

Mother's Day

(Mother Ponni muses)

1

For mother-kind to rejoice – much lofty praise
The world today plans, in festive shouts to raise,
Listening to their peanac acclaim,
“Oh, blessed God” humble – Ponni has to exclaim.

2

“Sons five, bountily Thou hast betimes given,
A daughter too grant us this home to enliven,
After prayers thus for months in moos forlorn,
At last, seraphic Ponni, parents say, was born.

To be born as a girl
Was birth indeed like an earl.

Praying,
For God who filled the long family want
How dare I forget to sing my evening chant?

*

The Friday oil-bath with saffron rub
Jewels sparkling from my every limb's hub,
Dressed in *pavadai-davani* from age six,
Flower-plated hair danced on my back in flicks.

To be bred as a girl
Was all fun as in a whirl.

Praising,
For parents who reared me so dearly
My leaping heart sings gratitude hourly.

*

For my lap, when Bharatan cries happy pleas
A suck from my breast yields him instant peace.
That dawn when he whispered MOM as my name,
An adorned pedestal, my humble seat became.

To be a nursing girl
Earns accolade as a pearl.

Preening,
For the babe that has rounded full my beauty
Are not frequent kisses a duty?

3

For Ponni,

Indeed first God sowed the female seed
Later, parents watered the tender reed,
Last, Bharatan gave the matriarch's meed.

But lo!

My lord it is that transformed me to MOM
"Dad" sounds in his ear, he says, like a balm,
To raise the kid good and great, how nourish?
Like the coconut palm myself should flourish?

Note:

Author's own translation from the original Tamil poem written on the occasion of Mother's Day celebrated in USA on May 10, 1981.

Peanic: ?????

Meed: A fitting reward