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The Crimson Stain of Pahalgam

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> The grief hangs heavy, a pall across the land, From ravaged peaks of Pahalgam, a cruel, unseen hand.

A nation's heart in anguish cries, for lives so swiftly gone, And whispers rise like thunder, for vengeance to be done on Pakistan.

> The Indus treaty, once a shared embrace, Now turn null, a weapon in this desolate space.

The treaty breached, a fragile bond undone, While shadows loom of conflict, beneath a nuclear sun.

The Shimla pact, a promise softly made, Now lies suspended, trust betrayed, a fragile hope decayed.

The camps erupt in fire, a furious, swift reply, But for each fallen soldier, how many more will die?

The venom of hatred courses, a fever in the air, A burning thirst for justice, a burden hard to bear.

But can the shattered fragments, of a life so dearly loved, Be pieced together by the wrath, so fiercely now invoked?

Will fury mend the silence, where laughter used to bloom? Or bring a father's comfort, back from the silent tomb?

The lost hand of shelter for that innocent child, can vengeance quench? A widow's gaze, silent plea, can bring back the lover's clench?

Who'll dry the endless weeping of parents, old and frail, Whose guiding light, their only son, has vanished from the trail?

For every strike, a deeper wound, a cycle without end, Where blood calls out for further blood, no solace can it lend.

Is power forged in mountains, of lives extinguished cold?

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A mighty nation's banner, on stories left untold?

Is there a balm for bitterness, a way to quell the rage? To break the chains of anger, and turn a different page?

To seek not just reprisal, but understanding's light, And find a path to healing, beyond this endless night?

For in the quiet moments, when fury starts to cease, A whisper of compassion might bring a fragile peace.

Though scars remain, a solemn mark of loss we can't deny, Perhaps a future built on empathy, beneath a kinder sky.