

MADRE

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Peeping through your old grey hair, oh mother,
You look at me and figure out all bothers,
Those tears of pain in my eye,
Dry with one sweet lie,

“Oh my girl, you rock and roll!”
Even though you know I am a matter of troll.

You know my pain but you believe,
That someday I'll be relieved,
And to not let you down, I do smile,
But, honestly it's lost in the valley of Nile.

That thrilling resonance in your voice,
Leaves me with but, no choice,
To hug you love and push you a smile,
You make it all so worthwhile.

The smile on your face,
That all wrinkles trace,
Makes me forget all misery,
It is the world's greatest treasury.

Your love and care never withered,
However hard I troubled,
And even in times of disobedience,
You held my hand and showed patience.

I don't know how to thank you for all you do,
Words fall short to define you,
For everything you do so selflessly,
I love you!