

# LUNA AND THE WELL BALANCED MOON

by Adam E. Holton

In the house on Wood Hill  
Each morning she starts  
On an old pastel blue rug  
In a room red as hearts

Then down the hill  
To the village she goes  
To find new ideas,  
Kafuffles or a story, who knows?

She hopped round the streets  
And there under the trees  
A lone young boy,  
Chin tucked into his knees.

“My nose is always blocked,  
My ears clogged as well,  
I can’t balance in P.E. class.  
The bully laughed when I fell.”

For a moment they sat  
In the calm silence of thought  
As the little boy smiled  
In Luna’s head a notion was caught.

She jumped right to action  
Nudged his hand with her nose  
And bounced back to the house;  
With movement an idea grows.

She found the toy maker  
And put her paws on his knee.  
“Hello little Luna,  
Got something for me?”



She leapt into his hands  
Then to the desk like a cat  
And when he turned round  
She was in the big thinking hat.

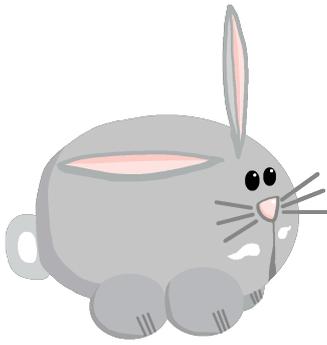
Up and over she went  
Until she was sat on his head,  
Inside was so quiet  
Like when everyone's in bed.

She closed her eyes tight  
And thought of the boy,  
A well balanced moon  
And designs for a toy.

Through her fur to his hair  
Then to his brain they did sink  
And when she hopped off  
She heard his brain cogs clink.

4 o'clock bells and the toy maker was done  
Luna came in and leapt onto the desk.  
A crescent moon well balanced,  
"Placing the rods on is the test".

All was packed up  
With instructions as well  
And put in a wheelie cart  
So when Luna bounced nothing fell.



The boy was so happy  
He rustled around for guidance inside  
Learnt what was what and  
Got busy practicing; "no more" he sighed.

Next day at lunch,  
So nervous he felt ill,  
He challenged the bully  
To balance the moon so nothing would spill.

The bully thought it easy  
And tried this way and that,  
But when nothing would balance  
He got angry, cried and sat.

"Now you see how I feel,  
But I won't laugh.  
Let's do it together,"  
And until the bell they did graft.

They didn't become friends,  
But the bully stopped being mean  
So the young little boy  
Could keep being intelligent, unbalanced and keen.

As most adults know  
And you'll one day find  
Sometimes it works and  
Sometimes you can't change a bully's mind.