

MARSIA

No friend, no companion and no well-wisher has remained,
The dark clouds of pain and suffering, are but his soother,
And the throb of his wounded heart, is the only comforter,
It's the night of a lonely being, stranger, stranded and molested,
It's the night of Shabbir's house, which is desolate and
devastated.

Fast Asleep, the enemy soldiers were senselessly lying,
But this side, non could even wink in a situation trying,
This day, each and every moment was mortifying,
To the progeny of the Holy Prophet, this night was most
terrifying,

The house-folks bewailed so, at times but helplessly,
As if the snuffed-out candle, flickers at the night-end slowly.
In a nook there was, the Commander of the deprived creatures,
The Chief of those uprooted and molested creatures,
Broken-hearted, exhausted, helpless and thirsty,
The Leader was sitting but with great dignity,
Neither was royal cushion, nor robe, nor were the attendants
standing,
Multiple wounds were on his body, blood from each was oozing.