

Anoush's Home

I am at a loss, trying to find words.
No mother should have to suffer such pain.
Every child is a precious gift to the parents and the world,
Brought to us through long labor of love.
Raised with tender loving care from infancy to adolescence.
Each move, each twinkle, each babble, each cry,
Etched in memory and heart forever.
Imperceptibly growing, changing by the hour.
First steps, first words, first sentence, first intent.
Recognition, love, memory, intelligence.
Grows and is transformed, till lo-and-behold,
You have a wonderful human being.
A thinking, committed, considerate, and imaginative,
Friend on the threshold of adulthood.
Visions of a life of meaning, fulfillment, and service,
In a community of hope, happiness, and transformation.
Her expanding circle of affection, engagements, and ideas.
Think of the unique world she created for herself.
And the worlds she would help create for others.
In our multiverse of existence,
They all are real and so remain forever,
Welcome to Anoush's Home!

Shyam

January 15, 2023