An ungrateful shelf fell,  
Down a rocky stair,  
Into the muddy hole,  
Where will it go?

A shelf was put by father  
In the attic down below  
Where rats will never go  
Why did it fall?

With patio clear for Fall,  
Not a single speck did lie.  
Even I was not allowed,  
Where did mud come from?

The shelf was just perfect,  
Every book was there, aligned.  
Evenings came, and nothing happened,  
Was it tired of standing still?

Here it was, in muddy hole,  
In the attic down below,  
Where a second shelf did stand.  
Who brought it here?

We asked the neighbours on the street,  
Have they seen the mystery thief,  
Who took the shelf and put it here.  
Who would leave it in rain?

But the thief was never caught,  
Who took the shelf from up the sea,  
Gifting us with precious thing.  
Where could he be?

We put the shelf up in the basement,  
Covering the muddy hole,  
With stairs out of view.  
Will this time it be grateful?