

## AMA

*By Pramila Dugel*

Ama Ama The wail of a child  
In her arms were sung the sweet lullaby  
In motherhood her exuberance was defined  
I her first born was dignified  
My name she chose with precision and pride  
I was for her--her perfect child  
Of love, concern and worries her heart was full  
But as a toddler I was fulfilled  
Impetuous waves of beautiful feats  
Were stored away for me to seek  
I grew an adult to acquire her dreams  
Who she was and why a mother to me  
Were precious pieces of my destiny  
Undaunted and invincible was she  
Often she defied the rules of society  
Her performances in life were exemplary  
For a role model she was to me  
Her words resonated her actions demanded  
When ill health made its call  
She shunned its wrath and stood up tall  
Too proud and relentless was she  
Even death shied away in harmony  
She snatched a few extra days  
Then reconciled in her own way  
Bidding me to accept God's command  
To break our umbilical  
Was his demand  
An empty house an empty room  
With daunting shadows swirl around  
Are they but images of life cycle's past  
Or evidence that mortality does not last  
She lived a life that knew no bounds  
And in my sleep I hear her sounds  
Ama Ama I cry out loud.