

There are names that make people stop,
Like the flag bearer, Abbas, who refused to even have a drop
Like Hussein, the man who refused to back down
Like Zainab, who never bowed down

And then there's Sakina - only four years old
No bedtime stories or a blanket to hold
Only fear remained,
As her life was forever changed.

Oh Hussein,
She used to sleep on your chest,
But now you are no more, so how will she rest?
The nights feel long,
Now that you are gone
She cries, no one hearing her silent weeps
Fear runs through her veins
As she sees your remains,
On her arms, the weight of the chains,
As she walks across the burning plains.

Oh Abbas,
She can't survive without you,
Not after everything she's been through
Your strength protected her
But now... when will you meet again?

They took away her father,
Who died with honour.
They took away her home,
The one place she could call her own
They took away the world she once knew,
And they took you too,
But... you lived in her heart,
A place where you will never depart,
Because oh Abbas, you weren't just her uncle,
To Sakina, you were home

But home was a place she would never see again,
A place that now remains a question - when?
For every bird that flew high in the sky,
Sakina would look up and wonder why?

"Where are they going?" she would ask,
And her Aunt Zainab would whisper, "Home"

"When will we go home?", Sakina would say,
But no... the enemies never let her see that day.

She cried and cried in the prison cell,
Her father's head sat on a plate, it felt like hell
How could they commit such a big sin?
Sakina's heart shattering from within
Her tiny hands trembling,
Remembering the day of the tenth,
As her soul began to descent,
And in the cruel cells, her cries started to fade,
And Sakina's story came to an end.

By Sakina Abdulkarim