



Lost Budgie

FAIRUZ SAIYARA BASET

I had a bird, black and green
A baby as it has ever been,
It lived with us under our utmost care
And perhaps- with no grudge or fear.

When Dad gave them food at night
All other birds screeched with fright,
Dad said, 'Don't shout like a fool;
It's only your food, not a snatcher or ghoul.'
But one night, after Dad gave the food
With one exception, everything was good.
He left the door open of the baby birds cage,
And went away like a sage.
Alas, next morning, what did he find?
The bird was missing- it flew from its limes!
We looked everywhere for it with zeal,
In vain- I felt being stung by an eel.
Days, weeks, months, and years passed,
'He's been eaten by a crow,' Dad says to his lass.

The writer is a class VI student of European Standard School.

Maybe Someday

SAMIN SABAH ISLAM

Maybe someday in some country like France,
We'll lock our orbs in a pastel trance.
My own in wonder of your unexpected presence,
Yours in recollection of all things past tense.
I'll hold my gaze at your deep blotches of ink,
Reminiscing a whirlpool of memories unable to blink.
You'll shift your gaze at my fingers intertwined,
Another mans hold in mine you'll find.
I'll hear your name, oblivious if it was my voice that called.
By the sight of your companion perhaps I'll be lulled.
With one final fleeting glance digesting all of me,
You'll sport a ghost smile quite genuinely.
All I will do is return your gladsome smile.
To our destined and perhaps unplanned for fates we'll reconcile.
We shall not halt to speak or regret or even miss,
And that final reassuring glance shall be our eternal release.
We'll both turn away in a vow to not glance back.
All memories shared we'll deep within us sack.
This meeting and parting would be merry, remorseless, and our last.
And in mutual credence we'll be entombed in one another's past.



Solitude

WASIF HASAN

He was a man who lived all alone.

Alone, in a run-down shack just at the edge of *Shona Dighi* here at Rajshahi. It had a corrugated tin roof with numerous holes pockmarked on it. The house had only one room. A small table located at the centre for his meals and a single bed at the corner.

He used straws as a mattress

A regular sized cabinet stood beside it where he kept all his old photographs and memoirs. Just a small piece of his past locked away in a drawer. He still looked at it though. It served as a reminder of the life he had lived before and, sometimes, it even creased a smile on his lips.

Sometimes he would take a stroll around the neighbourhood to watch all its other residents. A man of his age wasn't exactly the type of person you'd see walking around. He was close to 104 and yet, he felt no fatigue in his bones. The neighbours saw him as a walking miracle. They'd always greet him with a *salaam* and stop for a nice chat, just to keep him company for awhile. And he'd respond in kind. A nice smile to the little one hiding behind their mother or father's back while they talked. And the kid would smile in return. Afterwards, he'd return home to have his meal and settle into bed. Every day he did this and every day the memories would haunt him.

His wife had passed away from pneumonia three years back and his own son had left him in the darkness soon after. Now, all he had were his photographs. Whenever he'd look upon happy families, their son or daughter walking right beside them, he'd

always feel a sharp pain in his heart. His son was never like that. He hardly remembered going out with him after he graduated from school. Actually, he didn't even know where he was now. Someone had told him that he was a respected lawyer working in the capital, but that was it.

He looked up at the clock sitting on top of the cabinet. It was 5.20 in the morning. He got up to make his morning tea with a bit of ginger to soothe his aching throat. But something on the calendar had caught his eye. It was June 28, his birthday. He just shook his head and went back to his tea... until he noticed a letter on the floor, right in front of the small crack under the door. He went to retrieve it. Inside, there was a birthday card. It went as follows:

Happy Birthday, Abbu!

*Sincerely,
Aaraf.*

He gaped at it in shock. All these years and he sends a card now. Not even caring to check up on him, not even asking him how he is. Does he even know his father's alive...? Anger changed into gratitude. His son had remembered his birthday after all. Even if he did not know that his father barely scraped through, even if he did not, at the least, care about him, he had remembered this one tiny detail.

He wrote him a reply soon after. I think it expresses his emotions in short.

Thank you, Baba.

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