**Third Place: A Walking with My Mother**

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This morning I walked with my mother--

When strangers talked I hid behind her skirt,

When I was tired she carried me,

When I fell asleep, she cuddled me.

This afternoon I walked with my mother--

When strangers spoke I could not hide,

When I was tired walking, she could not carry me,

I did not fall asleep.

This evening I walked with my mother--

When strangers spoke I answered them,

When she was tired, I carried her,

In her sleep, the world will cradle her.

Dedicated to my beautiful mom

She’s the place we come from, our home,

She’s the map we follow with every step we take.

Not time…

Not space…

Not the world…

Can separate it.