

## The Waiting Eyes

A husband kissing his wife on her forehead saying 'honey I will be back home soon' and who knew a capable son might be having his last meal with his beloved parents.

An individual whose eyes filled never ending dreams. The only source of income in the family, a cheerful person whose laughter is silent now.

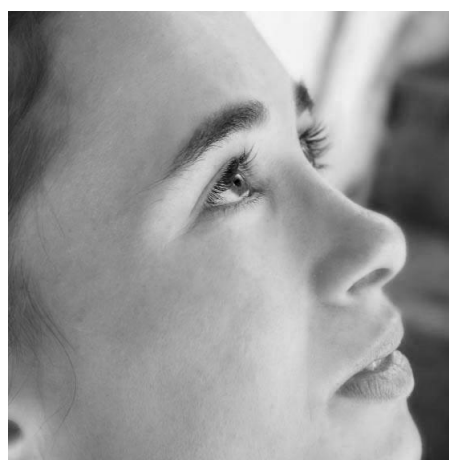
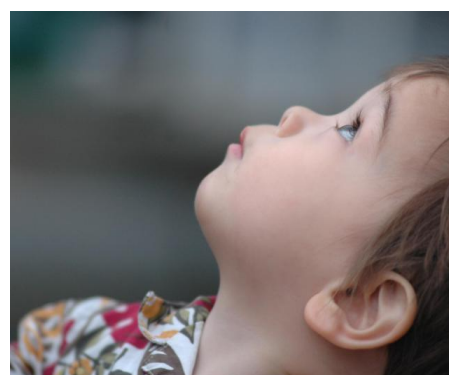
A father, a mother, a sister, a brother, a son, a daughter, a friend or a lover they are all gone now. The loved ones gone are missed by the ones who are left behind.

Their memories evergreen, just wishing that particular moment of slipping hands would have never come.

A tragedy it is, but no answer to whom it should be blamed. Whose fault is it? Was it the ones who bought those tickets, hoping for a new beginning or a newlywed, a pregnant wife or a child, who is at fault?

A minute of negligence caused a disaster in lives. Who is answerable to them, who is, who is?

Now, the hearts are shocked, a little sound in the sky, scatters them with a pounding heart and they wish, they wish if only it was a safe sky.



Alas, looking up with their waiting eyes!

- Bani Rai