

## \*Mother\*

Dear Mother,  
You are beautiful.  
You are kind.  
Every child  
Gleefully says -  
There is no mother like  
Mine.

Your love and affection transformed  
A house  
Into a beautiful  
Home.

Sitting upstairs.  
Reading a book.  
I never wondered  
What had you cooked.

The aroma of  
Ambrosia,  
Relished with  
Spices and nutmeg,  
Quietly climbed every stair.  
Without knocking.  
Entering my room  
Lingered  
Reminding me  
It's time to congregate.

We laughed.

We prayed.

We shared.

We ate.

Sitting in a circle.

You were the earth and we were your moons.

Daddy was the sun

And that was our whole universe.

Mama

Resting my head on your knees  
Listening to the selfless words from

Your beautiful mouth

I have realized

That's the best school I ever had.

I thank you  
For being you.

I thank you  
For being my  
Mother.

Today

I want to say -

On a cloudy day,

When you hold your arms around me

I know it's the safest place

For me to be.

When the sun is high  
With rays so bright  
I see the light.  
The light in your  
Gorgeous eyes.  
That reminds me  
You will be  
Always  
Beside me.

Rainbows fade.  
Snow melts.  
Leaves fall.  
Birds migrate.  
Seasons change.  
Only  
The shelter of your  
Divine blessings  
Never ends.

Like a spring shower  
They help me grow.  
They thunder  
To provide  
Courage.  
They shine  
To provide warmth.  
They aspire me to  
Transform.  
Transform  
Into something better.  
A better version of  
Me.

Mom  
On this Mother's Day.  
    I am eager to say -

    As you care for  
        Me,  
    I promise to care for  
        You too.  
    As you baby me,  
I promise to coddle you  
        Too.

    Maa - I love you dearly.  
        And  
    Like every child  
        I gleefully say -  
    There is no mother like  
        Mine.  
    There is no mother like  
        Mine.

*By - Noori Mamdani*

*"We have enjoined on man,  
Kindness to his parents:  
In pain did his mother  
Bear him, and in pain  
Did she give him birth.  
The carrying of the (child)  
To his weaning is  
(A period of) thirty months.  
At length, when he reaches  
The age of full strength  
And attains forty years,  
He says, "O my Lord!  
Grant me that I may be  
Grateful for thy favour  
Which Thou hast bestowed  
Upon me, and upon both  
My parents, and that I  
May work righteousness  
Such as Thou mayest approve;  
And be gracious to me  
In my issue."*

*[The Holy Quran 46:15]*