**A Tribute To my Soldiers**

I could not forget these soul touching words written on the martyr’s grave

Don't stand at my grave

And weep, I’m not there, I do not sleep

I’m in a thousand winds that blow, I’m in the flakes of falling snow

I’m in the gentle shower of rain, I’m in the fields of ripening grain

I’m one of the birds that sing, I’m in each and every lovely thing

Do not stand at my grave and cry, I’m not there, “I did not die”

Whenever I read these rhymes it made me feel like a Pakistani soldier who is ready to die for this land. Then I thought and ponder, I cannot feel the bravery and loyalty that each and every martyr have in his heart. I wonder if one of these martyrs ever had a chance to come back and speak to the nation, what would he say? He would not ask for green ribbons to be worn or flowers to be placed on his grave, he would only request his people to harbor in their own hearts a portion of that love, loyalty and gratefulness for the nation, that he paid tribute to with his life and soul.

What ever we do, we can’t payback the persistent sacrifices they made for us and for this country. We should not forget the sequel of sacrifices and heroism committed by our armed forces for the past so many decades. Either we accept it or not, but everyday these souls are silently dying for the honor of this flag, for which they took an oath.

We are not protecting the country on the cold mountains, nor are we receiving bullets and losing our limbs, rather we are not even ready to pat their back, for the duty they are performing. It is true that to criticize, to doubt, defame and insult is easy, but to go in the battlefield, to see the roaring gunfire and to get hit by a bullet is not painless and simple.

I can never feel the pain of the children who have lost their fathers, the young ladies who have lost their partners and the old parents who received the wrapped coffin of their only son.I can’t find any replacement in this universe for their beloved ones and bring back their happy moments; indeed I can never bring back their sons, fathers, husbands, brothers and friends.

At the end, I honor their families, pay homage to the brave sons and will acknowledge their dedication and commitment towards this country.I Salute to the Martyrs and Ghazis of this land on this day and all days to come.This proud green flag Insha’Allah will be fluttering high and they will never let it fall.

**Engr. FaizanMahmood ,**President PSAJ **,** Master’s Student  **,** The University of Tokyo