

WORDPLAY

Violet seeped through your lustrous hair that day
 the sweet dents of your cheeks manifested you;
 Your lips spoke without words
 Slyly perched against the flounder of your drooped eyes
 Breathing in the aroma of the viola dangling from your hair.
 I wonder whether you noticed my eyes
 struggling to escape you;
 or how I intentionally walked past you over and over
 Like a child first gratified in love.
 My eyes breathed you;
 I smell you now in words
 and in those flowers to whom you lent your beauty,
 those violas, taunting,
 flirting with the night.

ADNAN FAKIR

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REVELING IN SIMPLICITY

NUSRAT JAHIN ANGELA

He was a rain maker, sitting in prayer, beckoning rain, while she churned the soil under the blazing sun. She nurtured the crops with her withered palms and he waved the flag to welcome the humble clouds. As she sat to tend to the wheat grains, he stole glances, and ran for thunderbolts to make her smile.

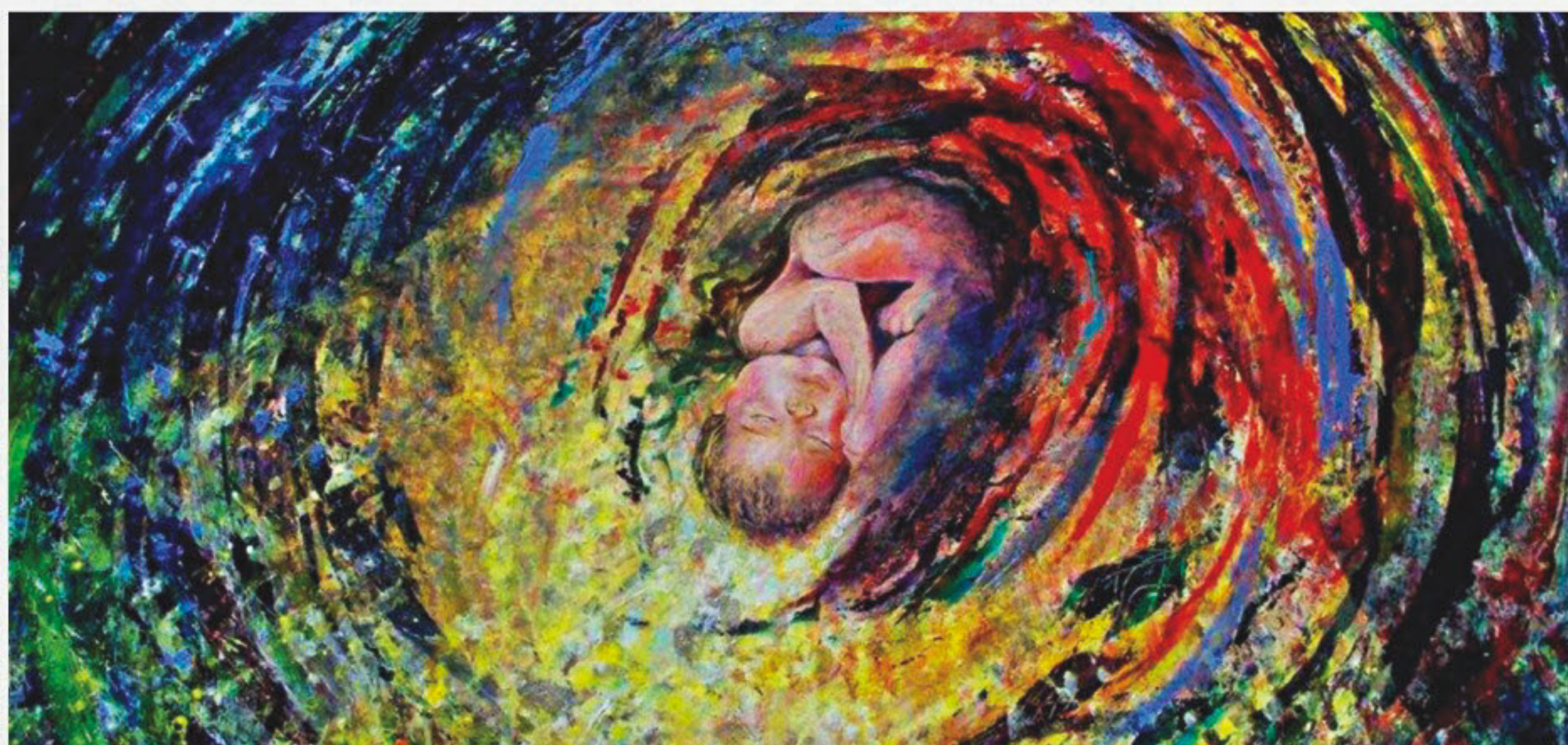
He hid behind the marble walls of the castle, breathing irregularly holding his heavy rifle while she sipped tea from a fine porcelain cup. His rebellious heart was bold and dreamt of equality. Her diamond tiara glistened under the ball room light, as she danced indifferently among luxuries, waiting for doom to arrive.

He was hopeless, letting go of all faith while she cast spells over crystal balls singing fortunes to the unfortunate. He bled inside, tired of all miseries while she curved her lips at others' troubles and pocketed the cash. They met over gypsy hazes as she comforted him with news of new love while he sought sanctuary in her voice.

He struck a storm with his powerful vocals while she flew her fingers skillfully over the piano keys. He swept the stage with his high notes and she played the harmony to match the chords. She looked at him with yearning which he returned with a longing glance.

Time brushed by while destiny played out his cards. Sensations left impressions but there was no escape from heartbreak. That one look, one touch, buried within the scars of separation was unavoidable. Even after the pains, through the ages, there was no way to go separate ways. Meeting was a must and so were the tears.

In their first life, he walked under the sun and she was his shadow.



HOME

AAHIR MRITTIKA

You know, your eyes reflect the light
 That falls on me.
 When I shine,
 You smile brighter.

I never saw you crying,
 Except once when I bled
 From wounds merely a touch,
 And you finally realised
 It's my turn to face,
 The thorns in the world.

You look at the mirror,
 Like you're meant to love,
 - and not to be loved.
 And your body is wrinkled
 Only to survive for us.
 Like your scars are sins.
 But I've seen how
 Beneath your tender fingers,
 Lies a skin of steel.
 And how your hold

—is a grip on blades, you
 Never lose with bleeding fingers
 To save us from falling.

You've survived this long
 A battle where you've only lost
 To win.
 Your womb gives new life.
 You've lived the pain that
 Would break a man's bones.

Mother, those liars who tell you
 That your words are not to listen to,
 Are afraid of what you can be.
 You've a universe inside of you,
 A greatness that expands.
 A sun,
 That would burn eyes of those evils.
 Oh mother, with blisters on your
 Beautiful skin, you're
 Immaculate.

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