Destiny of a Stone

A stone lying by the roadside was once a wonder of Nature
shaped by an artist gracefully placed on the high pedestal
engraved with commandments of royalty with rules of conduct
but the cruel storms of time pushed it down to the ground
today it is on the footpath trampled by human feet
a victim of the twist of time its lines of destiny got blurred
raise it up and you will notice the blood of the artist who shaped it
hardly knowing what the destiny had in store for it
from the grace of royalty to the dusty ground
I wonder whether a man‘s destiny is like the destiny of a stone.

– Zafar Khan*

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