THE BLARING SILENCE

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War is a phenomenon which not only causes direct damage to life and property but also has a lasting impact on the minds of all affected. The reason is often unfathomable and rips people off their dignity, integrity and their very existence. Peace often conquers what the most powerful wars fail to and should be implemented in like manner for the benefit of everyone and generations to come.

A beautiful and sunny morning made my day start off bright,
It built in more than adequate inspiration for what I was about to write.
Meeting everyone at work after long, was indeed nice,
But, it didn’t make me aware of what I was about to realise.

The sky took a grey hue, studded with flying fortresses in regiments long,
It all happened in a lightning second that no one understood what was wrong.
I ran onto the street where people were running all over the place,
And the picture of the city slowly, with smoke began to efface.

People crowded streets and railway stations,
Going home was a far-fetched thought.
The goal was to remain safe,
Without getting hurt or shot

For days, underground subways were our only hope,
With the incessant attacks we knew we had limited scope.
After dreadful days and sleepless nights, we finally got out,
Too scared, worried and numb with no will to call for help, scream or shout.

In front of my eyes were my countrymen preparing for war,
Their will pushing them through all odds, stronger than before.
I saw mothers weeping for their children, wives waving goodbye to their husbands with teary eyes.
A place that once resonated with happiness, was now deafened with mournful cries.

The city was enrobbed with scores of lifeless figures by dawn,  
And everything we possessed, was now gone.  
People were shocked, too afraid to travel or stay,  
The desire to live was restricted to each passing day.  
Bomb explosions and firing of guns had become a part of our fate,  
Nevertheless, we could not give up, but merely fight, flee or wait.

With courage and faith, we walked to the countryside, grateful to be alive,  
After all, surviving the time that we did was indeed a task to contrive.  
My fellow citizens were helpless,  
Within a second, their lives given a horrifying turn, impossible to forget,  
They lost time, people and the essence of their existence, something that they may never get.

The intention, was never explained or demanded,  
For the lives it took, for the lives it pushed into darkness forever;  
It was a ruthless desire for control,  
An inhumane and meaningless endeavour.

The lust for power is a planted deadly seed,  
The fruit of which shall, with others’ happiness impede.  
If we set greed and desires aside,  
Make an effort to extend a helping hand and send it on,  
We may possibly witness the time,  
When a better world shall be born.
АРҚЫРАУЫҚ ТЫНЫШТЫҚ

Негізгі сөздер: соғыс, асер, өмір, бейбітшілік, артықшылық, тұсініксіз

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РЕВУШАЯ ТИШИНА

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