Sins

Dust has settled

On my old diary cover

Never did I gather courage enough

To buy a new one

Gives me pain

Re-experiencing the past.

Clouded judgment we have all done

Imperfect beings, that is what we are

Rules of the pages of yellow testaments

Were made to chain our uncontrollable desires

Mere human beings we are

Seven sins stretch us to seven directions

Little can we control ourselves

From the aroma of this world.

Dusty, rusty world

Though has grasped us in your intoxicating network .

Human race that has come so far,

They are bound to face judgment of fire

Starts with a little drop

Weight increases little by little

Will we be able to bear the karma of such deed?

Deep in night, when howling of canine intensifies

Nobody hears

But drop of tear tells it all.

Who were those saints

That once marveled the very soil of this realm?

I am no saint

Neither I know one

I don’t know how to be like them

Nor can I be like them

They were given a promise of heaven

We were not

Pages of the diary can be torn

But deeds of past can never be undone

I leave the judgment

To the one who created the rules

Also who created the seven ends of hearts

Heard You are most merciful

Won’t you forgive us?

* Syed Ahmedul Kavi