



Caring Machines

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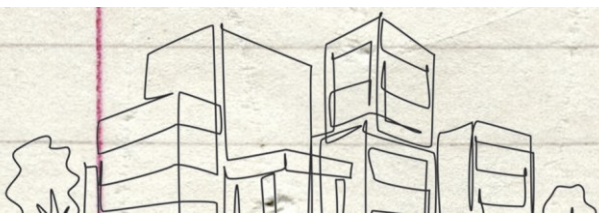
Mountains of waste rose tall like towers of neglect,
Plastic and paper in a world we failed to protect.
People turned away from the mess they made,
Forgetting that choices never truly fade.
So machines arrived to gather what we reject.

With steel hands sorting what humans cast aside,
They sifted through remnants with patient pride.
Glass chimed softly as it found its place,
Paper fell gently with a lighter grace.
Order returned where chaos used to reside.

Children watched, eyes wide with spark and care,
Softly saying, "As if they had their own soul," to the air.
As if kindness hummed through every gear,
As if machines learned compassion year by year.
Perhaps they taught us what we failed to bear.

For the Earth grows weary under our careless stride,
Cracked by burdens we bury, deny, and hide.
Yet these machines move steady, calm, and true,
Restoring the world we once withdrew.
Healing the land where our promises died.

Machines cannot love—but still, they try to mend,
Each sorted piece a reminder we must transcend.





Slowly they fix what we scattered for years,
Teaching responsibility through mechanical gears.
If they can care, then so can we, my friend.

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