

Flower CROWN

MASTER OF PING PONG

New Year's morning and I wake up at half past noon
Drowsy eyes, I sit up in my big blue box-like room
Birds are chirping, winds are blowing - what a day outside
Time to get up, dress myself and go on pretty rides
Today I'm going red and white, with a little bit of brown
Today this girl is going to paint the town.

I walk out of the house and the sun greets me with a smile
I'm waiting for my person, I've been waiting for a while
Verily he shows up in his shirt that's tangerine
Graceful bearing presents, he surely treats me like a queen
Tonight I'll be wearing his gift, till well after sundown
Tonight, with slacks and tee, his flower crown.



MY NIGHTS WITHOUT STARS

AFRIN HAQUE ARANYA

I write this letter to you because something suddenly reminded me of you today. I was stargazing with my niece on the soft green grass of our garden. Her little fingers encircled my hand like a squirrel stuck on a branch, holding on for dear life. "I love stars." She spoke in her dumb-founded kiddy voice. "Do you now?" I giggled. "Yes. I do." She nodded her head vigorously. "Hey, what if someday there would be no stars?" She murmured in her scribbled thoughts with her eyebrows arched with eagerness. Then she had asked me something I'd remember for the rest of my life. "What will I look up to and love then?" I kept silent. Resting my chin on her head. That's when you wandered around my mind.

It was like, you were there with me. When I thought about you. Everything about you. Your contagious deep laughter. Your beautiful eyes. Your humor. Your words. You. I sighed. "Sometimes, we get used to it, you know? Like when you look up to the stars and don't see them, you'll be sad. But someday you'll find something new to love again. Like, the blue sky you see." I said, smiling warmly at her. She yawned. "I gotta go to bed, okay? I'll see you in the morning." "Ok." I nodded my thoughts and I folded my legs to my chest and stared at the sky. I really cannot comprehend what happened that day when I looked up and love had suddenly disappeared from my grip. How could I hold onto you when you don't want to be held? How can I save you

when you don't want be saved? I can't. I hurt myself beyond borders that day. But I got used to it. Just because I couldn't see my stars that shouldn't mean my night doesn't exist at all. That night as the both warm and chilly winds blew through my black hair. And for the first time, ever, Ever. I didn't cry. Not even once. Not a single tear. I got used to it. And I'm really sorry that I couldn't save you. I was finally falling out of love from you. Who says people who fall out of love didn't really love you. You know I loved you. Now, I can as much as wince at those words. Love. It's not for people like you.

And I'm sorry that I can't let you walk back into my life. I'm sorry I couldn't ever make you love me back. I hope someday, you can truly understand how beautiful I thought you were. I'm sure somewhere inside your icy heart there is love. I hope someday we bump into each other in that coffee shop and we'll talk about how our lives are and you look like you love me but you can't recognise me. Because it's like looking into a mirror. Seeing me being what you were. I really hope you understand. I'm so sorry for letting you go. I'm so sorry but I don't love you anymore. I'm sorry but I don't love you anymore. I'm sorry. I'll miss you. Goodbye.

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