

Countering All Odds

Bayantseva Singh Pandher

I'll admit
i wasn't the best son

A hellraiser
born raw, rough, rugged
and wild
If WaheGuru Ji ain't hear
Moms pleas
i'd have been unborn
child
A lil juvenile
making Moms head spin
like vinyl
Shy
yet still shined a smile

Moms only asked for one thing
a gift
to birth a Singh
Forever grateful Moms
Ardaas was heard
by the King of Kings
Shrinking in the womb
couldn't hear no heartbeat
looking at an early tomb
Struggling
to sprinkle any water for
her seed
buried deep inside,
had no light to breathe



Although,
transcending tough times
a Mothers love runs deep
Countering all odds
sprouted a rose
that grew from concrete
Always praise WaheGuru
cuz God
there ain't no victory without you!
Thank the lord
for hearing my Mothers pleas
doing me so much seva to be born into Sikhi
Darshan of having being named Bayantseva
unlimited service
cherishing my name
with my head held high above the surface
One man army
packed with the strength of infinite Gods
Been 5 centuries
and still ain't knocked off
Gotta thank Moms for her prayers
not abandoning me
Again thank WaheGuru Ji
for reaching down
and saving me