“The Dead Village”

Blood lies everywhere

Even on deserted paths

Smoke billows from corpses

Such melancholy surrounds

Though screams have died

A child still wails on fallen back

Its mother wears a bloody gown

Its father’s hand gone slack

Only dripping taps and crickets are heard

In this dead village

No one speaks - not a word

Life died from foul pillage.

Lives slowly hacked to pieces

Smiles no more, no more fun.

Ironed shirts bloody in their creases

All lives have gone

And the silence of death has come.

Mahnoor Anees Khan