

THE LAMENT OF THE COVID WARRIORS

-Dr. M. Uwais Ashraf

I planned a holiday in woods;
Excited I was thus.
To gather I began my goods;
Till there occurred a fuss.

The fuss was virus, lot so strong;
And thought us all will go.
But little did we know for long,
It stayed and kept to flow.

The world was locked completely down.
And we were working hard.
To save from death the whole of town;
In armour stood to guard.

Our bodies swollen, faces red,
No air to breathe in shields.
The doom was writ on every bed;
And corpses littered fields.

To home returned half dead each night;
And choked to tell the tales.
The tale of such a painful sight;
To which a soul thus wails.

We never came to them so near;
Nor ate or drank with those;
Who've been for us so always dear;
Were far from being so close.

For months we ate and drank alone;
For we but cared about
The ones we loved, and they would moan;
That we were moving out.

Those scenes of pain would ever haunt;
Ahead as we now move.
Before they died, they all would want;
Their sons to them behoove.

We saw the mothers die in pain.
As sons did wait in hope.
And we but tried to save in vain;
With pills as could be cope.

It was so sad that people died;
Alone, away from home.
Connecting with their loved ones tried;
As death around did roam.

The world is changed and so are we.
For we no longer pine;
With lesser things that give us glee;
We think that all is fine.