The Golden God

Talmeez F. Burney
Whenever I hear any news from Iraq about the fighting between *shia* and *sunni*, I start missing Saba. I know that death is neither *shia* nor *sunni*.

This fighting in Iraq always reminds me of a fable of two strong bulls who are buddies. A lion wants to eat them, but both of them are protectors of each other. The lion sends a fox because, when power fails, strategy works. As usual, the sly fox does his best to turn them into enemies. Those stupid bulls, they didn’t even know the alphabetic difference between “fox” and “foe.” The fox wasn’t successful with the first bull, but he didn’t give up. He limited his negotiations to the second bull. Finally, the bulls became enemies. This made the lion’s job easier because when he attacked the first bull, the second didn’t come to protect his former friend. The second bull forgot that he would be the next victim.

I don’t know why the second bull always forgets the first. I think he has amnesia.

I don’t know what Saba would say about his fable, although I’m sure she knows of it because of its commonality. The fox is sly but not smart enough to succeed every time in separating the flesh from bone. I’m sure Saba would agree with me, even though sometimes she disagreed just to tease me; I can still see her hidden laugh behind her twinkling eyes.

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**TALMEEZ F. BURNEY**

The reflection of one nation’s adoration through its own complexion.