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## Of These Days

Muddasir Ramzan

These days

—

When nights come early,  
Electricity doesn't show up,  
The sun's lazy look seeks no attention,  
Earth offers no verses,  
Trees are weary of their nudity,  
Even rain dreads to visit us.

When the 'change' is arresting the political world,  
The K-word pours from the lips of hollow liberals;  
Our own CM guarantees a resolution,  
To silence Kashmiris in a whirlwind.  
New Generals take over,  
With the greetings of New Year.

When our *leaders* are tired  
Framing new calendars.  
For future slaughters.  
Tired of euphemising losses,  
Eulogizing sacrifices,  
For the outrun of *Azadi*.

—

A boy hears the voices of the dead.  
Of those maimed, imprisoned,  
Of the devastated families.  
Which caused him disquiet.  
In this state,

He reaches the houses,  
Knocks at the doors of the *guides*,  
To ask them what they achieve.  
By making the Valley writhe.  
He met the guards of *leaders*,  
Before he could get his share of sacrifice for freedom,  
His innocence saved him:  
“Was it necessary to call a strike on my birthday: Saturday?  
How long will two days a week continue?”  
He utters when he was asked the reason to be there.  
To this, all the ‘leaders’ react exactly as their ‘subjects’ react to them  
– A blend of laughter and anger.

The boy foresees their end,  
And the arrival of a *Messiah*.  
Who will liberate his land,  
From the ills of power struggles,  
And destitute resistance camps.  
If not in the near future but he is, surely,  
Approaching the land of the dead.

**Bio Note:**

Muddasir Ramzan regularly writes blogs for the Muslim Institute, London. He studied English Literature at the Central University of Kashmir. His writings – short stories, flash fiction, poems, review essay, interview – have appeared in different national and international journals in India, Pakistan and the UK. He lives and writes in Kashmir, India. He can be reached at [muddasirramzan@gmail.com](mailto:muddasirramzan@gmail.com).