

A thief robbed our beating Hearts!

In today's era of growing poverty,
Lives fade away at peaks of severity

People losing jobs has become common,
Compels them to rob other men

After all, they have to keep their pots boiling,
Helpless, their behavioural "**Ethics**" are spoiling

Think again!
Observe every now and then

What "If" he robs for his own mother?
Cause he's "**jobless**", & they only have each other!

What "If" he robs for his sick child?
Would you still call him crazy N wild?

Brands, labels, status quo are corrupting our society,
Has "**Humanism**" been **blinded**, its love, its piety?

"Never judge a book by its cover"-Proverb
You'll never know, who'll turn out be a human lover

Here the story begins "*A master of Arts*",
A thief robbed our beating hearts!

Once upon a time, a helpless thief picked pockets,
Against him, many may have filed docketts

He intended to get some cash,
9 rupees & a letter left his heart with a rash

He'd been through the heartache of losing a job,
He was like his victim, left alone to sob

He knew how it felt to have an old Mother,
To care & love her like no other

A mother's love for her child is "unconditional",
Being caring and supporting for her came natural

She'd take the heat, let all harm come to her,
Smiling, knowing her child was safe & sound for sure

She would starve so her child could have something to eat,
Is that something, someone could beat?

Pondering upon this fact,
The thief decided to do a nice act

He added money to the jobless mans',
Mailed it to the address on the letter with post stamps

He knew a mother was the most valuable person,
Knowing how much this meant to her son

Mr. Innocent whom been robbed,
Had all worries, tears merely sobbed

In a few days, a letter came by:

"Dear Son, I'm glad to have received your money order,"
Confused, he'd thought he had a mental disorder

Another letter came by now from the thief:

He left a departing letter for his almost victim,
"Do not worry child I've added money and sent it

After all, a mother is dear to everyone,
I couldn't have taken your money or run"

Morals we learned,
Faith and trust can be earned!

There are still hearts that beat for **"Humanism",**
Still beating hearts with "Hope & Enthusiasm"

There are still beating hearts for each other,
Still beating hearts longing for their mother

Therefore, there is still a sparking light of hope,
There could still be someone helping you with a rope

Fairy tales and fantasies are never true?
People can turn out be genies, fairy godmothers, who knew?

Sticking to the status quo,
Wouldn't help you anywhere you go

**So help a helpless soul,
That should be your life's goal!**

Be the best person you can be!
Help others in need!

Trust is built from a single moment,
Don't let go of it! Hold onto it!

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