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Qurbani: the Sacrifice

Nargis Tabassum

She has been walking blind-fold
Where ever he leads her is up to him
Her feet know to be obedient to his call
His too are obedient to some higher force, though not divine
She is walking with him side-by-side
Like his shadow
She has closed her eyes, perhaps her mind too.
It is her ears that are asked for
She is walking to his call.

Is this the auspicious blessed moon?
Or a special day?
No, certainly not
It is just any day and every day.
She is walking to his call
Side by side like his shadow.

God the gracious has given her
Endless lives to die each day
She keeps following his way
Her eyes are closed and her mind too
It is her ears that is asked for
She listens his calls, commands, blames

And theirs too.

Did Ibrahim's hands shake when he held the knife?

In her blind-fold even she knows

His hands are not shaking right now

They never did

His hands are obedient to some higher call though not divine.

“Betray me! banish me! behead me!

Platter me to them who are thine

It is indeed fine.

I am blind-folded where ever you lead me is up to you

My feet know to be obedient to thy call

They say it is Eve for whom Adam fall

I fall upon the thorns of life I bleed everyday

I am the scape-goat”

Ibrahim had full faith on God

She is blind-folded, so is her God.

She is the Eve banished from Heaven all alone

Neither earth nor hell is her abode

She belongs nowhere

She is meant for this sacrifice

She walks blind-fold like a shadow

Her feet obedient to his call.