

Kunduz- Tears of Blood

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I don't tap on events hueud in religiosity or some ethnic backdrop, as they always are on the hump of some provocation that didn't lead one to much fair consequences. Such episodes are religiously motivated and are blown by the typhoon of violence. And as is the rhetoric, religious stimuli seldom gets under-powered. But today the course has been altered to the regard of the recently-raging attack on Kunduz, an Afghan area on the threshold of Tajikistan. An area which was raided with bombs by the NATO forces in 2015 and until recently, the bloody massacre of Afghan forces has readied youngsters and their relatives in a presto, to be interred. Youngsters who had the Quran safely condensed into their blooming hearts. The bloom here surely is the revelation of the Highest Scribe. These booms tinted with a peach complexion were jovially furnished by the invocations and lovely dabs of their mothers before they stepped into the seminary. Their parents were fantasising about that auspicious moment when they would be crowned with an enlightened headdress and will be blessed by the Ultimate. They didn't know of the imminent catastrophe that was to be meted out to them. Blood was spilt in the most gruesome of volumes and thus the buds were callously tricked into death. God definitely has better and strange plans. He knows best of the dealings, that he trades in. Never is easy for parents to reconcile with this tingling truth. How could they even think of their buds to be trashed into mounds of blood without a ruth? It's hard. Hardest for their closest. I was emotionally provoked by seeing that picture of that infant, which blew a certain naivety, winsomeness over his face, and a feeling of pride of being a custodian of the Book. That photo sprang tears in my eyes and I couldn't stop thinking of his parents. When you speak about such tarnished situations, even your whispers get boggy and eventually, indescribable become your words! Well, to talk about the global conscience, we surely don't have much blessed responses. But should it trouble us? Should it make our convictions strengthened by the erect belief in the Doomsday shaky? Yemen is turgid with 'the worst humanitarian crisis in the world', Iraq was destructed in a way that no other was, merely on a falsehood of it being in control of WMD's, Syria is being taned with missiles by the forces of both the hemispheres, Palestine has been mobilized into its race for authority over a place that was immanently of Muslims and was unlawfully exploited by the Zionists over mere pretext of it being the divine property of Jews. This whole visual is taking rounds in its forms in the Muslim world and again we find our horns locked with our self interests. We have either renounced or not duly understood Iqbal, but he still speaks with us in this dizzying couplet;

Not in sanctum, but through the nation that Man is firm,
Waves torque only in the sea, there's no foam outside of it.