

Sacred Strains: Of Bile, Blood, and Blessing (Mo Yan and Noorulamin)



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1.The Rural Roots and Human Pain

The village scent is rising from the rain,

A local truth that Mo Yan would explain,
With Noor Ul Amin sensing all the strain,
2 Masters bound by one aesthetic chain.

2. The Buffalo and the Bloodsucker

The buffalo is there standing in the drain,
The insects bite and cause a scarlet stain,
A sight that brings weary man much pain,
While bills, taxes drive him quite insane.

3. The Desk of the Parasite

The officer is seated, proud and vain,
Above the poor who cry out in disdain,
A bloodsucker who seeks only his gain,
A real parasitic soul in a human grain.

4. The Superstition of the Cure

In Mo Yan's world of hunger and of grain,
A mother's sight is lost to clouds of graying,
The bile of goats is sought to end the bane,

While revolution sweeps across the plain.

5. The Knife and the Landlord

Landlord falls beneath the leaden rain,

The father cuts the body for the vein,

He steals bile to break blind one's chain,

A desperate act born of a life of pain.

6. The Dogs and the Dust

Wild dogs to tear what might remain,

A brutal scene that leaves a moral stain,

The child watches, and silent in his pain,

As out there human dignity is led to wane.

7. The Hallucinatory Truth

The imagery is vivid, sharp, and plain,

It shocks the mind and enters every vein,

Both writers use the grotesque to attain,

A mirror for the hearts that we profane.

8. The Watchman's Duty

Stand with those who labor in the grain,
Against the systems built for private gain,
Noor and Mo Yan speak through hurricane,
To keep our shared humanity from wane.

9. The Path of Non-Violence

He walks path that Bacha Khan made plain,
Where Khudai Khidmatgar broke every chain,
Noor Ul Amin rejects the sword's domain,
To heal Pakhtunkhwa with peaceful strain.

10. The Global Voice of Mercy

From Gaomi's fields to Peshawar's terrain,
Their voices rise like thunder in the rain,
Against the violence and the greed for gain,
They prove that art can conquer human pain.

11. The Final Tribute to the Just

We praise the pen that works for human gain,
The soul that bears the weight of every stain,

With both Mo Yan and Yousafzai to sustain,

A world where love and dignity shall reign.

12. The Song of the Faithful Land

To Allah's glory, all our hearts attain,

Whose blessings fall on KPK like rain,

While Haroon chirps a song in sweet refrain,

Of leaders great who broke the dark in twain.

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