



## Who Says It All

RAMISA NAWAR PROMEE

I had a dream last night,  
 The earth was scrupulous and bright.  
 There was no clamor and no avarice,  
 All were condign and just right!

Then, there was you,  
 So new and gratified,  
 You weren't even touched  
 By the aspersions,  
 And Judas-kiss, agonised!

There, you didn't replace me,

You were my reflector;  
 You were a human there,  
 And all I wanted was you, more!

Then, all on a sudden,  
 The dream-light dimmed;  
 Reality tore dream and  
 Dread got beamed.

Rage, grudge, disgruntlement-  
 Are these all that make you whole?  
 Ask your conscience, look deep in your  
 soul,  
 Yes, I'm your heart who says it all!

## Shall You Choose to Jump Tonight

ARK

The world won't get to know  
 You  
 Like I do  
 Shall you choose to jump tonight.

Nobody else will ever know  
 How you see the sky  
 How you look  
 When you oil up your hair  
 Or cover your face when you cry.

I see the tears well up  
 Threatening to escape  
 Your eyes  
 It's in them that I see reflected  
 How cruel can be this life.

But dear, you are more  
 Than the shuns and the lies  
 There's more to your person  
 Than just tears and cries  
 I know, I know  
 For I have seen  
 Your lights and your colors –  
 And they don't want to die.

Give this world another chance  
 It's not so difficult  
 Should you try;  
 Take my hand, come with me  
 Let's find you a reason to smile.

For I will lose more than just a friend  
 More than a cherished gem  
 And the world will lose more than  
 A fickle of light  
 Shall you choose to jump tonight.



## REMINISCENCE



NISHAT NAILA HOSSAIN

The day has finally arrived. The wedding bells are ringing all over the place, sweet chattering and garlands all have clouded the atmosphere. As I peeped through the slowly moving translucent blue curtains, my sight caught attention of a girl sitting in front of the dressing table, whose hair is dancing in rhythm with the breeze. The person who had her jewellery was once a girl, who lent her fingers in assisting me in finding the path ahead. The most important person today, the bride, she is none other than my sister Zeenat.

Making my way through the excitement floating all over the house, I walked straight to the backyard, placing myself on the swing which seemed to feel very lonely. Voices kept echoing all over the place. Our quarrels, fighting, arguments; every incident felt like a series of filmed flashbacks. I still remember when Zeenat said, 'Get up, I will sit on the swing!' and I replied, 'You won't fit in here.' However the conversation ended with us wrestling, just because I called her fat! The secrets which we used to blackmail each other with, will now remain locked in the diary forever. Though I knew that the irritation raised was because of me, but I enjoyed it. Chocolates played its best role in creating a rift between us. The fridge itself carries numerous stories of stealing sweets and candies which she used to hide from me.

The clock kept ticking, carrying away some years of our life and we grew up. Perhaps we looked a bit more mature but our immature behaviour was adamant in not leaving our soul. Besides chocolates, makeup was in second position as a tool for pulling each other's hair. I used to stealthily look into her jewellery, wardrobe and what not, but the fire set ablaze when she understood my hand in the misplacement of her property. As my feet paced all over the house, I started visualising every corner that carried zillion tales of our bitter-sweet bonding.

Birthdays are one of the most memorable celebrations, where I got infinitely astonished when I came across her amazing surprises. I could not hold back my tears, when I began to recall her ways of nurturing me at various phases of my life. Zeenat definitely came as a blessing in disguise who was a shining star, lightening my soul.

The creaking noise of the door reached my ear but this time it was no wind but a palm, with a beautifully designed henna pattern on it along with shiny golden bangles. Slowly it turned out to be a shadow of a much known sister, dressed in a gorgeous red wedding sari. Her lips kept mumbling, assembling energy to say some words never spoken.

She grabbed my arm, pulled me inside the room, slammed the door behind and hugged me tight. Her heart raced fast across mine; for the first time I felt the emptiness in our heart, the everlasting love that we shared when she slowly whispered in her sobbing voice, 'I will miss you, Zarah.' It felt like an arrow piercing my heart and we sobbed and sobbed in each other's arms until there was an advancing voice asking for our presence in the hall.

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