

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

**Lord Krishna Destroys the Demon Vyomasura**  
**A Poem about a Thief**

Once there was a tricky thief  
 Who rode upon a train,  
 Thinking with much guilt and grief:  
 "I will not steal again."

"Men who ride this train have wealth,"  
 the thief thought, with a sigh,  
 "But I must control myself;  
 I shall not steal and lie."

Sunset came, their bags he eyed;  
 The good men fell asleep.  
 Opening each he looked inside;  
 Then he began to weep.

"I don't want to steal," cried he,  
 "Oh mind, you're not my friend!  
 You've always been my enemy.  
 You'll be my bitter end!"



"I'll beg Krishna's holy name  
 to help me win this fight.  
 Oh, wild mind, you shall be tamed,  
 If I must chant all night!"

Morning came and all the men  
 Woke up and looked around.  
 "Who's the thief?" they shouted then.  
 Their bags could not be found.

"Gentlemen," the thief began,  
 "allow me to explain.  
 There is a thief, a sinful man,  
 And he's the one to blame.

"All he took was just a look.  
 Your bags got switched around.  
 He's become a saintly crook.  
 Your things are safe and sound.

"Armed with Krishna's holy name,  
 I fought the thief all night.  
 This morning I don't feel the same.  
 I think I won the fight."

Parent's Sign: \_\_\_\_\_