A Leap of Pity

Nabil Imani

Alone I stand under the twilight of the past…being the only witness to my conclusion,
A breeze flows by providing me with a shiver.
All around me I desperately try to find some memento…some sign of salvation,
Yet all I find is I, standing under the shade of the moribund moon in confusion.
The gravel under my naked feet grasps on to my toes pleading for my sanity,
But the endless sympathy for my sanity is infested by leeches of delusions.

I looked up into the heaven, while I left my conscience in conflagration,
Withering away the last bits of strands of hope to ashes and smoke.
A small tear ran its course downhill as I waited for my savior angel to provide me reason.
Instead, the call to take part with the forbid grew with the mocking season,
My satiety further gifted me with the profound urge to be one with the darkness.

Surprisingly I do not feel myself enraged at this world, but pitying it in contrarily.
The world is all but a pathetic profoundness of delusion rotting beneath the filth of truth.
The choices we make in our life decays away the sanctity of our lives itself.
It is for that sole reason we are called humans,
Weaklings gifted with monumental prejudice and pride,
Putting blindfolds over our already blind eyes,
Yet swearing to each other that the colors of the world we stare at are beautiful.
We as humans create a society fueled on anarchy,
And stand up with heads high living in a make believe serenity.
We walk the life with bolts and spears pierced through our heart,
Jolting in pain with every step, tick and turn,
Masking away our pain and smiling at the ones who failed.

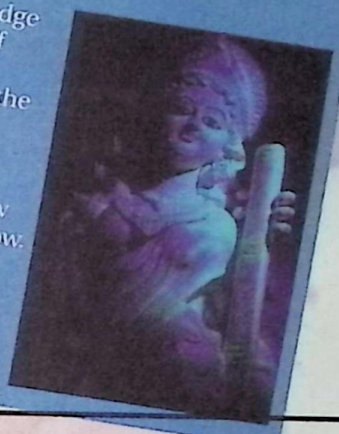
We all but wish for the world to decipher our utmost feelings,
But the second later confound the fact that we can be deciphered at all.
Begging the forgiveness to God for crying,
To my friends and family for trying,
My head felt at peace, my heart in paradise while…

The dark wind chaperoned me to my legacy beneath.

Devi Saraswati

Subir Das

O the goddess of knowledge
Let me tear the curtain of mirage.
Let me find the light, not the image.
Let me see once your holy visage.
Let me see the celestial glow
And the waves of melody flow.
Let me get aptitude and knowledge.
Let me see once your holy visage.



Love song

Shamim Ansary Sumon

You're my first ever companion, well-wisher and guide
None but you have the utmost right to love me or chide.

Fittingly you shroud subterranean anguish that looks lean
I avow, you're the paramount personality I've ever seen
My affliction ails and ecstasy lets you in seventh heaven
For you? Petite: entire earth, headdress amaranth woven.

Whatever good in me is your contribution, bad is mine
It is by no means feasible to reimburse my debt to thine!
Your sheer melancholy, I discern, will prod my empathy,
I my bliss, I'll side with you, without a slender of apathy.

You nourished, schooled, moulded me and nothing is due
Oh my very dear Mother, I loved, love & will love you!

My wonderful world

Muntaka Ahmed

When the wind is blowing,
I can see some grass nearly flying.
The blue sky never turns grey,
Sunflowers face the sun all day.
Birds sing there favorite songs,
Golden bells go ding, dong, dong.
White clouds float around the sky,
Rainbow-colored butterflies fly.
Busy bees give the sweetest honey,
Magic trees filled with golden money.
Here I am in my wonderful world,
which is very sunny.