooth Fairy’s place?”

WITHOUT A THUMB

Without a thumb, is life that bad?
Does it really disable?
The corporate myth that “thumbs are great”
I’d say is just a fable.

Sure scientists may claim that Man
is more evolved, proposing
that we would still be like the apes
without our thumbs opposing.

But I say “bah!” What do they know?
They’ve never lived without them!
Until they try a thumb-free life
I’ll continue to doubt them.

They could (like some) shatter their thumb
and if they did I’d wager
they’d soon discover life thumbless
is nothing really major.

Sure, you can’t grip, things tend to slip,
and doorknobs are an issue.
True, jars stay jarred cos lids are hard
without that thumbby tissue.

Sure, you feel hexed when trying to text
and pens are also tricky,
And standing at the urinal
It’s hard to hold your...
keys or other such items you might be holding while standing at the urinal.

And don’t begin to think you’ll win
if “Thumb Wars” is declared.
But still it’s true, the cons are few.
You shouldn’t really care.

See thumbs were useful long ago
in times now in the past.
You needed them to throw a spear,
but that need didn’t last.

In Roman times at colosseums
your thumbs had need worth noting.
Thumbs up was life. Thumbs down was death.
No thumbs was donkey voting.

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In times Shakespearian you'd bite
your thumb to pick a fight.
Since then it has evolved across
two digits to the right.

And in more recent times people
used thumbs to go hitch hiking.
But now with global warming those
without a car are biking.

Even now babies don't need thumbs
to suck them til they tire.
We've now replaced God-given thumbs
with plastic pacifier!

So you can see, without a thumb
your life won't really change.
Sure, if you tried to be The Fonz,
your catch cry might look strange,

But generally, you will be fine.
In fact life can be greater!
Who cares if you can't count to 5.
Just use a calculator.

KNOW THYSELF

Alcohol's a funny thing
It has different effects
For some it's fun and merriment
For some their life it wrecks

For some the rum's a welcome friend
For some it is a foe
For some they wouldn't touch the stuff
So they would never know

For some the cost of buying beer
Is all they'll ever spend
For some their health and happiness
Is their costly dividend.

For some it makes them giggle
For others makes them spew
Some speak more truth,
some speak more slurred
And some swear black and blue.

Some turn into a rhino
And start looking for a fight
Some turn into an owl
And party long into the night

Some turn into a reindeer
As their nose is turning red
Some turn into a mole
And say, "I'm turning in to bed!"

Some turn into an angel
With a love for everyone.
Some turn into a devil
With a lust for more than fun.

So know thyself, that's my advice
And if you drink, please heed it
Don't kill your final brain cell
You may find one day you need it.

BRAAAINS

In post-apocalyptic tales
You'll hear the zombies groaning.
But just one clear specific word
Is all they're ever moaning.

"Braaaains!!" That's all the undead say,
With hunger never sated.
But why are zombies into brains?
The topic's much debated.

The science of Zombology
Has studied this for years,
And yet despite extensive tests
Results are still unclear.

Some theorize the dead know they've
Lost their humanity,
And hope that eating brains just might
Restore their sanity.

Some note that zombies run and climb
As slowly as a tortoise,
So seek the stem cells found in brains
To stave off rigamortis.

Another theory poses zombies
Simply like the taste.
Though I worry what the tests involved
On which this theory's based.

Some wilder theories pose that
Zombies are simply misheard.
Their seeking justice for their death
And "Blaims" is the true word.

What is the truth? Who really knows?
The research needs more tweaking.
It's hard to study zombies
While you're running from them shrieking.

So the answer to this mystery
Perhaps we'll never find.
For the brain that holds the secret
Is the zombie's mindless mind.

MARY HAD AN EVIL LAMB

Mary had a little lamb,
It's fleece was black as night.
It's eyes were red as lava pits
That glowed with hellish light.

It had two evil bat-like wings
And horns on its head.
It followed Mary day & night –
The sleepless walking dead.

She broke the rules & brought to school
This demon lamb from hell.
It ate her class & teachers too,
Which broke the rules as well.

But why is Mary even with
This lamb as black as pitch?
Is young Mary a Satanist?
A Psychopath? A Witch?

And where's the lamb we know & love?
The one as white as snow?
Well, listen up for this sad tale
Starts many moons ago...

Mary once had a little lamb
Whose fleece was pure & white,
But this lamb had... an evil twin
Whose fleece was black as night.

One night when Mary & her lamb
Were peacefully asleep,
The evil twin came silently
And ate its brother sheep!!

From that day forth, the lamb of night
Replaced the lamb of snow,
And now everywhere Mary went
This evil lamb would go.

But why did Mary do nothing?
Was not she good & kind?
The sad truth is, she never knew.
Mary, my friends, was blind.

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And so, for years, her ignorance
Allowed this evil beast
To follow her & meet her friends
And maim & kill & feast!

Even when it stopped saying, "baa"
And started moaning, "braaaains!"
Sweet Mary, in her innocence,
She never once complains.

Until one tragic, fateful day
This lamb as black as hell,
To satisfy its need for flesh,
Ate poor Mary, as well.

So learn the moral of this tale.
Avoid this blood & gore.
If you're blind & you need a pet,
Stick with a Labrador.

McGLOON'S BALLOONS

(best spoken with a Scottish accent emphasising the oo's)

One afternoon, Lachlan McGloon was driving to the Melbourne Zoo.
His young nephew was turning two and he was late, so off he zoomed!

Inside his BMW he had a bunch of blue balloons.
He'd give them to his young nephew as long as he could get there soon.

But as the Zoo came into view, the blue balloons across him flew!
He canna see through! They blocked his view! So blindly he sped to the Zoo.

With a mighty BOOM he crashed right through the front gate to the Melbourne Zoo.
The guard said, "HEY YOU!! You canna do that, you must park and then pay too!"

But like a hoon, Lachlan McGloon sped off into the busy Zoo
Past kangaroos and cockatoos and lions left looking confused.

Right past emus and turtles too and lizards with their tongues of blue,
Straight past gnus who just said moo and doves so scared they lost their coo

Past brave baboons who flung their poo, but none could stop his journey through.
Until he reached the Court of Food, or "food court" as it may be known by you.

The children screamed as at them he flew. What was Lachlan McGloon to do?
He canna see! He has no clue! Those darn balloons still blocked his view!

He slammed the brakes, while praying to the God he knew would see him through.
His screeching BMW crashed to a halt as if by glue!

Now bruised, confused and woozy too, with messed hairdo and one lost shoe,
Lachlan McGloon emerged to view his car just missed his young nephew.

"It's you! It's you!" cried his nephew, who round his neck his arms he threw.
Then from the car Lachlan McGloon, retrieved the bunch of blue balloons.

The crash had sadly popped a few, but when he viewed that boy aged two,
'Spite all he'd been through, yes he knew it was true,
he was glad he had come that day to the Zoo.

TONGUE-TWISTERS

SELLING SEA SHELLS

She sells sea shells by the sea shore.

“A sure thing!” thought she, but she saw not the flaw in her sea shore store.

You see, she had to shut her sea shells shop as soon as sea shore shoppers started to see that being by the sea shore they could simply sample shells for free.

They soon could see her sea shells shop was just a sham to scam shoppers, and so they shunned and shamed her as a selfish shellfish-selling charlatan.

She now sells sea shells by the sea shore no more.

PAUL THE APOSTLE

Paul the apostle opposes apostasy
posting epistles appealing to pastors.

The pastor approves the apostle’s epistles
then preaches appropriate plain application.

The people apply the apostle’s epistles
by paying attention to pastoral preaching.

So the preachers and pastors and people all partner
in the pastoral purpose of the apostle’s epistles.

A BETTER BETTY BOTTER

Betty Botter bought some butter,
"But", she said, "This butter's bitter.
If I put it in my batter, it'll make my batter bitter.
But if I buy a better butter, it'll make my batter better.

But Betty's brother Buddy Botter said, "Why not try adding water?"
So Betty Botter blended bitter butter
with a bit of water that her brother Buddy brought her.
But no matter how much water, the bitter batter wasn't better.
All it was was a bit wetter.

"Wet and bitter batter isn't better!" Betty barked,
but before her brother said rebuttal,
Betty's mother butted in.
"I'm sure it could be a bit better. Why not add bit of feta?
Salt'll balance out the bitter, and absorb a bit of water."

Then Betty's father Mr Botter contributed to the banter,
"Back when I was but a boy,
my best friend Billy's, neighbour's, barber's brother was a brilliant baker.
He always bragged he blended better with the best electric beater.
Your broken, busted baby beater is why your batter isn't better."

Though it sounds bonkers, Betty Botter couldn't let this batter beat her.
So Betty, bartered, begged and bought a brand new, bright blue, Breville beater!

Then with the best electric beater she beat the batter mixed with feta,
blending water Buddy brought her in with bits of bitter butter.
And in the end this beaten blend of wetter, bitter, feta batter,
was just plain bad
and Betty muttered "I shoulda bought a better butter."

Her brother Buddy smiled and bade her,
"Come on Betty, don't be bitter.
Sure we botched a basic batter
But we're blessed with something better.
You see, what matters is not batters
But bonding with our fellow Bidders."

A POSITIVE TEST

A poem about the morning Cat found out she had covid.

The day that Cat had done a RAT, she'd had a little cough.
She'd woken up before me, just feeling a bit off.

She saw the lines and knew the truth, then by my head she rest
That little stick that sealed her fate. It was a positive test.

I woke from my sweet slumber. Blissfully unaware.
And once my eyes adjusted, I saw her standing there.

She nodded at the pillow and instantly I guessed.
My gut felt sick. Then saw the stick. It was a positive test.

We'd wondered for a long time whether this would come along.
We'd put our life in God's good hands, and knew He'd do no wrong.

We'd asked for His provision. We'd asked that we'd be blessed.
And now we prayed because we saw... it was a positive test.

Our faith was being tested. So would we trust His hands?
It's funny how a little stick can change all of your plans!

The illusion of being in control can easily be messed.
And what had burst that bubble now? It was a positive test.

But though we reeled at changing plans, we knew God wrote our story.
And so we hugged, held hands and prayed and gave God all the glory.

And as we prayed our heart was filled with joy within our chest.
This test of faith was positive. It was a positive test.

But there's a twist... Though she did learn she had covid that day,
She'd also done another test, and that was what she lay

Upon the pillow next to me. And this one was the best.
For six long years we'd longed for this. It was a positive test.



Thank you for reading and enjoying my poetry.

*If you would like to support me to continue creating
engaging and entertaining gospel-focused material,
please consider doing so at:*

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