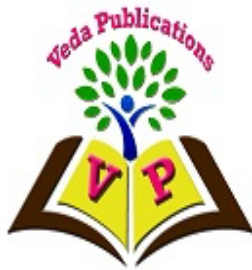


## POEM



## EXPECTING...

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Dazed and Tranquil,  
Happy and Melancholic,  
Frail and Robust,  
Cautious and Insouciant,  
Who can harbor so many emotions in a jiffy?

Girding up to be accountable,  
Sobering up to be attentive,  
Pruning up to be precautious; and  
Probing up to be enlightened,

Who do you think is primed round-the-clock to ward off the unforeseen  
urgencies?

Readying from the genesis  
Meandering and ox-owing and bending through the course,  
To Guard, Serve and Nurture a civilization  
Who can possibly endure life's glaciers, mountains and thorns?

Who can it be that throws up and wakes up *in media res*?  
Who can it be that salvages nutritious (probably tasteless) food?  
Who can it be that is tired and dizzy doing the simplest of chores?  
Who can it be that talks to a growing womb like a simpleton?  
Who can it be that is patient and resourceful like Mother Earth?

It is none other than an expectant mother!

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