

It was the time of
RAMADAN
In a leafy borough of
London town.
It was June
two thousand and seventeen
It was nearly the middle
of the night.
When , with deadly intent, a flickering flame
came into the scene.
Intent on causing great fright.



It crept and it crawled around
...until it found
a way to get under his coat.
It romped and it ran
as fast as he can
until he caught his own tail.

This was the beginning of a truly dreadful tale.
How could this be?
How could this happen ?
This sort of building
built by what sort of men?

MEN of greed
MEN with selfish thought
MEN who think they'll never get caught
MEN whose hearts are of stone
MEN with as much caring as a mechanical drone

Who was left on the top floor?
Who was stuck
couldn't open a door ?
Who is left with a broken heart ?
' please not yet... not time to part.'
A phone rang, I heard the bell.
But now the block was a burning hell.
Only those left standing have the story to tell.
It doesn't matter who you worship..or to which GOD you pray

YOU belong to your own fellowship...as from this day...You are not alone