



I SEE YOU

AMREETA L. CHOWDHURY

I see you,
 On lazy summer afternoons, when drops of gold
 and crystal collide
 To form rainbows under the showerhead;
 Your eyes are as beautiful, not as the rainbows,
 no,
 But as the honey golden sunshine itself.

I breathe you in,
 During soft April showers that cleanse the air
 And the ones in July, which come with electric
 skies and a divine drum roll;
 You are there, in the petrichor after both,
 Enticing, tranquillizing, smelling like home.

On my lips,
 You are clouds of candy, soft and sweet.
 On my tongue, you are the mild Autumn sky,

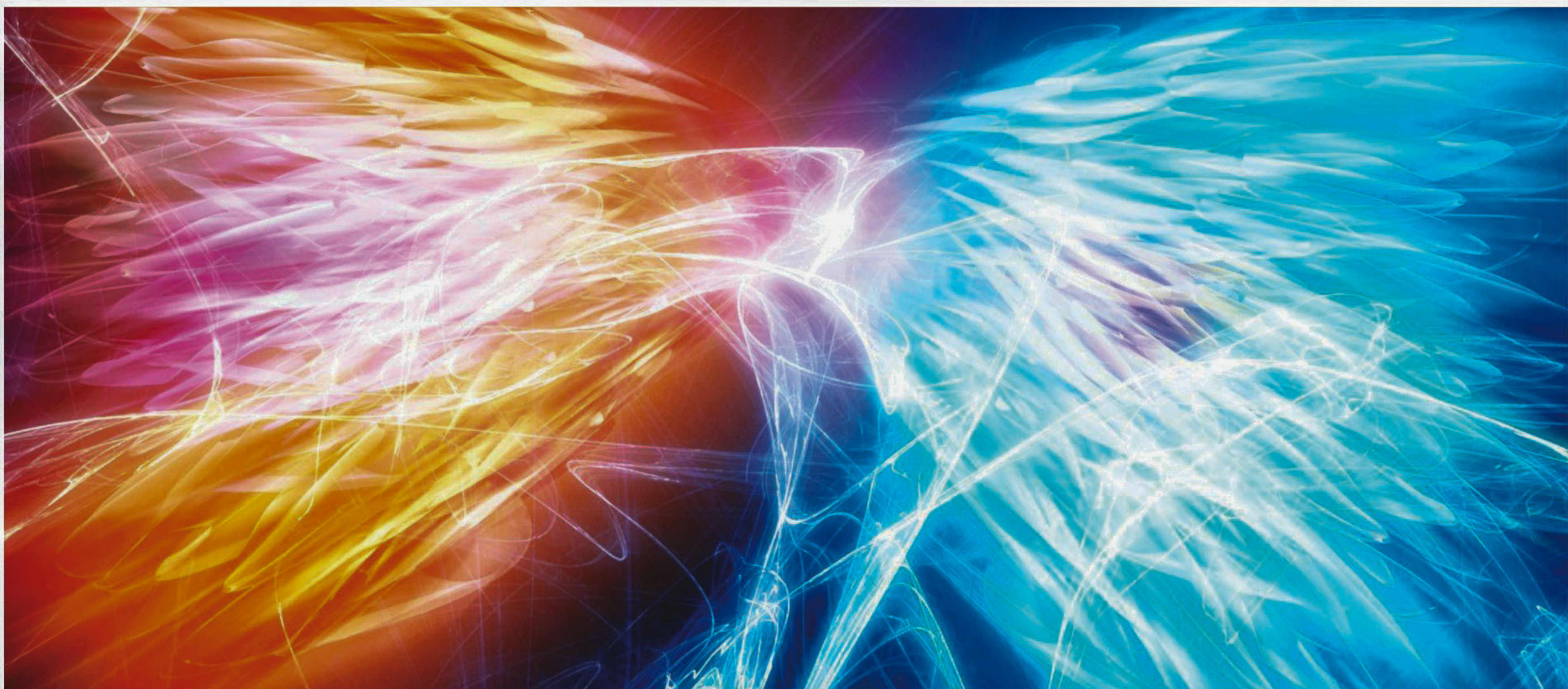
Capable of inducing a serenity comparable to
 nothing
 But lying beside you and rows of *kash* under the
 unending autumn sky.

Your touch,
 Is as soft as the first snowflakes of winter
 Yet so unlike snow it burns its way into my
 bloodstream,
 Leaving me craving for another look, another
 taste, another touch;
 It leaves me high on you.

I hear you,
 In spring, among the soft humming of bees
 And the cacophonous cries of birds;
 A sort of neutral chaos plays in your eyes,
 Much like the eyes of Mother Nature herself.

I see you, and you are devastatingly beautiful.

PYROMANIAC



SAMIN SABAH ISLAM

The walls were white, too white in fact,
 almost mocking me. The comatose
 pastiness challenged me, daring me to
 add colour to it. The milky bare sheets,
 the crisp eggshell curtains, the marbled
 floor; all drove me to the rearmost extent
 of sanity. I needed colour, I needed to see
 the evocative shade of red and shrill
 oranges. The colour of raw, seared wood;
 the deepest shade of asphalt-grey, and the
 lightest shade of the cloud after a torrent,
 yes those are colours. I needed to inhale
 the musky scent of smoke, throttling my
 lungs yet vitalizing them.

I needed fire.

The new ward nurse has hair clad in

the deepest shade of crimson locks, the
 colour reminding me of an escape I
 hadn't experienced in ages. The blood-red
 waves swaying so eloquently ignited such
 fervent allure upon me, so tantalising, I
 knew I'd fail the tiny shred of lucidity I
 was grasping onto if I hadn't seen flames
 soon. I had to see the scarlet waves, raging
 with ardent ferocity and thriving to scorch
 in piercing crimson and orange flames. I
 needed to see it surge and cascade and
 vivify the lot. I needed to breathe in the
 musky redolence of smoke as it soars
 dramatically through the raging blazes
 and engulfing me in its warmth. I needed
 to breathe again.

The ward cleaner was a smoker, I could
 tell. His pudgy lips were brownish at the

edges, slightly burnt fingers from
 cigarettes burns. I wanted to tell him how
 stunning his features were, how he always
 smelled so beautifully of raw smoke.

Sixty four days, that's how long it has
 been since I've inhaled the entrancing
 smoke of raw fire, since I've breathed life.
 I saw the opportunity at snatched it. I
 reached into his pocket, the cleaner's.

They say it's an illness, I call it escape.
 As I stand alone, accompanied by pallor,
 the thin matches tucked in my clammy
 hand, an irrepressible grin lift the edges of
 my chapped lips and my palpebral
 plummet in pleasure. I flick the match
 and imbibe the red. I drop it and watch it
 disperse. I see colour, I see it all around. I
 take in the bliss and watch it invigorate

and illuminate everything in its trail,
 including myself. The passionate heat
 embraces me. The adrenaline through my
 bloodstream escalates, as the murky
 smoke intoxicates me. I haven't felt such
 pure euphoria since sixty four days earlier.
 An unadulterated ecstasy dawns over me. I
 welcome the bliss I had hankered for so
 long. The piercing shrieks around me
 don't matter, nothing else matters. All I
 see is red. All I hear is the raging of
 flames. All I smell is sizzles of vigour. All I
 taste, is fire.

*Mother said I'd go to hell for what I did.
 So forgive me lord for I have sinned.
 But hell is a burning pit of fire they say,
 Me, I wouldn't have it any other way.*