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Allen David Simon

M.A. (Political Science) Student,
Postgraduate and Research Department of Political Science,
St. Xavier's College (Autonomous), Kolkata (University of Calcutta)
Kolkata, West Bengal, India.

Oh, cheer! Heaven's bequeathed rays, For us, poor children upon this desolate place. Although a lone burning flame, yet hopeful are my days, Because I know my warrior defends my tales.

The queen of encouraging words,
Adoring hugs and truthful says,
Mending broken hopes for glory's allureOf gracious heart, my dowager of firm faith.

A shade beneath the blazing sun on hurtful days, A patient audience to all my cries and complaints. In Victor's love and Victorian taste, Of vigor and virtue-your warm embrace.

Your gleeful gaze and assuring might,
I rest in your hopeful sight.
Of all bright stars, you, my mother, shine apartOh, how elegant is her grace!

Who else? My mama, always there, Redeemer of us, damsels-in-distress. Your sacrifices mounting high-Milady, you held up my joy instead.

When times fall into dismal states, You alone stand tall. Into countless bouts, prim is thy courage; In you, I find emboldened and enlightened knowledge.

Under your stern discipline, I rest all case; In your consoling palms, I am fed.
On your calm laps, I slept.
For those out and about, pitching daggers, I tell them-admire the woman's true face.



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Who shoulders burdens with indomitable spirit, And bellows against adverse tides? Who but my mother-my patron and saint!

Forgive me, my lady, my ungrateful steeds; Much unsung lay your deeds. Lost to the awful haste of these days, I tell you, my mother, forever in your heartful gaze.

Bestowed angels singing away, I pray God-may brighter be her days.

But sing again, Mortal sons to immortal motherhood.



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