

**BORN TO STEAL**

Outlander, Thief, and Pirate was he.  
Born to steal, lie, and cheat, he was.

Bread From the baker. Meat from the butcher.  
Potatoes from the farmer's field.

The Farmer, the Butcher, and the Baker, turned a blind eye.  
*They knew.*

He Charmed them with his smile. Teased them with his twinkling eyes.  
Entertained them with his clever stories.

Pick a pocket here, pinch a purse there, disappear into the crowd.

Men kept ready change in their pockets. Women carried an open purse.  
*They knew.*

After a day of thieving, lying, and cheating,  
The hero returned to the smoldering village dump,  
His home, where his frail mother and thin sisters waited.

Ducking beneath the chicken wire and cardboard roof,  
He placed his treasure on the dirt floor beside the fire  
And strutted to tell the adventures of his successful "begging."

They listened while they ate, thanking and praising him all the while.  
*They knew,* and admired him even more.

Now, I ask you, Baby Love, what kind of Karma  
Is the ten-year-old boy earning?  
    or The merchants?  
        or The Villagers?  
            or The starving family?

What is right? What is wrong?  
How does reincarnation work?

It's a twisted puzzle for us, but wise ones understand  
The Compulsion of Compassion.

***They know.***

That's why we Listen.

