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**P. HEMAMALINI**

(Hemamalini P, Assistant Professor of English in The Madura College, Madurai, Tamilnadu. hemamalini0575@gmail.com)

## **1. Best Creature**

Your colony makes a powerful dynasty  
That Integrity must possess every one's policy.

The disciplined march past increases our desire  
In this aspect you look smarter.

The best born have the wonderful insight  
So laborious never mind the day and night.

Uniforming forces make a very good channel  
Well planned members might in that panel.

All time the succession gathers for vantage  
Certainly that is your great advantage.

Living happily even knows the fatal  
This makes you the world best model.

The way you living is too brilliant  
Tiny, ofcourse your sweet name is Ant.



## 2. Mother

Mother!! My lovely Mother  
The name gives me pleasure ever,  
Beyond the words to describe,  
Yond more sketches to portray.  
Bright daylight seen on smile,  
That guides me to move on mile.  
Chiseling my anatomy like sculptor,  
Moulding my manners like teacher.  
Taste buds growing with your cuisine,  
Wandered a pretty girl grooming like a Queen.  
Strenuous work shaped the poor physique,  
And that made you so unique.  
Feel like secure under your wings,  
Remember those days of springs.  
Attempt easily the life's Herculean task,  
Till the life you never wear mask.  
Only soul in the world to worship,  
Unless pushed me in curship.  
Blissful to be in your womb,  
If replace some one,  
I choose the tomb.



### 3. An Epistle

Dear All,  
 Hope you fine and safe  
 I would have lot to say.

Standing mine is a symbol of proud,  
 Always busily buzzing of crowd,

Have one entrance to come and go,  
 That's my special you must know.

Bordering me with very old trees,  
 Make the surroundings too very breeze.

Classes are in apple pie order,  
 Pridely guarding them as a warder.

Like a temple hearing ever the chants,  
 Completely making me with enchant,

Morning glories strolling vary in colours,  
 Eager to select the tinge of my favours.

Love to watch Children's sitting and learning,  
 Much like their playing and noising.

Getting green eye by images of faculty,  
 Catching me the world of fantasy.

Beautiful bell tongues keep silence,  
 Big clock hands stand still patience.

All Mid-Summer nights gone without dream,  
 All nocturnal happenings make me out scream.

Not tolerate even the semester comes  
 Merrily awaiting to get re opens,