

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**



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# The Stranger I Talk To

A voice I know, but a face unknown  
A stranger I talk to in this zone  
We chat like old friends every night  
Me in the dark, he in the light  
We share our passions, our fears, our dreams  
His words dance in my head, or so it seems  
I wonder how he looks or what he wears  
But he remains a mystery, as if no one cares  
Though we have never met in person  
Our connection feels real, no need for coercion  
We bond over things we have in common  
And our conversations continue to blossom  
Maybe one day fate will lead us to meet  
And finally see the stranger I've yet to greet  
Until then, I will cherish our nightly talks  
With the stranger I know, but have yet to walk.

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# Mom

In the depths of her eyes, a love so deep,  
A mother's heart, a treasure to keep.  
Her touch, a soothing balm for the soul,  
Her presence, a shelter that makes us whole.

Through sleepless nights and weary days,  
She tirelessly gives in countless ways.  
Her sacrifices, a symphony of devotion,  
A testament to her unwavering emotion.

With each tender word and gentle embrace,  
She nurtures our dreams, our fears she'll erase.  
In her arms, we find solace and peace,  
A sanctuary where all worries cease.

Her love, a beacon that lights our way,  
Through life's storms, come what may.  
She's our rock, our pillar of strength,  
A source of comfort, no matter the length.

Her wisdom, a guide through the unknown,  
Her guidance, a seed that's beautifully sown.  
She teaches us lessons, both big and small,  
Her voice, a melody that echoes in us all.

So let us cherish our mothers dear,  
For their love is eternal, crystal clear.  
In their embrace, we find solace and grace,  
A bond that time cannot erase.

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