

## Where Should I Retire?

*Nisar Amin\**

Virginity of the meadows, pasture lands,  
And of all the open spaces are trampled,  
Ravished by the cruelty of the earth mongers.  
Days are being stirred in the frying pan,  
Where should I stop and tarry  
To kiss the grass, maidens and to chase the butterflies?

Alcoves with all their serenities  
Paid me a simper and tarnished  
Because these were now turned into food plaza,  
I am a singer of solitude  
Where should I wait for my love amour?

Hatred and aggression of traitors and riotous  
Are strewn in the womb of soil innocent  
And concealers have set traps  
For killing, destroying and for all the nuisance,  
Where should I sit for adoration  
Of a poem, a lover embodied in words and tears?

Should I cry in pensive tones of the doomsday  
Remembering Israfil's trumpet and tabor of Shiva.

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