

Velvet Junction of Two Pendulous Roads

SADIA TASNIM TUBA

Spring is here, under my clotted hopes.
Tepid aroma is hopping indifferently;
like my wet coppery hair floats in the emptiness.

Mango burgeon has just awakened from the dead sleep.
And I see the orange leaves peek through the pearl white concrete.

The warm day ends like fainted clap
and invites the gloomy darkness.

Darkness is the earnest one,
ornated with silvery tint, glittered by stars!

I repair the broken pieces of dreams
and often line them up,
beneath the velvet junction of day and night.

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student at BRAC University.*

A Walk to Remember

NUZHAT ISLAM

Binding in the hoodie and grabbing my coffee,
I let my foot outside, it was so dark and gloomy.
For it was so foggy and the air was chilly,
Coating myself in several layers was still unsatisfactory.
Strolling from home to parks and back and forth,
I decided merrily it was the perfect evening stroll.
Walking back home taking an unknown route,
I hit a lonely street, with yellowy dim lights.
It wasn't so joyful for the silence was appalling,
The abandoned streets seemed to glare at me
Like I came to a forbidden city.

As my breaths got louder and my foot got heavier,
I found a glimpse of life in this no man's land.
My eyes caught a little boy of no more than eight,
Huddled to a corner, sobbing incessantly,
His green eyes were wide with fear and body loaded with shivers.
Wearing just undergarments and a page-thin sweater
He hadn't yet surrendered himself to the raging winter.
While his watery eyes told a sad story, his heart was aching,
He shielded his head with crossed arms like I was beastly.
Placing my hands on his freezing bare shoulders,
I asked calmly what sorrow had he buried so deeply.
Not convincing enough, was he judging me in the eyes
Wondering if I was just another masked monster.
I assuaged him with my widest smile, saying
"My little boy, don't be so afraid,
Take me as your friend for I am here to help".

There was he, slowly unraveling the mystery,
Managing himself firmly, with his voice still trembling,
He said he was an orphan, unloved and homeless,
Lived in his master's house as a domestic help.
His master was wealthy, known home and abroad,
But there was nothing, only iron in his heart.
One day the boy dropped a Turkish lamp, absent mindedly,
For he was dwelling too much, in his land of Tom and Jerry.
Seeing the shards of grasses stare at him likes snakes on floor,
He begged for his master's forgiveness repeatedly.
But he was cruel, vindictive and solid,
Forgiveness was not in his dictionary.
He threw the helpless boy out at the freezing streets
Telling his guards to abandon him at a lonely place,
Not giving him a single penny to survive a day.
With tears rolling down my eyes, I hugged him tightly,
Crying as loud as he did, emptying my heart,
Being grateful to Almighty for the things I took for granted,
Which an innocent boy so little has lost in life.
I held his hands and walked down to home,
Promising myself I'd be an angel to him, for now, I know the essence of life.

