

A Poem for the Martyred of Bomb Blasts in Pakistan

Crippled hope swinging high,
In the mid of Blackening day
Shinning sun, getting dimed,
Moving air catching fear,
Swerving legs, broken steps,
Perched lips, shivered souls,
Quickened motions, hustled clienteles,
Awaited eyes, pale learners,
Ajared ends, bewildered smiles,
Waned laughters
Half recovered injuries, half shook hands
Half opened lips_
Halted Fast
Forever Alas!
O father and daughter
O mother and son
O sister and brother
Of Departed Dear
I do not fear,
The ebb and flow
Because I know:
Heavens greeting thee
World is with me:
In the moving cyclone
I'm never Alone
I'm never Alone!!!

Asia from Access Pakistan