



A Terrible Day: Hudhood

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Sirens blown the ears,
As if there is a war.
Radios continuously warned,
About the threat that strikes.
No people on the busy roads,
Even it is Sunday.

Exactly at dawn the catastrophe,
Strikes the town.
Like a volcanic eruption,
The air blown with the wreath
Poor huts vanished
Into blue,
Roof tops flew and
Dashed as mini bombs.

People run away to shelters
Holding hearts in hand.
Trees trembled and tossed
And fallen on the ground
Electrical poles twisted,
Transport disrupted,
The green city turned
Into red mud city!
Nature avenged the polluted
City with no pity!
Everywhere fallen trees and





Unearthed Poles, roof less houses,
Resembles the abandoned city!

But when will the humans learn that
The terrible thing happened is their sin
Against the harm they have done
To the mother earth?

Humanity still exists for the timely help
Thanks to the neighboring states!
Why not be the same extended to our
Co-beings the flora and fauna?

