God has pity on kindergarten children, 
He pities school children -- less. 
But adults he pities not at all. 

He abandons them, 
And sometimes they have to crawl on all fours 
In the scorching sand 
To reach the dressing station, 
Streaming with blood. 

But perhaps 
He will have pity on those who love truly 
And take care of them 
And shade them 
Like a tree over the sleeper on the public bench. 

Perhaps even we will spend on them 
Our last pennies of kindness 
Inherited from mother, 
So that their own happiness will protect us 
Now and on other days.