

SWEET SORROW

The dark night is keen
as a dominating evil queen.

I confirmed, that a new life
is going to sprout out from my life

The beautiful moments of joy,
but thoughts of terrifying future made me cry.

Is it he or she?

Oh god! if its she.....

Will she be stamped under the tobacco smoke
where she will cry for help with a choke.

when this life is moving on..
is she going to be alone.

Will there be anyone to call
at least when her last teardrops fall.

Will she be denayed to study
where the opinions of society are steady.

Or, will she fight against the cruelties
and make people understand the realities

Is she going to fly
over the rainbow so high

will she become a huge tree with flowers

Or a decayed seed without showers.

will her life be a lumen,
by the men wanting for liquor and women.

I know she will be tossed in between.

but I am just a mother who can pain.

I can only shower.

for my child as a thirsting flower.

I can only imagine her on height
as a beautiful bird on its flight.

And just enjoy her birth alone as a widow
with a feeling of sweet sorrow.