



## THE CRYING MOTHER

And it was an exquisite Christmas Eve,  
Everywhere looked bloody-red :  
Firewoods were busy by burning themselves .  
Heat was spreading in the atmosphere .

Suddenly, a terrible storm appeared from nowhere,  
Nobody knew that it was going to be a tragedy .  
The storm slowly swept everything in his way,  
like a revenge, of a mother :

How can she do that ?

She's the one who tolerates everything .

It's a beautiful day, the Christmas-Eve .

Please forgive mother . . . . please forgive .

Mother, the Nature, the extraordinary creation of Him,  
Shows extreme love to her children .

But, who hears her cries ?

Who knows her physical pain ?



The storm arrived as a saviour for her,  
To make her free from these cruel hands:  
He's the one who heard her cries,  
Who watched her pain.

Storm asked to the creatures,  
"Don't you feel ashamed  
To destroy your own mother?  
I feel pity on you, the bloody creatures."

"Oh! My babies,  
I can't help you, I'm weak."  
The sweet sound, the familiar one,  
Yes, its our Mother, who gave us life.

Everyone cried and screamed,  
Huge buildings fell down,  
Half of the people laid under the bricks,  
The other half under the green sods.



Running without knowing directions.  
Crying without any hope.  
Seeing their loved one's last moments.  
Laying on the bed of blood helplessly:  
How fast does the Nature changes,  
How long can she suffer?  
It's true that, Karma exists,  
That we all forgot in the busy life.  
God, please end our life,  
Can't tolerate this pain:  
Our body is hurting,  
Feeling like laying in nail beds.  
We don't need heaven,  
As we're not qualified for that:  
Please make us painless,  
Just end our lives.



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Creator, the prime controller,  
Who made our Nature, a sweet mother,  
Is watching her grief,  
And He's waiting for a right chance:  
Not so late,  
The cries became beeps,  
And later, a great silence came into being,  
The thankful storm done his duty:  
And finally, the beloved son,  
Rain arrived.  
He showered his mother,  
And made her soul pure again.

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