

## COMPASSION

A poem by Moin Qazi from his collection *A Fistful of Embers* published by  
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He comes home without a penny

Like so many days in the month

When he is sent back by the contractor.

He comes back home the same time,

Whether it is work or no work

But his wife can read it well:

Glum face, crooked gait, and sullen eyes

As he staggers back with forlorn face

Had it not been for the saintly wife

He may have never returned.

She ushers him with soothing words :

“Lord is great ,he has brought you back.”

She offers a tumbler of water and tea .

Shame has filled the belly full, and

There is no desire for even soggy rice

Fortunately children have cried to sleep .

She has still not lit the fire, and

The vessels stand clearly washed.

But something must still be there.

She picks a dirty vessel, scrubs it hard,  
Scrapes it till her nails hit the metal  
And then slips the morsel into his mouth.

It has the flavor of wife's love,  
His face lights up.

Women is the only creature  
Who can fit herself into any mould.

She has the malleability that makes her adapt to any relationship.

Women is the only creature  
Who can fit herself into any mould

A women is rarely a seducer, always a nourisher

She is a great mind expert, and a soul healer

She knows how to caliber emotions into gentle cadences

In her lie nature's best qualities of motherhood,

She has natural traits that men can never fathom.

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