

## Haroon's Prayer for the Land



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### 1. The Distance of the Heart

Across the sea my heavy heart will always roam,  
Beyond the waves I seek the dusty paths of home,  
Though far away beneath a foreign painted dome,  
I find my thoughts are fixed upon that ancient loam.

### 2. The Vigil of the Digital Eye

I watch the news and feel trauma of the screen,  
The digital display reveals the fractured scene,  
The ghost of peace is felt but never truly seen,  
Fear and sorrow grow within the space between.

### 3. The Burden of the Empty Field

The farmer stops his plow because the fuel is high,  
The debt of nations looms beneath a darkened sky,  
The cost of living forces each and every hope to die,  
While broken systems mock the hungry worker's cry.

### 4. The Remittance Trap and Paper Gain

I send the funds to heal the land of its despair,

But inflation eats the weight of every single prayer,  
The macro-debt is more than any soul can bear,  
While the structural decay is rotting everywhere.

#### 5. The Stolen Dreams of Youthful Minds

The halls of learning turn to shadows of the past,  
The students fear a future that is fading very fast,  
With innovation crushed by shadows deeply cast,  
They wonder if their aspirations would ever last.

#### 6. The Vacuum of the Great Departure

The talented and bright are forced to take their flight,  
They leave the elders struggling in the coming night,  
The brain drain leaves the country in a hollow plight,  
Without the hands to lead the nation toward the light.

#### 7. The Fragile Ghost of Negative Peace

The peace they promise is a thin and hollow sound,  
While insecurity is presently rising from the ground,  
With travel stalled and public confidence unbound,

The truth of justice is a treasure never ever found.

#### 8. The Cry for Tangible Reform

The words on paper must become a living deed,

To help the citizen in every hour of their need,

To plant the soil with a new and honest seed,

And let the dignity of the common people lead.

#### 9. The Final Prayer from Foreign Shores

My distant voice remains a loud and urgent plea,

To see my homeland stable, safe, and truly free,

A place of light where every soul can finally be,

Restored in grace beside the wide and eternal sea.

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