

WOUNDS

A bullet lodged deep
In the trunk of a tree,
Dreaming of its prey.
Skulls in forgotten places,
In pits, riverbeds
And 'neath fields of
White wheat swaying
In wintry winds.

Eyes that saw brothers, daughters,
The sun sinking into rivers at dusk,
Empty-
Packed hard with earth.

A knock on the door
Forty-three years in coming.
A voice they wait to
Hear over the phone.
A plate set aside at every meal.
And someday they may forget why.

'I will dine with you in the house of my God.'

TEXT & ILLUSTRATION: **ZOHEB MASHIUR**
DESIGN: **JUNAID DEEP**
WITH THANKS TO LABIBA ADIL, ZARIF MASUD AND
IMANI KHALED FOR THEIR SUGGESTIONS.