

THE BOND

What's there to see
What pleases the eye
When the sight of your own people
So wearisome!

On the Pakistani post
The sight of a Ranger
At times,
Presents a variety
I smile within
On seeing him and
He smiles too

May be only for a few brief moments,
Forgetting the restraints and restrictions
I, sometimes, fly to him

There is a bond
Mightier than enmity