



Dedicated to the strong women in our lives-our mothers,

I wake up to the clamor of dishes,
And to the shuffle of slippers.
My alarm is my mother's voice,
Not an automated message.
Deciding what to wear, I see my clothes,
Folded on the table and I wonder
When had I done the laundry?
As I headed downstairs, I see the cereal and milk,
Already placed next to my yellow bowl and hot tea.
I rush out because I am getting late
And only manage to quickly hug my mom.
After school, I head straight to my room,
Turn on the computer and start my homework.
A few hours later, my stomach leads me to the kitchen;
I grab a plate and help myself to the hot food on the stove.
As I head to the couch, I hear mummy say,
"Don't forget to take the thoran."
I sigh, take the cauliflower, and sit to watch TV.
After eating, I finish my work and get ready for bed.
My mother knocks and says, "Good night."
I respond with "Mm." The lights go off.
I get an assignment, "How Independent are You?"
My first thought; I am totally independent,
I can take care of myself.
Ten minutes into the project, I realize that
I would be hungry, without clothes and always late
If it wasn't for my mom.
Mothers are the pillars of their families,
Providing support and solace to all.
So I tried something different.
I gave her a hug and kissed her cheek.
She loved it and I didn't mind it either.

By: Shweta Sujit

