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“The Truth”

Bashash Mahmood

J&K, India

The wind doesn't speak of peace anymore
It carries the poison all around
Chinars have lost their shadows these days
The taste of the air is lost somewhere

I wonder;
Is this my home?
Where I've lived my years back then,

This can't be the paradise
The poet spoke of!
Can this be the valley of saint's, i wonder

Deserted are the gardens,
That once bloomed!
Graves have took all over the place
The Jehlum flows red these days

The sky is black, with no more hope

It showers bullets and blood these days

I crave for the sun to rise again

To cut through the clouds and shine again

Hope is my weapon that,

I carry around,

My ink needs to speak what others don't dare,

Truth needs a teller;

So, here I am!

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