



MOTHER

Dear Mother,
You are a precious thing.
When I wanted to fly,
You gave me wings.

When I am wrong,
You are bold.
When I fall down,
You're always there to hold.

I am very grateful,
That you are my mother.
I respect and love you with all my heart,
Dear Mother.

Saumya Mishra
M1-D

MOTHER

My mother,
Whose mind is as soft as a feather,
She showers me with love
She's as pure as a dove.

When I am hurt,
She too feels hurt,
When I cry,
She also cries.
She is always there to help me,
And when I get a prize,
She smiles with glee.

Mother! Oh mother!
You cared so much for me,
You made me fly in the sky,
Like a bird that is free.

Deekshita Pramod
M3-D





MOTHER NATURE

Nature showers upon us
Love and care upon treat.
But we often forget that it
Can be ferocious over deceit.

When the beast takes over the beauty,
And there is blood all over the plain,
We blame Mother Nature,
But forget all the given gain.

But mother does take
Her beautiful form,
In the form of monsoon, winter,
And spring's dawn.

With flowers blooming in the lush green lawns,
Bees buzz with glee...
At the spring that had come after long.

Let's conserve nature's beautiful glow,
And stop the torture,
And comfort her sorrow.

Deekshita Pramod

AN OPEN LETTER TO ALL THE BEAUTIFUL MOTHERS...

Mumma was the first word in my dictionary; the first face I see every morning and the last before I go to bed. She is the person I run to with all my problems and the first one I shout at when I'm irritated. She is my very first best friend and the only one I can completely trust. She is the first person who I look for after I'm home and the first to teach me to believe in myself. Mumma, I know we have had our ups and downs, but each time you understand me. Even with the generation gap, you try to be a cool mom and I love you for that. Sometimes I don't understand the advice you give me and most of the time I don't listen to it. But when I'm all alone, broken and shattered, it all comes back to me; every word you ever told me, all of it just feels so important now. Every day you say you are proud of me, even when I did nothing for you to believe so. Every smile that you bring to my face, even when I feel like crying, is the best feeling ever. I'm sorry for all the pain that I caused you, I know I have hurt you in a million ways, but each time you forgive me, and that just makes me fall in love with you more than ever. You have been a teacher, a guide, a friend, and even a master chef! You play several roles, all at once and yet when I ask you for a hug, you always find the time to give me one. You comfort and tell me that everything will be fine. When I lose all hope, you give me hope and the strength to stand with my head held high. Thank you for always being there and thank you for being the best.

With love,
Your daughter.

Mahek Karanjawala
SS1-D