*I was hiding in the underground attic with a closed door,*

*But, a hole in the wood showed me everything on the upper floor.*

*I heard a loud noise, saw a flash of light, and felt the heat too,*

*The screams and the cries and the running footsteps just grew.*

*Then, there was a silence of death, and I crawled out of my hiding,*

*To see so many faces charred, burnt and covered in ashes,*

*My house was in rubbles, worse than what was left by the last clashes.*

*Soon, the roaring sounds above were back, this time closer to me,*

*And a blinding flash of fire made it difficult for me to see.*

*Next, I remember lying beside my mother, peacefully in her arms,*

*Now, I feel no pain and no one can do me any more harms.*

*I was born in a land where life is scarier than death,*

*And now my story will be told,*

*But, I write my own life and not breathe my last as a two-year old.*

If you can visualize a scene from this poem, then you mind will instantly relate it to the heart-wrenching images that we see straight from Syria. The Nation has an infamous history of being in a news for all the wrong reasons. It has displayed the extremes of terrorism, war and religious anarchy. It is a place where human lives have no value and death is preying on everyone, every day. I will not discuss about the statistics any more because the numbers don’t matter any more. It is the hopelessness of human lives and the helplessness of humanity that needs more attention.

Raqqa, Aleppo, Damascus and now Ghouta, the Syrian cities have been devastated by war and crimes of the worst kinds. This Middle Eastern country is still in the shackles of terrorism, where civilians are always uncertain about life and death.

The UN Secretary General António Guterres commented that, **“The population is living in hell on earth."**

With around 93% of the buildings destroyed in a district, closely followed by equally dilapidated areas, 11.9% of malnourished kids under the age of five-years, the devastated condition of hospitals like Al-Shifa, schools etc. , scarcity of food and other basic amenities and daily loss of human lives, undoubtedly, it is a ***‘living hell.’***

By every passing day, it is also getting difficult to deliver necessary items to the affected families and civilians in the area. Torn in the war between the terrorists, rebel groups and the Government, the civilians have been the most affected. In times of war, it is hardly possible to use the ‘humanitarian corridor’ designated to escape. ***Once the assault starts, it is just a mad rush to save oneself and the families.*** It is painful to see people, including women and children as young as infants lying dead everywhere and others grieving over their lost loved ones. **We cannot even imagine.**

Describing the situation as **"catastrophic",** a doctor from the area narrated that the civilians are left with **no food, no medicine and no shelter.**

In the constant situations of war where Syrian President Bashar al-Assad is totally determined to uproot terrorism and rebellion in the area from its core. They are targeting extremists and rebels, but it is difficult to assess ***who’s who,*** when you are bombing from high above. They wanted to kill the terrorists, but normal people ended up paying the price.

The agricultural region of Syria is the last major rebel stronghold near the capital and in an attempt to make it free from them, ***hope the 400,000 people don’t become too unimportant*** for the Government.

*The number of casualties doesn’t matter anymore*, it matters how many souls will never be able to tell their own story anymore, how many eyes will not see the world anymore, and how many will not see a tomorrow.

***We despice those who are responsible for crimes so violent,***

***We, too feel the pain and collapse in vain***

***Though we are strangers and we are silent.***