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## Gone but Not Forgotten

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# Gone but Not Forgotten

Raeed Chowdhry

My child, my child, where are you now?

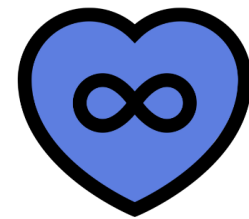
Are you in heaven, or in hell, or somewhere in between?

Did you feel any pain, or fear, or love, when the angel of death took you away from me?

My child, my child, what did you do wrong?

Were you not innocent, and pure, and good, as any child should be?

Did you not deserve to live, and learn, and play, in this world that God has made for you to see?



My child, my child, who is to blame?

Is it the enemy, or the friend, or the one who claims to be?

Is it the soldier, or the politician, or the media, who decides your fate and destiny?

My child, my child, how can I go on?

How can I bear this grief, and rage, and loss, that consumes me like a fire?

How can I find the strength, and hope, and peace, to live another day and not expire?

My child, my child, I will not forget you

You are always in my heart, and soul, and mind, as long as I breathe and exist

You are always my inspiration, and motivation, and aspiration, to fight for justice and resist

My child, my child, I will not give up

I will not let your death be in vain, or your memory be erased

I will not let the oppressor win, or the oppressed lose, or the humanity be disgraced

My child, my child, I will not hate

I will not hate the ones who took you, or the ones who let them do it

I will not hate the ones who hate me, or the ones who hate themselves, or the ones who hate the truth

My child, my child, I will love

I will love you, and myself, and the ones who love me back

I will love the ones who need me, and the ones who help me, and the ones who share my track

My child, my child, I will pray

I will pray for you, and for me, and for everyone who suffers

I will pray for forgiveness, and for mercy, and for grace, from the One who knows and offers

My child, my child, I will hope

I will hope for a better day, and a better way, and a better world to come

I will hope for a day when there is no war, and no violence, and no harm to anyone

صَبْرٌ

(Sabr is a word of Arabic origin that means patience, endurance, perseverance, or persistence. It is traditionally a quality that is praised, especially in times of difficulty and hardship.)