

WORDPLAY

Unless I stopped writing
I knew I would be trapped in that tiny world of ours;
Where waterfalls and shadows
Lay restive to Bourgenvillas and Plumbagos,
and those Jasmines snuck aroma
as far as eyes could breath.
You stood there like a goddess,
beside the lone Chrysanthemum
Waiting for my fingers to slip in between yours,
For me to hold your eyes
and for my air to fill your breaths.
Unless I stopped, I knew your love would remain
and I would always find you
where the Chrysanthemum lies;
and so I linger; and so I write.

ADNAN FAKIR

Adnan M. S. Fakir teaches Economics at BRAC University. Outside he directs a documentary film series called "Finding Bangladesh," writes, takes photos, does social activism and travels a lot. He can be reached at adnanfakir@gmail.com.

A Lullaby

FARDIN HASIN

It's okay,
You can sleep now, rest your helpless soul
All the lullabies in the world I'll sing to you,
There are no monsters underneath your bed
None hiding in the closet, I checked.

It's alright,
I'll be here, go to sleep, peaceful one
No one can harm a hair on your head,
The sirens are echoing miles away
If they come, I'll keep them at bay.

Keep calm,
Sweet child, you used to reside in me
My love and lust, you were born of it,
So close your eyes and don't worry a thing
I promise, it's all just a misunderstanding.

Be patient,
Like I was in pain, when you came out
Bound by a chord that's ever so profound,
Like a diamond you are priceless and rare
It just might be you are beyond repair.

It's okay,
I'll stand by you, no matter what you do
The world can't touch you in my womb,
We'll flee to a city far beyond the border,
Cause the ones here know you're a murderer.

Fardin Hasin, 18, is a student of Electrical Engineering at Islamic University of Technology

PEEK-A-BOO

MASHIAT LAMISA

You woke up one winter night all
on a sudden and asked me to
peek inside your heart.

I did not want to do it. I felt it
would be like invading your
territories. But you insisted. So
with a white peony in hand, I
squeezed in.

It was a huge heart, indeed.
Bloody red, no spots of black I
swear.

And it was warm.
And in that cold winter night, I
found warmth in the depth of
your unfathomable heart.

I visited so many of your
memories there- some known,
some I had never seen.

There was the sound of laughter
and there was blithe,
There was love and there were
beautiful verses of poetry
There was the ear-piercing sound
of melancholy
There was hatred and there was
joy—I had found the whole
universe in your heart, that night.

And then I looked in farther.
And found a piece of broken
glass, that seemed to have pierced
your heart from deep inside.
And it was making your tendons
feel weaker than ever.

It was sharp,
It was perilous

It almost even got into my eye.

But it did not take long for me to
realize, it was not mere glass.
It was a mirror, with rich silver
coating its back.

And a reflection looked back at
me as I tried to take out the piece
from your precious, precious
heart.

And very slowly I realized, the
reflection was mine.
And that winter night, I knew, I
was the piece of glass piercing
your insides and outs.

I knew I was the sharp, perilous
object paining your universal
heart.

So I got into your bloodstream

And travelled to your brains
And built a small house there—
too tiny for you to comprehend
my existence
And I stayed there till the end

Not anymore like a sharp piece
of glass, but like lost time. Like
an abstract piece of writing
scribbled on a wet, damp paper
with ink smearing all over.

But at least I could be there. At
least I could have the warmth I
felt that night in your heart of
perfection for as long as I wanted.

I didn't have to peek anymore
And you, you didn't have to ask.

*Mashiat Lamisa is often seen
frowning at the sight of people who
dislike poetry and tomatoes. She can
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