

THE MOTHER

The house of a terrorist!

Search it, I ordered,
Ransack the whole place,
Scan all the floors,
Spare no corner,
He could be any where.

We turned every thing topsy-turvy
but to no avail

Grey hair, thick glasses,
'Kangdi'¹ over the belly
and clad in 'Firan'²
Despite sixty years of age
Such softness!
"Shall I, now, close the door, son?"

"Sorry, mother," said I,
"We have upset every thing."

"Nothing to be sorry, son.
He is engaged in his pursuit,
Wrong or right, I cannot say;
And you are on yours
Right or wrong, I cannot say,

I can curse neither of you,
I am a mother!"