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## From the Diary of an Afghan Woman

1/28/2017

I get goose-bumps whenever I think about my little daughter whose blood was spilt on the grounds of her race. Nothing and no one can ever fill the deep vacuum she left in my life. Whenever I see the girls of her age playing innocently in the world of their childhood, I remember the apple of my eye and can't resist my tears. Who dared take her from me and turn my life into hell? I loved my little daughter to death as any mothers do their children. I couldn't believe my ears when I heard the news of her death and it is still hard to believe that my sweet daughter, who was the only gleam of hope in my life, is lying beneath the heap of earth.

Your heart would melt if you could see streams of blood oozing from her wounds like drops of tear rolling down my cheeks these days. No, I can't believe that the bloody statue was my sweetheart. I think she is alive and will come back one day. But her segregation from my life is indescribably painful and I can't make my peace with her death which is highly unnerving and numbed my senses.

People try to soothe me and tell me that I am as pale as a ghost and have to forget her death since worrying cannot bring her back. But her memory eats me alive and does not leave me alone for a second. Her empty seat around our tablecloth makes a lump in my throat while eating. I gaze at her seat with tearful eyes and seek a corner to vent my pent-up anguish by crying for an hour or two. I am overwhelmingly sick and tired of this life. I can't sleep a wink. Being with her was like a dream and passed in the blink of an eye.

The burst of her laughter still resounds in my ears. Her kohl-rimmed eyes and wavy hair haunt me every second. I wished, one day, I could see my daughter in a white wedding gown with hennaed hands. To my unmitigated chagrin, I saw her in a white shroud with her hands hennaed with her blood. Her thin body was put into coffin and carried to graveyard with sad song and tearful eyes. People sympathized with me, offered me condolences and tried to alleviate my pain with soothing words.

The mention of her murderers' name starts me fuming. If you just pass by a suicide bombing, the riddled bodies of innocent women and children and sliced and diced flesh of human bodies will fill you with a strong sense of hatred. Tell you what; can you ever bear to see the human bodies ripped to shreds? I just can't put my feelings and anguish into words.

After her death, I feel like death warmed over and my swollen eyes and wrinkles on my face make me look years older. But the world without her is not worth a hill of beans. She was always there whenever I needed a shoulder to cry on. Some tell me to hold my peace and her soul will not rest until I stop crying too much.

What would happen if my daughter was alive? Would her life create problem for her murderers? She was still child and knew nothing about race or creed. So, what was her fault? What is the fault of thousands of innocent women and children who lose their lives in terrorist attacks around the world, mainly in my country? Some say that the terrorist ideology cannot accept anyone's caste, color and creed and will target people indiscriminately. I just curse such mindsets and will never forgive the killer of my innocent daughter. My religion emphasizes respecting the rights and liberty of all mankind regardless of their race and faith saying that killing an innocent person is tantamount to killing all humanity. I also believe that killing an innocent is forbidden in all religions and it is only self-styled ideologies that justify shedding the blood of individuals.

I always hear heart-wrenching stories of terrorists' victims from all around the world and the victims belong to different race and religion including Muslims, Christians, Jews, Hindus, etc. Such stories add insult to my injury and fill me with stronger sense of revenge. As a mother who has lost her sweet daughter, I deeply feel the pains and sufferings of the victims' families and others won't be able to feel so. I just blow up with such news and curse the perpetrators. No wonder, it is really hard for a person to deal with the death of his/her near and dear ones. Have you ever imagined that how hard it will be when you and your closest friend drift apart after years of sweet memories and heart-to-heart talks? Sorry, this comparison is like chalk and cheese. I am too downhearted to articulate my feelings. Let's pray for the annihilation of terrorist networks that inflict casualties upon individuals. Let's never forgive the murderers and the perpetrators of such crimes. My last message is that the world will have to stop the carnage in one way or another and protect the rights and liberty of nations.