



Mother

Communicate,
Before it's too late,
Why make her wait?
You black her right eye,
By turning your back,
Then you sit there,
And expect her to be fair.

Mother,
Nourishes you,
But never hurries you.
So long to your tummy aches,
She brings you warm air,
Shield you from the cold,
Help you blow your nose,
Rain away your sadness,
Yet, you are ungrateful,
Acting with badness,
You do not care,
Because you dare,
Feel you're too old,
While acting very bold.

Mother,
Fixes your plate,
The one which you ate,
But now you say,
Sorry,
I have a date.

Open your heart,
Embrace where you belong,
For, your mother nourishes you.
Do not act like beef stew,
Shattered and mean,
She is your mother keeping you clean,
And will fix you a platter,
No matter,
How far you have scattered.

Mother
Where have you gone?
You make the call
But she has gone on home
Remove all the clouds,
From your face.
While you delay,
It may be too late.

