

PUNISHMENT

Night and day he would make bombs
For me perhaps
Or for the countless those
Who become orphaned
Widowed or destitute

The other day that bomb
Blasted in his own house,
The wife died on the spot
And the child in the hospital
Wonder, what they were punished for?

The terrorist had
Both his hands blown!
And now come to a helpless begging,
A culprit of his wife and children
Fallen into disgrace

And wandering- a living corpse now
Who knows, which side
Is he holding on to?