Title: Helping Hand

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To start this question,
In a lesson,
There is no evil as such;
Just people leaning,
On their crutch.
Ego is its place,
It gives such disgrace;
It's only hurt,
That is really inherent.
So learn to adapt,
From where there is lack.
Try to understand,
The task at hand,
And not only when in demand.
Instead of caress,
We deal with it as stress.
Why cast the first stone,
Or even moan.
We don't know what is in their heart,
Or see who they are.
We can't see the scars;
So don't be a brute,
If we take out bad roots.
Not to cripple people,
For everyone is a steeple;
Each unique,
So don't call them a geek.
For then they will endeavor,
What ever the weather.
Yet never reach,
Because of statements we did preach;
Which holds them back,
Because it made a contract.
What we may think is right,
Could be only man's insight.
Don't lean on it so much;
That we too need a crutch.
We never really know what is in a heart;
No attachment or treasure,

Atoms are not only for our pleasure.
They are ever changing,
Rearranging;
Moving on,
Within their song.
Don't hold them to an image set;
It may be a different person,
To whom we met.
Everything changes,
From days to months;
The seasons,
With good reasons.
To help us grow,
To fully show,
One true song,
Where all can flow.