MY MOTHER
BY ZINA AHMED

She left her homeland and memories behind
To make sure that for her family, she could provide
My mother, so beautiful and kind
Always knows how to keep her family in mind
She came to America, alongside a man
And together they worked hand in hand
To build a foundation for their children to come
So that soon the hard work would be accompanied by fun
Everyday she misses her mother
Only every three years able to see her sisters and brothers
And when the time does not arrive
A phone call is enough to clear the state of mind
Constantly reminded of the times
Where she could visit her family day and night
She hopes that her children know
What they stand for and fight
The sacrifices are worth the wait
To be able to work hard and create your own fate