

Child of the Ill

We've lacked the sweetness of a younging society.
We were born onto the corridors of poverty
No cloths to cover our nakedness,
With cold and no cozy we shiver in bitterness.
We had no croons from our mothers,
Because their breasts were full of dry milks.

Who can we call upon our aide?
Our society is ill and has no pity as we fade.
We raised our emaciated hands as we entreat
With a mould of dirt mired our feet.
Help us; we are too young to die of cranny.
We begged till a Samaritan gifted us a candy.



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