

Humanity (Poem)

7 Billion people's in the world,
Billions of varieties, millions of attitude,
Thousands of casts,
Someone have too much time but no money also,
Someone have no time but lots of money
All busy making their personal life,
Living at their own, Nothing to know about others,
Even not to make sure of your mother,
Nowadays people are like living corpse,
Still there is a no meaning so circus,
How to make this all things vanished?
One way only to accept religious of humanity,
Helping hand, Treasure of love,
and only feelings People must know the world is taking a wrong turn