

Mother

- **S. Sridevi**

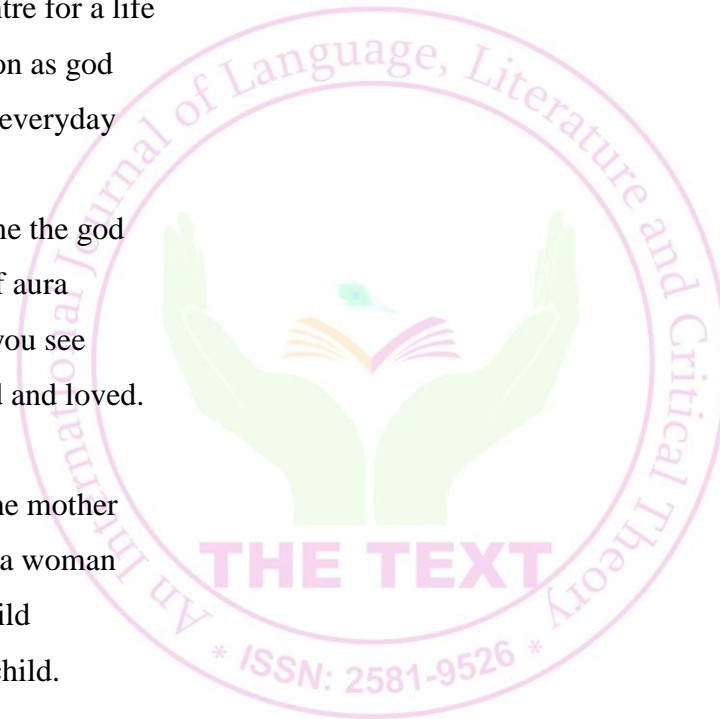
The poor woman was a woman
She had no special qualification
For the promotion of mother hood
She just became mother one day.

And then it all happened
She became the centre for a life
She was looked upon as god
She had to provide everyday

She literarily became the god
She acquired airs of aura
She is the mother, you see
One who was loved and loved.

The child created the mother
The family created a woman
She ate after her child
She slept after the child.

And one day she realized
She was *the* mother
Not just another woman
A mother was she in culture.



Madras

- S. Sridevi

The colonial king
Ruling money
Academic genius
Architectural marvel
Fort of whites
Pioneer hospital
Beginning of army
Madras had it all.
Centre of life
Heaven for poor
Welcoming people
Chennai city
City of Common Man.



The scream

- S. Sridevi

One wondered from where it came
From where did the sound jump?
It tore the lungs of the speaker
It killed the listener with thud
Was there a speaker really?
Could it be one's mind?
The scream came from the soul
The mind heard it ringing
The face did not show anything
It was placid like marble.
The birth and death of pain.