

The Eyes

Maryam- The eyes are all the same today,
Actually it's the stare within.

Jannah- The stare tells their sad, glorious tale,
Of just where they've all been.

AL- It's not a physical, worldly place,
That marks these men as brothers.

Shurooq- 'Tis a place in each and every mind,
That links them with each other.

Aanya- Dark nights, cold days or searing heat,
Thick jungle or windswept beach-

AH-Geography doesn't bind these men:
'Tis what they did beseech:

Salman- "Dear God; I'm scared and tired and sick."
"Dear God; I'm hot...I am cold..."

Sheraz- "Dear God; I don't want to kill no more,
Nor be here 'til I am old."

Azhaan- "Dear God; I'm so tired of losing,
And I'm tired of burying friends."

Momina- "Dear God; Please bring these hellish war
To a quick and merciful end."

Uzair- It's in their eyes, the cost of war;
Their eyes, their aged eyes,

Aarij- They speak of fear and pain and death.
They speak of sad good-byes.

Badr- One minute friends are by their side,
The next they're gone for good.

Manal -But you fight on. You must:
Consumed by guilt-the could, the should.

Khawla-"It could be me, now lying dead,
Not him. This isn't fair.

Rehan- I should be with him, he's my friend,
He'll think I didn't care."

Dalia- Those eyes. They saw men at their worst,
And at their best, as well.

Ali- Those eyes saw men risk life and limb,
In places worse than hell.

Javaria- Those crinkled faces, years ago,
Were boyish, young and strong.

Soban- Now on this day, though resolute,
The boyish look, long gone.

Adibah- November 11th, Remembrance Day:
Look at their eyes and see;

Yasmin- The boys that were-the men they are.
They fought so we'd be free.

Taha- But that's the one thing they all lost,
War took their freedom away.

Eshal- Though they came home, a part of them
Caught in the war, did stay.

Malak- One day a year they come as one.
Soldiers standing side-by-side.
To remember a past they can't forget.
To remember those who died.

Sheikh -Do not begrudge two minutes,
For they've given all their lives.
And those who died? They're legacy?
Their daughters, sons and wives.

Sheikh -They're bent with age and hard memories,
You think-old folks in disguise.
Not disguise-Soldiers-one and all.
Look close: It's in their eyes.