

My Dad My Hero

You are the calm every storm

Father's hands, worn and strong, Building a world where I belong.

Each line a story, each scar a lesson, Crafting a life with every session.

You built my dreams with every nail, Your steady hands, they never fail. Through storms and sun, through joy and pain, You stood unwavering, a constant main.

Your hands, the first to hold me tight, Guiding me through the darkest night. In your grasp, I learn and grow, In the warmth of love, a constant glow.

Here's to the hands that have held my own, Here's to the love that has always shown. Father, my gratitude knows no bounds, In your love, my life is found.



Ahmad Arjuna P 1

Aminuddin Danish 6

Falah Izyan arristo 16

