

## Departure!

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***Prelude:** The hitherto uncompensated departure of my father to the eternal world is the most irreparable loss I have ever faced in my life. I shed tears and tears in bereavement. This ocean of tears resulted into nothing, but patience and cognizance of divine decisions. I kept on combating with myself and tried my best to accept the ultimate natural phenomenon of death. Praise is verily to Allah Who enabled me to vent my emotions in the form of the poem followed by tears streaming down from my cheeks. His sweet memories persistently flashed back in a nostalgic tone. Eventually, I felt that I can live with the asset of those sweet memories. Now, I often see him stretching his hand out in supplication and praying to Allah for forgiveness. With my inward eyes, I can still visualize his smile, his presence, his jokes, and his unflinching faith in Allah. Above all, I can feel his laborious effort which gave us the treasure of ethics and social values.*



## Departure!

***I can see...***

*Thy smile, thy care and thy gratitude  
Towards life thy radical attitude*

***I can feel...***

*You smiling and beseeching thy Lord  
Conquering hearts with ethics not with sword*

***I can hear...***

*Your voice and your lovely laughter*

*Crying to think of hereafter*

***I can touch...***

*You and your Sermons and Lessons*

*Simplicity as your favorite fashion*

***I can taste...***

*The sweetness and bitterness of your labor*

*Your recitation and Quranic savor*

***I can smell...***

*Your fragrance here and there*

*The flowers you gave us, very rare*

***I believe...***

*I will meet you in the heaven up-skies*

*Where everybody lives, not dies*

**AFRICAN CHILD****Ahmed Bin Essah Agyemang****Ghana**

*Buried is my future in Tomorrow  
Marred is my destiny with sorrow  
My paths to expectation are narrow  
Prefer I comfort?  
Nay! Build for me a gallow  
For in despair my soul wallow  
When shall I find rest? I quest  
Destiny I see a raging zest  
'Lost hope!', I cried  
Poor African child*

*Thin are my hands, yet clean.  
Perplex are my dreams, reflects my being  
Confused are my thoughts, reduced is my strength  
In dreams I am lost forever  
Inferno of desire in me raged  
In claws of desolation it is caged  
When shall I find rest? I quest  
Destiny I see a raging zest  
Lost hope! I cried  
Poor African child*

*Upon my believe, I stand  
Forgotten a creation, I hang  
My presence is like a shadow  
My mind they say is shallow  
Give me a chance that I may prove  
To God are my ways approve  
When shall I find rest! I quest  
Destiny I see a raging zest  
Lost hope! I cried  
Poor African child.*

**AFRICAN LEADERS 'FILE'****Ahmed Bin Essah Agyemang****Ghana**

*Banished from home and my people  
In the wildness of my thought  
I roam till I am feeble.*

*Condemned for the truth, nailed by injustice  
An innocent victim, stung by the prejudice  
Who will injustice avenge?  
When honesty is beguiled by power  
Power becomes a weapon of oppression  
And loyalty is under siege.*

*Authority ascends the throne  
Seasoned lips are scourged to silence.  
Honour is cast into deep  
With the sword to lead and the rod to rule  
Clashing for the seat of power  
They devour one another  
Hope is lost amidst chaos  
A people are betrayed.*

*Where is the place for peace, if justice is denied?  
For all they cared is their comfort array  
Honesty keeps its records  
So are people and memories  
Of the kingdoms we built with tyrants  
Who neglected their office for their greed pursuits  
With their lips  
They sucked the nation dry  
And with their claws  
They tore the nation apart.*