

Oh My World

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Pakistan

Oh my world,

How shall we stand before God with our silence,
As the rivers of blood flow through lands once green with innocence?
Nature's beauty drowns beneath the echoes of bombs,
And the sky, once a canvas of dreams, is painted in the hues of war.

Oh my world,

Where is kindness? Where is compassion?
Where are the voices that once spoke for the oppressed?
Have they been buried too beneath the rubble of shattered homes?
Or lost in the silence of indifference and fear?

Oh my world,

The streets are restless with protests and cries,
Yet the screams of the suffering are drowned in the noise of neglect.
The leaders, armored in wealth and comfort, turn away,
Blind to the agony that seeps into the very soil they stand upon.

Oh my world,

Have we become numb to the horrors we witness?
Do the ashes of the fallen no longer stir our souls?
While the innocent perish in flames and despair,
The halls of power echo with laughter and stereotypes.

Oh my world,

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How far must we fall before we awaken?
How many more lives must be lost before we reclaim our humanity?
Will we forever be shackled by our silence and inaction?
Or shall we rise, not with weapons, but with justice and truth?

Oh my world,

I weep for you, I rage for you,
And in the blessed days of Ramadan, I pray for you.
For a day when peace will no longer be a dream,
But the very breath that fills your wounded sky.