

i ♥ you

DYUTY AURONEE

His manners were so right and his shirt so crisp. And his chopsticks game was on point. I ate noodles with hands and dipped Kit Kat sticks in tea. I double dared the world. He obeyed wilfully.

My hair was a lengthy mess and my life messier. Sorry, not sorry. He was a man of order and so was his entire world. His entire universe. And it revolved around me. Not like he said that. He wasn't good with words. That was my forte but I knew it. You just don't challenge matters-of-fact.

I used to run away. Often in my mind. He pulled me back every time. He knew the tricks. Chocolates, pens and time.

Three precious gifts. I laughed at girls whose boyfriends did not treat them right. I had everything. He was my everything.

I knew why I stayed but I wonder at his reasoning. Why would he or anyone stay back for me? I was restless. Like a shot of black coffee. Strong and bitter. His favourite was latte, wasn't it? He still stayed. Sipping in. Slow and steady.

I could not anymore. I was growing tired of chocolates. My stomach churned at the sight of it. My pen-stand was full. But, I had not much to write about. And I had all his time but not enough of mine. Too much of anything is a curse.

Every time I attempted to leave, I came

back. Head bowed down with the burden of his goodness. So kind. I was embarrassed. Guilt was stronger than love. Proven. For how long though?

Please, let me go. Please. I begged. He suffered. He promised he would be a better person. Did he not know that he was already the best? What I wanted was anything but the best.

And so I left. I ate up guilt. I strangled love. So destructive. But, I felt in my element after so long. I had just breathed. I had just grown wings. I had the world ahead of me. I was free. I was ready to conquer. World at my feet.

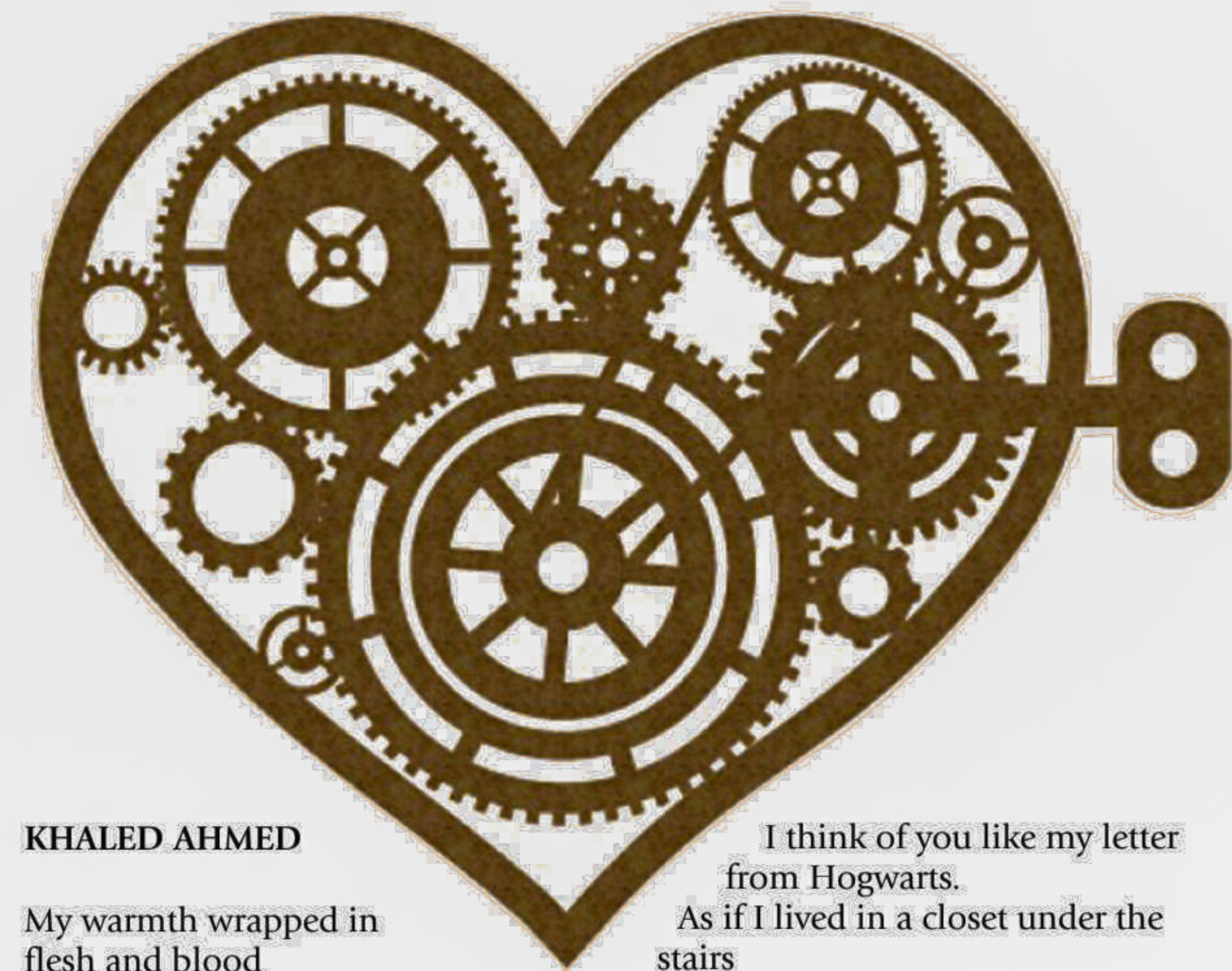
I don't know what happened to him. Does he still set his alarm at six in the

morning? I don't know and maybe never will. I lost him. No, I pushed him away. I wonder if he still likes latte though. Or, has the new girl made him switch to tea? There must be some new girl, no?

Hey, if you are reading this on your breakfast table while the new girl is ironing your light blue shirt, just know that you are perfect. Too perfect. Too good. And too much of everything else. It hurts me that I *heart* you. You heart me and I *hurt* you.

Chances are you will never read this. You only read real news, I know. The literary page had always been your coffee cup coaster and ah, that's a relief I tell you.

The Greatest Doctor of Broken Hearts



KHALED AHMED

My warmth wrapped in flesh and blood
You are the face I failed to picture in my dreams
Come to think of it
You are even more beautiful.
I think I'll not be sent to heaven.
Are you God's compensation?
If you are, tell God I'm okay with it
It's a fair deal.
I'm very happy with it.

You found me at my worst, you.
And you made my heart beat stronger,
Aren't you the greatest doctor of broken hearts?
But alas! You're rather bad with knees.
They feel weak at your mere presence.

Can I tell you a secret?

I think of you like my letter from Hogwarts.

As if I lived in a closet under the stairs
For the longest time.
And now, I'm on this train,
I'm going to a place.
I don't know where,
But I know it'll be great.
Because I got a letter from Hogwarts,
And I suspect you wrote it, professor.

The greatest doctor of broken hearts
Makes me weak in my knees.
Don't you dare leave me!
I figure I can live without knees.
I'll worship you all my life anyway.
I think it's convention for me to kneel.

She's The Greatest Doctor of Broken Hearts,
She makes me weak in the knees.

THE UNWANTED ROSE

SABRINA SAMREEN

He scanned her with X-ray eyes,
His number twenty, a 14 year old virgin,
Such beauty, it seemed to him a blissful sin.
Like a shadow, he crept close.
Every move she took, every lane, every turn.
She felt his piercing eyes, burning her skin.
She quickened her pace,
He watched her hips sway, his heart began to race.
She turned her head, glanced nervously.
He whistled once, twice, then thrice.
He said something unthinkable;
Confessions of an insane lover,
Jargon of a crazy stalker.
She sweated excessively,
He kept scanning, talking, and coming closer.
She wished she were dead.
Wished she hadn't worn
Blue jeans and printed top, a shade of red.
He wanted to touch, once,
A stalker's lust knows no height.
She saw the rose from the corner of her eyes.
Dark red, wilted one,
Few leaves, its thorns pricking out.
She wanted to yell, wanted to shout.
He shoved the rose into her bag,
Stuffed it, roughly, left it dangling in mid air.
She shrieked in fright.
Rattling sound, flashing light,
His merciless, triumphant laughter.
Hot tears of anger burning her within,
She saw the glossy bike vanish.
The unwanted rose fell to the ground.
She wished she'd
die!

