

AN ORIGINAL VERSE

The Magic We Hold

On the Wonder and the Weight of the Mobile Phone

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A magical toy rests lightly in our hand,
Loved alike by child, youth, and elder in the land.
Eyes are fixed upon it, fingers dance and roam,
The whole wide world sits quietly, brought into our home.

Pictures and films play, and video streams flow free,
Sermons, hymns and verses, songs for all to see.
A camera watches, a meeting comes alive,
In every street and household, its quiet reign will thrive.

Truth be told, it is a wonder wrapped in light,
Yet precious hours vanish swiftly out of sight.
Pathways of distraction lie open, wide and bright,
And thieves of purpose linger, hidden from our sight.

Miles and miles of distance close within a breath,
A friend a world away feels near as one's own breath.
If only it could also mend the heart's own miles,
And turn our quiet distances to closer, warmer smiles.

A NOTE ON THIS POEM

This verse is an original composition written in English, reflecting on how the mobile phone has become an inseparable companion in modern life - a source of learning, connection and delight, yet also a quiet drain on time and attention if left unchecked. It is offered as a gentle reminder that the same device which shortens the distance between continents should not be allowed to widen the distance between hearts.