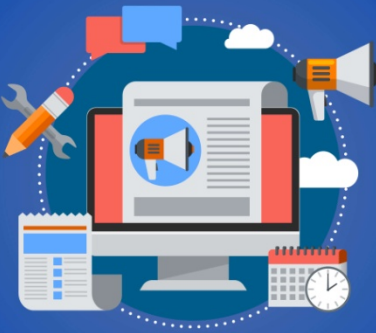


ISSN 0976 - 8165



# THE CRITERION


AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL IN ENGLISH

11<sup>th</sup> Year of Open Access


**Bi-Monthly Refereed and Peer-Reviewed  
Open Access e-Journal**

Vol. XI, Issue-2 (April 2020)

Editor-In-Chief : Dr. Vishwanath Bite  
Managing Editor : Dr. Madhuri Bite



www.the-criterion.com



AboutUs: <http://www.the-criterion.com/about/>

Archive: <http://www.the-criterion.com/archive/>

ContactUs: <http://www.the-criterion.com/contact/>

EditorialBoard: <http://www.the-criterion.com/editorial-board/>

Submission: <http://www.the-criterion.com/submission/>

FAQ: <http://www.the-criterion.com/fa/>



---

ISSN 2278-9529  
**Galaxy: International Multidisciplinary Research Journal**  
[www.galaxyimrj.com](http://www.galaxyimrj.com)

## While we are at Rest

**Qureshi Sabha Jabeen.**  
M.A Honors' with Research.  
Mumbai University.

While we are at rest

In our homes inside

They are in struggle

On the roads outside

No food, no shelter, no money

All that surrounds them is agony

With loaded bags

Wrapped in rags

On buses, on carts

And some on the footpaths

On a way back to their home

The misery, the suffering

They walk taking all along

The betrayal, the disloyalty of state

Is only their fate

Who answer's their call

Honestly is great

Where are the warriors

The Jets the plane

Seems as if all this is vain

I ask for rain

That which showers

The blessing fruits and flowers

The red, the yellow, the blue

Wish it comes with a clue

As a reward for the fighting crew

Antidote that which saves me and you

## The Night before Curfew

The night before curfew

I saw them running

toward stores

in a big hoards.

Panicked and in plight

Mother worried for child

milk, butter and toast

all overstocked in any cost.

Everything tomorrow

closed till twelve

News run on channels so say no

to doorbell and yes to your cell

Inside all

Meetings only on call

Complete lockdown

In a country of crowns

What goes in my heart

Wish I could have a magical cart

That which bring me an antidote

For the misery which let people rot

I ask blessings of lord

Let's just take it as a game

When you get beat down

Then don't blame

## My Heart is in Quarantine

My heart is in quarantine more than my body.

I seek refuge in sunshine that peeps through my lobby.

I don't feel isolated more.

As I have learnt to amend situations from core.

He talks abit lot.

Believe me he looks stunning in his white coat.

A lot of questions I want to ask.

Unfortunately we both wear a mask.

But our eyes meet.

He know less of poetry but we both love keat.

I singpraise of him.

But inside I am afraid as Trump from Kim.

Honestly deep down it kills.

but I smile because his way of caressing thrills.

Isn't it would be fair?

If I get a chance of your glare.

Maybe tomorrow.

I won't be able to wake up of sorrow.

But I am happy that you won't cry.

As when I am living painfully here you never sigh.

Not a roommate but a visitor who is often late.

Wish I could gifther daughter my branded chocolate.

One last wish of mine.

Come to my graveyard with my favorite bottleof wine.