

## My Golden Calf

I bought a Suzuki way back in O-nine,  
A low-millage bare-bones that suited me fine;  
It left me the option to make it my own,  
With whatever extras my coins would condone.

It seemed every evening my schedule was met,  
By spending each moment perusing the net;  
I carefully chose what would make it look nice,  
And ordered the stuff when I'd found the best price.

I found myself busy almost every day,  
Installing the goodies I got on eBay;  
Till suddenly I realized my soul had grown cold,  
In much the same way as God's people of old.

My paint job blurred into a golden veneer,  
My handlebars morphed into horns like a steer;  
And then from my lips burst a cynical laugh,  
For I had created my own golden calf.

"Lord, Thank you for giving me such a nice bike,  
I don't think it's wrong to have something I like;  
But keep my perspective the way it should be,  
And don't let me sink into idolatry ."

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