



Mother

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You are wheezing, sneezing and sniffing too,
Oh, I hope it's not the dreadful flu...
Your temperature is up and your face is red,
Son, I'm vastly puzzled about what to do...

Your hacking cough and attempts to breathe,
Make my heart beat furious and hard...
Waves of angst pull me underneath,
But I won't give up, I'll be on my guard...

Uncertain times with limited supplies,
A shroud of silence and moistened eyes...
Living in such endless trepidation,
Fearing a 'club-spiked' virus, a monster in disguise...

Just to let you know what's happening all around,
Streets are empty, leaving many home-bound...
This pandemic is worse than any I've ever heard of,
It has everyone rattled, it never ceases to astound...

I wonder if I heard everything aright,
But God whispered in my ears, both left and right...
I'll hold your hands and guide you through,
We'll work together as you try and pull through...

You and I share a truly sacred bond,
Which began before life and transcends far beyond...
We've battled other odds, haven't we, Son?
And we won't let the virus win this one.

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