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## How I Shall Forget

Qaisar Bashir

How I shall forget the pain  
You wittingly inflicted on me  
And the pellets  
You showered like rain  
On my fragile body!  
Amidst chaos when I,  
To my utmost,  
Pleaded not to fire  
That I've a mother  
And siblings, yet  
You pumped in my thigh  
A bullet and I,  
Heaving a deep sigh  
Like a lovesick,  
Fell down on the road  
Dangerous to walk upon.  
None came running  
Not even for humanity's sake  
To pick me up  
And lead me about  
To a hospital by  
So that I may live.  
Oh! I forget.  
There isn't a conducive one  
In Bandipour, is there?  
They dragged me  
Along the road: hell pits  
Submerged.  
I couldn't even scream  
For I was almost numb  
And all my body parts  
Though living  
Were in fact dead  
As if lying supine on a bed  
And my head Dangling.  
A white Rukhshuk  
Emerging from nowhere  
Came shortly like a bier  
Into which I was bundled  
After dressing of my thigh  
And taken, I don't know where  
For I was blindfolded too  
I didn't move from that corner  
They had tucked me in.  
They scolded me, kicked, slapped  
Till the Rukhshak, saviour inverse,

Reached to its destination.  
There they kicked me  
Pulled my hair  
Canned my bums like drums  
I could not wail or cry  
The well of my tears was dry  
Blows came from every side  
Till I was like a cur  
Shut inside a room: a hell,  
Where every evening  
They would torture  
My half-dead pygmy corpse  
Before it would go to sleep.