

The letter to the dear Lord

In Neuss, there lived a poor old dame
In a world that lacked all shine and fame
In that house were neither meat nor honey
In short: she had so little money!

She pondered long, with furrowed brow
From where could funds be summoned now?
An idea came, 't was quite unplanned
She swiftly wrote to God's own hand

"Dear Lord, I'm aged and poor and frail
Funds scarce, have mercy, hear my tale
So swiftly send a hundred pounds
Or hunger's grip will me press down

No other remedy I see
When money's missing, I must plea
But hasten with the coins, I pray
Or I'll depart this world's array"

She put the letter into the box
A postman found it, midday knocks
He read the plea, a jest, it seemed
'To God', he chuckled, he hadn't dreamed

'Oh fun must be', was in his mind
The tax office must that request find
Arriving there the next bright morn
He was welcomed, not met with scorn

But what became this letter's fate?
The reader likely speculates
A bureaucrat, and what a human
Considered how to help this woman

Believe it or not, without a jest
Even the taxman can invest
Some kindness in his cold routine
How can one help in this strange scene?

He roamed within the office walls
Collecting from this, from that, he hauls
Though, sadly, funds were somewhat sparse

Seventy pounds instead of a hundred's farce

So it was sent, the whole amount
Directly to the dame's account
She hardly could believe her luck
That touched her like a thunderstruck!

A letter of thanks she swiftly wrote
To the tax office she did devote
"Oh, dearest God, I'm strong again
For the hundred pounds, I thank so plain

But if your thoughts still turn to me
And gifts you'd grant benevolently
I'd make one humble, heartfelt plea:
Not via tax office send your decree

For they deducted, without a lie
A whole thirty pounds thereby

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