

## Inshallah

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Author's Note:

This poem utilizes seventeen phrases/sentences from Khaled Hosseini's novel, *The Kite Runner* (Riverside Books, 2003).

**“For you a thousand times over”**

I sit thinking as a rover:

What did this mean? Was it only for the kite?

Perhaps there's more to it, something with more might

**“If you asked, I would”** he had once told me

And just like the time he had said **“trust me,”**

I believed him and trusted him, or so I thought

Now it is all my fault, look at what I have wrought

**“Whatever you wish”** Hassan had also said

He meant it which kills me; I wish I were dead

**“All I could manage to whisper ‘No. No. No’ over and over again”**

Because all I had said was that, **“He is my servant! He is not my friend!”**

**“One final opportunity to decide who I was going to be”**

And who was this opportunity best for? Could it be us? No, just me.

After all, **“he was just a Hazara, wasn't he?”**

Deep down though that can't really be what I think, can it be?

If I believe that Hassan was just some Hazara then I'm very much mistaken,

Besides, how does ethnicity or race rather, even compare with what was taken?

If somewhere deep down I think that **“Assef was right”**

Then I might have to do something to see the light

He can't be right though; he's so despicable and cruel!

But I'm no better; I can't even stand and duel  
"Maybe Hassan was the price I had to pay"  
"But was it fair, the price?" This I cannot say  
"You may not even know . . . But you will someday"  
Ironic isn't it, the words that man will say  
I bet if Baba knew what I did he'd throw a fit  
Oh no, Baba! He won't approve of this! Not a bit!  
"In his arms, I forgot what I had done. And that was good."  
Someone should have knocked some sense into me; old Baba  
would  
But maybe I could make up for it, do something that would  
weave  
Weave this tragedy with something better; "that's what I made  
myself believe."  
"There is a way to be good again" or so I was told  
I really don't think there is though, that man's just getting old  
I ran like a dumb stupid coward so how can I be better?  
Even sitting here I feel it as I read Hassan's last letter.  
How do I move on when I didn't stop them or help him?  
I clearly can't move forward and the light is so dim  
Whatever will I do? Do you know? How am I supposed to get  
rid of the shame I show?  
Whatever I do though, can't be worse than this low  
Perhaps things will get better.  
"Inshallah."  
Perhaps I'll no longer be a regretter.  
"Mashallah."