Why did you give only one dream?
(Mother's motivation)

I called her Ma and Ba
Most called her Dhanima
She didn't know how to read and write
She recognized rupee-bills by color and shape
She was not literate but intelligent
She was self educated and bright
She worked on a farm but
She had a unique educated dream

I passed my primary school
She said "son, we have high school now"
Ma, "I am a high school graduate now"
"I would work harder and borrow money
but you must go to college now"

Ma, "I got my BS", "What is the next?" She asked
I said "MS". She said "be a master my son"
Ma, "I am master now", "What is the next?" She asked
I said, "Ph.D.", "Go and get Ph.D. Bhai"
Ma, "I am a Ph.D.", "What is the next?" she asked
"Ma there is nothing after Ph.D."
"I am uneducated but do not tell me
that there is an end to education"
"There may be an end of the world
but there is no end of education"

"Go abroad and study more my son,
be the most educated man of Manund"
I got post-doc offer from England
"I told you there is research after Ph.D." she said
"You were lying to me because you did not want to study"
"How long you can do research?" She asked
"For ever mom". "Do it for life then my son"
I went to England, did post-doctorate
One day she departed this world
Did I full fill her dream? Was she happy?
Did I forget her in fulfilling her dream?
Now I loved Ma's education dream
One of the greatest gifts she gave me

I did research in England and in the USA
I am now in business of high-tech innovation
I have more than hundred publications
Fifty patents and got millions in research grants
Invented lots of products and processes
Have a huge library of thousands of books
Subscribe seventy journals and read for hours

Ma is this you meant by study and education?
If so, why did you give me only one dream?
Why were you so miser? Should have given more dreams
Which school did she go? What motivated her?
What inspired her?
I wonder who educated her about education!!!!

Gordhaninath

MY MOTHER GREATEST WEAPON

She was tall and determined
She was healthy and hard working

She was a ma who had not seen her ma
She was raised by her step-mother
She must have missed mother's love
She chocked hers with mother's love
She loved her children the most
She offered choking love to hers
She was more DHANI in giving love
Than KUBER was DHANI in DHAN/wealth

I was childish to argue with her
Sometimes I would not do the house chores
She used the greatest weapon on the earth
Her tears, which were often invisible
If I don't, then she would do the chores
With tears in her eyes
She would do it without a word
I could see many things around me
But I could not see tears in her eyes
I did the chores anyway

She was a real fighter in her life, but
She won all her wars with love and logic
What a weapon she had to punish us
Did she know the power of her weapon?
Or that is the way she was or mothers are?
Did she knew that mothers tears and love
are the greatest weapon on earth?

I did not like to go to school like any other child
She would reason with me so I go to school
She would do the chores with tears if I didn't do
One day I recognized a weakness of her weapon
How would she study for me if I didn't?
She was bright but an illiterate lady
I said, "I am not going to study
study for me if you could"
"I wish I could recognize the book from upside-down
if you tell me I would hold the book you so you study"

Her drive and love excelled me to Ph.D.
Today, as I think of it
I am glad I lost all wars I waged against her
Who has won a war against mother's love?
That I could win? Against such a mother?!

Gordhaninath