

Whose Voice does the Divine Hear

-Arushi Chakraborty

The weak cries echoed faintly through the market street, just loud enough to be heard, and yet, not a single soul reached out. The specters walked aloof, uncaring as the nascent cries stilled into chilled silence.

The soul lived only for a few hours on this sacred morning of Ramzaan, and it lived an existence more blessed than the soulless wraiths that walked past it, for His own angel descended to carry this innocent soul back to His eternal garden, for it to be reborn anew.

And the crowd could only lament for the foundling after it had long departed.