



03

WHISPERS OF THE ALMIGHTY LORD

Dr. Mehrunnisa Pathan

*Professor, Department of English, Dr. Babasaheb Ambedkar Marathwada University, Chhatrapati
Sambhajinagar, MS, India*

You are closer to me than my own breath,
Closer than the vein that carries my life.
You are in my thoughts,
In my body, in my heart, in my soul.
With Your perfect design, You shaped me.
You are in the skies and in the earth,
In the oceans that roar
And in the emotions that stir inside me.
You are in the basket of flowers,
In their fragrance,
In the soil that gives them life.

Do we not see Your signs?
The heart that beats without rest,
The kidneys that cleanse with care,
The blood that flows without clots,
Veins that carry it like rivers to the sea.
The ribcage that shelters,
The lungs that breathe,
The heart that never stops working.

All of this from water, fire, earth, air, and space.
You gave us charity to keep us connected,
Honesty and truth to keep us alive.



You gave us minds that think,
Brains divided with purpose —
To feel, to act, to imagine.
Yet we define ourselves only by success,
Forgetting identity is more than performance.

This world is a stage.
Curtains rise and curtains fall.
We act, we stumble,
We face the same challenge:
to protect ourselves from the evil eye,
the eye that sins, the eye that kills.
O Lord, You remind us:
live and let your emotions live.

This world is filled with joy and pain,
with love and respect, with honor and shame.
It defines who we are —
but have we thought of the moment
when the communion between us and You
will be complete?

We were born to see, to rule,
Not to be enslaved by greed.
From the womb, our hearts were pure,
Our minds empty pages.
But we stained them with violence,
We filled them with treachery.
We protest, we resist, we murder,
We destroy the very gift of life.



O children of Adam,
You were created for peace,
For love, for harmony.
But you are thankless.
You search in temples, in churches, in shrines —
Yet I am already within you.
I am in your body, in your mind,
In your heart, in your soul.

Your lives, your partners, your children,
Your survival and your generations —
All are blessings.
Yet you complain.
Even your mother bore you in pain,
And she never complained.

But you are restless,
Caught in political games,
In social divisions,
In endless pursuit of wealth and power.
You, the crown of creation,
Have forgotten your crown.

You drown in devices,
Distracted day and night.
You sell and buy pleasures,
You seek what never satisfies.
But honesty, wisdom, truth —
These are the treasures you should seek.



You remember water only when you fast.
You remember food only when you hunger.
You remember life only when you die.
But what is the use of remembering
when time has already passed?

As children we dream,
As adults we chase,
As elders we look back —
and wonder: what did I live for?
Who did I live for?
When the deathbed comes,
Fame, money, status —
none of it matters.

Lord, only You understand my life.
You placed the soul within me.
You created the universe,
And still, we doubt.
But in every mountain, every sea,
Every hummingbird's song,
Every drop of dew in the morning light,
There You are.

You are in my eyes —
The eyes that read, that feel, that see.
You are the Lord of the magnificent throne,
The Lord of heaven and earth,
The One worthy of worship.



When I call You, You answer.

When I remember You,

You remember me.

You are in the deep oceans,

Above the stars and planets,

Closer than all of creation.

O children of Adam,

Why do you dig up buried souls?

Remember — one day you will stand before Me.

Your power will not help you.

Your money will not save you.

Only your deeds will matter.

Be just, be kind,

Be democratic, be fair.

For when I say "*Kun fayakun*" —

"Be, and it is" —

calamities rise.

Not as punishments,

but as the result of your own hands:

floods, earthquakes, famine,

all from your own greed.

But freedom will come.

One day, the voices of the martyrs will rise:

"Free at last, free at last!"

Their souls in Paradise

will rejoice in victory.



So many deaths.
So many children in white shrouds.
Where is humanity?
Where is compassion?
Those who kill are blinded by devil's lies.
They have lost their senses.
They are not human —
but shameful shadows of what humans should be.

And I ask you —
What have you truly lost?
Not numbers, but your humanity itself.
You are many, but you act as if few.
And the world is silent.

O humanity, rise!
For the day is coming.
The day of resurrection.
The sun and the moon, the planets —
All will be in My hand.
And I will ask:
*“Where are the kings? Where are the rulers?
Where are the rich and the powerful?”*

And none will answer.

For I alone remain —
The Creator of earth and skies,
Of atoms and oceans,
Of storms and floods.
I am the Sovereign.
I am the Almighty Lord.



Article Received:17/02/2026

Article Accepted:03/03/2026

Published Online:30/03/2026

To Cite the Poem: Pathan, Mehrunnisa. “Whispers of the Almighty Lord.” *Literary Cognizance: An International Refereed/Peer Reviewed e-Journal of English Language, Literature and Criticism*, Vol.-VI, Issue-4, March, 2026, 06-12. www.literarycognizance.com

This is an Open Access e-Journal Published under a Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 International License

