

Major Khan nodded in agreement, his gaze fixed on the fading trail of the fighter jet. "You're right, Rishi. These moments ground us and remind us of the larger picture. Our service goes beyond ourselves; it's about safeguarding the nation and the people we hold dear."

"Yes Ambar, these mountains have a unique charm, I can feel their aura within me.

Major Khan broke the silence, his voice filled with curiosity. "Rishi, my friend, I've always admired your love for poetry. It's been a while since I've heard you recite. Would you grace us with a couplet tonight?"

Rishi's eyes sparkled with a hint of nostalgia. He took a drag from his cigarette, allowing the smoke to escape into the night sky before he spoke. "Ah, Ambar, you know just how to tug at my heartstrings. Poetry has been my solace, my way of expressing emotions that words alone cannot capture."

He took a moment to gather his thoughts, the sound of the fighter jet fading into the background as his focus shifted to the world of verse. Rishi began to recite a couplet, from the famous urdu poet, Nida Fazli, his voice filled with passion and depth.

"Ambar, these lines are really what I feel, it is as if the poet Nida Fazli, has captured the true essence of my being."

... Hum Labon Se Keh Na Paye Unse Haal-E-Dil Kabhi Aur Woh Samjhe Nahi Yeh Khamoshi Kya Cheez Hai Ishq Kije Phir Samajhiye, Zindagi Kya Cheez Hai.

Major Khan listened intently as Rishi recited the couplet, his heart stirring with the depth of its meaning. The words resonated within him, touching the very core of his being. He turned to Rishi, his eyes reflecting a profound understanding.

"Rishi, my friend, those lines are truly profound. They encapsulate the complexities of the heart and the silent depths of emotions that often go unspoken. It's as if Nida Fazli has delved into the depths of your soul and given voice to your unspoken feelings."

Rishi nodded, his gaze lost in the distance, a hint of melancholy in his eyes.