

## In Her Weave

From the very first breath I took, my world was wrapped in the warmth of her love,  
A soft veil of care, woven with threads of patience, like stars above. It was there  
beside me, gentle and true, a blanket of peace in shades of blue.

As a child, I'd run and laugh in its embrace, where innocence found its quiet place.  
The fabric would touch my skin so light, like a lullaby that whispered through the  
night. Every crumb, every smudge, every tear, it wiped away with a love so near.

And when I stumbled, unsure and weak, her hands would steady, her heart would  
speak. With every fall, it was there to mend, like the arms of a mother, my constant  
friend.

At temples, I watched the goddess glow, her saree shimmered, an endless flow. A  
reflection of grace, a vision divine, her presence filled the air like wine. I saw in her,  
a beauty so bright, my heart fluttered, a soft, warm light.

In the silence of the night, when shadows crept, the saree would cradle me as I wept.  
It whispered comfort, it soothed my soul, turned my brokenness into something  
whole. In her soft touch, I found my calm, a quiet grace, an unspoken balm.

As years went by, in every phase, I sought its warmth, in every gaze. Through  
fevered dreams and restless nights, it whispered love, igniting lights.

And then, one day, in the bright daylight, I saw her, a vision clothed in light. Her  
saree fluttered, her beauty bloomed, my heart raced, my soul resumed. Her elegance  
echoed the love I'd known, a story once hidden, now clearly shown.

Her laughter, like rain on a summer's day, washed away the clouds, made then stay.  
In her smile, I found the peace of the past, and in her arms, I knew love would last.  
Her strength, her warmth, her endless grace, a reflection of every sacred place.

Now, as she walks into my world, so bright, my future shines, my heart takes flight.  
For in her, I see the love that's grown, from threads of childhood, seeds once sown.

The fabric that once wrapped my soul in care, now binds us together, beyond  
compare. In her, I find my past and my heart's decree, an eternal bond, her love's  
decree. For the saree, the symbol of love and devotion, now weaves our eternity into  
motion