

The Crow

Raheela Zulfiqar

Lecturer

Institute of Communication and Cultural Studies (ICCS)
University of Management and Technology, Lahore, Pakistan

A skinny little six years old girl,
Usually, liked to run and play in the park,
One day, she had a piece of bread with her,
The crows in the park came closer to her,
one stroked on her head with his beak,
while an other tried to snatch the food she had,
At that moment, her ten years old brother came running,
He “shooed” them away with a stick in his hand,
they were scared, they flew away from her,
They seemed very sneaky creatures to her,
She sensed, they knew when to attack,
It was done in an hour with good advance,
She was taken in a big black car,
“did you clean the bathroom?”
The old man with a white long beard asked her politely,
“I just cleaned it, Saab ji”
“no the toilet is still dirty; come here I will show you”
He just returned from the hajj last week,
She shivered with fear, the sneaky crow, she thought
He snatched her innocent childhood,
But no one was there to “shoo” him away.

Pandemic

Raheela Zulfiqar

Lecturer

Institute of Communication and Cultural Studies (ICCS)
University of Management and Technology, Lahore, Pakistan

The sun had experienced worse,
At the stage of the only living planet so far,
The pandemic is not an unusual crisis,
Many red moons followed,
since the first step of a fallen man,
The history of bloodshed, brutality, and cruelty,
took away the pleasant memory,
of being secure long ago,
Now, a sudden pleasure,
nature calls it a miracle or an opportunity,
A sigh of relaxation has come out from the soil,
wild is free again, and the seas are flowing in peace,
birds cherish life with a clean breeze,
stars are more visible to a night owl,
trees danced with ecstasy and smell the scent of new shoots,
spring is here with new sprouts and buds of colorful flowers,
they will open their eyes and see a new clean surrounding,
without knowing the terror is about to come,
laboratories are busy working for the cure,
the smoke of factories,
the drone of strong lethal chemicals,
burning substances and traffic,
taking a break for a reason,
empty roads immobile cars and buses are eager to roar,
fresh soft grass has no idea,

feet are desperate to crush it,
nature whispered,
this year spring is different with a clear blue sky,
finally, the pandemic is gone, though it's only for a little while.

