Mother

Sweet Embrace,

Promises from the world.

Like a warm cloud,

Surrounding our youth.

But life is never soft, never yielding.

One day a gentle breeze and joyful laugh,

The next a raging storm,

 killing old friends and breaking the world

A teacher is responsible for his students,

And the teacher before him taught the teacher.

So, when the students venture and fail,

Are the students fully to blame?

When the nurturer goes beyond the nurture

And insults the very creation they made.

Loud yelling pierces the ears of the young

And prevents the seed from growth.

You cannot grow a plant, have high hopes for the plant,

Yet deprive it sunlight,

You hit the plant, pull its leaves

But wonder why the plant doesn’t grow.

As the days go on,

And the storm loses its ferocity,

I still blame the winds of days gone,

Of the sinking feeling in my heart