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Power of the wounded heart

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Beside the sunset I sit quietly, shackled,
Butterflies were humming around my soul perhaps—
Looking at the raindrops I'm saying,
Butterflies flutter their wings and the rain falls.
But I cannot get wet in that rain,
Because I stand stony and empty-eyed,
Grieving the punishment
I have to suffer for no fault of my own.

I feel rebellious,
I smell the fairness fades without a trace,
I see the other eyes
Who are also destroyed
Like the shadow of yesterday's dry vegetable collapses
On a railway bridge.
Our hearts beating to a common tune,
Where we need justice for the beautiful soul.

In the intricate weave of our intertwined destinies,
We find ourselves ensnared in a complex tapestry
Where love and hatred entwine.
Our lives are spun together on destiny's loom,
Each of us marched to the rhythm of a shared heartbeat.

The despair of a soul,
Its profound depths and silent struggles,
Reverberates through the fabric of the cosmos,
Sending out ripples that transcend time and space.
Every plea for help,
Whether voiced aloud or whispered
In the depths of the heart,
Resonates through the intricate tapestry of existence,
Leaving an indelible mark
On the universe itself.

There is no refuge on this planet Untouched by the call for justice,
Resonating far and wide across continents and oceans.
What affects one individual
Resonates through the interconnectedness of humanity,
Echoing in the grand symphony
Of our shared existence.

My soul is shouting to the world,
I am seeing the other wounded heart.
Therefore, let us unite
By joining our hands together,
To confront injustice, resolute in our endeavor.
For it is in our solidarity that our power of heart lies,
And in the pursuit of justice, our compassion unitedly flies.