

Dispatch 5 by Ameen Fayaz

He said, “Die you must also, Child.” This was after a bullshit massacre of more than twenty adults. Is the child that you must be afraid of? Wordsworth would say, “The Child is the father of man.” This sums up the whole story. If you listen to it, what would you do? Nothing. Because we are nothing here. Do we exist or do we not? Ask yourself these questions. In a storm when you are caught in the middle of the sea when there are thick clouds upon clouds and the thunders are roaring, who is that you look up to for help? Who is it that you want to hear your cries? Who protects you from death when the horrors of night are howling outside? Who is it that you remember when you are walking all alone in the midst of those people whom you think the worst enemies of your life? It is Allah, the Almighty, whom you look up to for help, protection and sustenance when turbulence has taken the toll of your health and mind. The child was murdered, too, in a pool of blood. Mercy did not awaken in any form in the heart of the Beast that slouched the distance of many kilometers to take the life of the innocent and make the mountains echo with the cries of the people facing his claws. Merciless murder. The mountains have observed silence since then. Next time the Beast felt the hunger and visited another hamlet nearby. His eyes fell on seven. And many more fell prey. Shahid wrote about Zero Bridge, Lal Chowkand Srinagar City. He was a witness there and he summoned all the players in the court of muses for a judgement. Darwesh was a witness in the land of fig trees which has been forcibly occupied by an outsider though a cousin in faith. I am the witness of my own streets, of my own habitations and if Shahid would have been there, stories of the Hell of Dante would have been scripted for the world. One morning, these naked eyes woke up to see dogs surrounding a dead body without harming it. Perhaps, they were mourning. Humans killed the human and dogs felt bad. I had not the glasses on my eyes then. I am a witness but do not have the muses at my service to summon all the players to the court for judgement. He alone is the master of the Day of Judgement. He alone is Just. He alone is merciful. He alone loves unconditionally. He alone is to be looked up to for help. He alone should one seek for help. You must be feeling very sad after listening to such pessimistic whispers that I have collected from the dispatches of my own unconscious mind though I am sure you, too, must be having the same kind of dispatches from your own unconscious. This unconscious mind is a world unto itself where things are stored after a surgical operation for your own protection. Things which are explained cease to have any value. Take it as you wish but I am not going to explain. While passing through mountains, I would receive hints from leaves of trees or from stones or from springs or from the earth itself. I am simply passing on the same hints to you in the form of whispers. I had a flower in my eyes which died away from sight when I started wearing the eye glass. Now I see that flower through the mind’s eye only. It is not the eyes that turn blind but the hearts that cease to feel. . Mere eyes cannot receive the hints from outside. The hints must first reach the heart and tears would well up in the eyes to moisten the soul for a reciprocal communication to lead the ironclad man to the fountain of love. Murder means absence of love

and presence of love means the continuation of life for the soul that is everlasting. And machines cannot have this faculty. If love is allowed to master the machine murders cannot take place. When the machines roared in the hands of their slaves that night a tender life was murdered as if they were conducting an experiment in the laboratory. Devoid of any shame or remorse. I am very bad at remembering dates and names and why I should name people when it is not he, you or I; rather it is all of us who are caught in this never ending gyre dictated by lust and hunger for power doing whatever is forbidden in the books of Law, written and revealed for protection of innocence in this world, after that Great Fall of our Father and Mother from the Eden. Why should I name and fix dates? I am not a historian to keep record of things. I rather want to see whether we all are ready to forgive and embrace those whom we wronged in the times of unreason and howling windy night when the Divine Guidance alone would have kept wildness away from us. Since I am one of the witnesses of that storm, I, therefore, consider it my duty to tell you that He has his own ways to make the good distinct from the bad and He alone knows how to put the human beings to tests upon tests so that the best may come out of them and the worst is cast away. Do you hear these whispers that things around you always make and you are actually a witness to all these? If only you have a heart, you can comprehend and understand. See the beauty of what He himself tells us “If Allah would not replace one people by another people, the earth would be engulfed by anarchy.” Dear friend, isn’t it painful to see ourselves witnessing a lot but never actually learning the lessons that He wants to teach us. As a witness of what there was and there is, I now see that you are now willingly ready to hear more and more dispatches of whispers from my unconscious mind.

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