

God's Men: The Red Mosque/Golden Temple

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I am originally from Pakistan and have been living here in New Zealand for the past 5 years. I currently work full time as a Systems Engineer on Auckland's North Shore and am writing my thesis for a masters of Computing degree at Unitec. I wrote this poem in the aftermath of the Red Mosque storming by the Army in Islamabad this July- following a stand off between the military establishment and religious hardliners. Being the son of a retired religious Colonel in Pakistan Army and a member of a devout, by-far tolerant Pakistani society, this is a personal reflection on the conflicts within the current society.

The year's 07, the scenes from 84,
'twas golden then, now the red glow.
bearded men with their Godly pursuits-
all i see is their blood still flow.
A general rules with rules unheard
in a land liberated now his foe.
Holed up fighters in a house of God,
do away with teachings that they know.

Soldiers strut with military galore,
the fighters with their martyrdom glow.
ah soldiers and fighters in irony so,
face the same kaabah as they bow!

What of us with hearts that bleed?
You're our brothers, none our foe!
A woman cries for her son in rank
another for her husband, sadly woes..

Come hither, make a stand with me-
unite! To the world we might show;
We have to live and love each other;
as temples or mosques, tanks don't know.