

# St Helen's School

Kindness distinguishes not  
The receiver and the giver.  
For they are one,  
Both experience it same.

Kindness is not appreciated till you have lost.  
It may feel like vulnerability  
But really that vulnerability is strength.

I felt the warmth of kindness when  
We shared it.  
Not a beacon in the cold,  
For we learnt that the cold is warm  
When you have them.  
You wish for the coldness again to  
Feel the transformation.

It may melt your heart and make you  
Trace the lines of melancholy upon your soul  
And turn it stronger,  
Sadder, stronger, gripping you.  
But I like it. It is comforting.

In a world so twisted  
Decency becomes Kindness.  
The lines between them are blurred.  
Maybe we should distinguish them,  
Or maybe we should encourage the blur  
– But not in the way the blurs exist right now.

Be kind because it is right.  
Not because you will  
Earn points from someone  
Or any sort of deity you may believe in.  
Kindness is not pretend,  
It cannot exist in trueness if in pretence.  
So stop –  
Stop thinking of it as a commodity,  
As something to bargain with.  
Instead let it become second nature  
– the only form it can take in trueness.

It is not the tick of a box.  
Yet so many make it so to  
Tick some boxes.  
So don't draw the box  
For yourself or anyone else.  
The boxes will be the  
Death of kindness.  
Draw something beautiful instead.  
Something beautiful.

