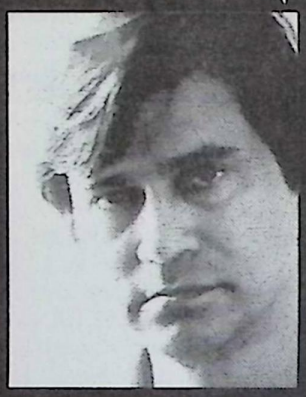
Moon

Kaiser Haq



Aunts in orgies of gossip
Plough through mountains of betel,
Outchewing a flock of goats;
I don't listen to them.
Self-immured, hands
to the head, elbows
on a creaking escritoire,
I've missed dinner to imagine
the real terrors behind
rumours
that bite their own tails;
when suddenly the air
is tinted silver,
through the window a rain-washed garden looks in
like eyes prettified by tears,
on the river beyond a canoe
goes by with a glitter:
it's that ageless moron
again,
the moon. You don't belong
here, I tell it sharply.

Watching the blind

Fariha Khandaker

Hear the world speak of lost causes
As ageless hymns turn to shadowed prophecies
Once living at the absolute end
Hear the prophets who claim and preach democracy
Albeit, not that the 'real' should be sent from above
Mere mortals living on the
Demon's cause;
Superficial understanding of irrelevant facts,
We all pass in the incumbent desires of the past.

As the seven eras of the empire is left undone;
Scared faces of indulgence in hiding under a crimson sun
Fighting the redemption of heinous crimes
Of emotions left withered by melodic wooden chimes,
Searing the encounters of muted vengeance
Staring through the epochs of parchments unwritten.

In a faded vision that chooses lies
One calls for silence and the other laughs
One cries for help; the other runs away from his path
In a timeless tale of heroes and dragons
Innocence alas; is enslaved in glass dungeons.

