

**Title: A Riddle Across Time**

**Subtitle: Poetry**

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Many tribes and many tongues,  
Different songs,  
All about the same;  
Isn't such a shame,  
Just a different name.  
Many angels have been sent,  
Understand what was meant;  
The truth has been bent,  
We should use better judgement.  
When they all said the same,  
It isn't such a shame;  
And it takes away the blame.  
Everyone was sent,  
With a just intent;  
That we might be content,  
From understanding the events,  
That happened quite frequent.  
They've said a sacrifice has been made,  
That things somehow have been repaid?  
Yet Karma must be dispersed;  
Debt is always reimbursed,  
Thus with who's purse?  
So give back,  
that the universe,  
Isn't cursed,  
For that would be the worst!