



# CONTRADICTORY

ANINDITA ISLAM

Tonight I gaped at the figure in front of me. Her fringes blew in the wind. The wind; the wind spiraled through her body as if she was transparent. Her blue earrings chimed. They somewhat agitated her. It reminded her of the long gone atrocity. It reminded her of the dusk when purple met crimson and they fell in love. It reminded her of the time when morning let its guard down to night and the white pearl in the immense dark sky outshined even her thoughts which wondered from place to place. It reminded her of the dark hazel eyes which were once filled with passion and love. It reminded her of the soothing breeze beside the colossal and cavernous ocean which she felt in the presence of those eyes.

The atmosphere grew darker and somber. I still gazed at the beautiful view. The salt water made her numb. But it glorified her eyes. Her azure eyes sparkled. Her lips were rufescent. Her hair, still blowing in the soft zephyr, being its dance partner. Her brownish fringes gave her parched forehead shade. I kept gazing at her and I could not take it anymore.

The glass pieces were tinted with red, and my hand too. Everything disappeared.

Her sorrow, her happiness, her worries, all faded away. Where has she gone? Is she in the presence of those same dismal, beautiful, dangerous eyes, eyes tinted with torture?

Where have I gone? Am I too contradicting myself just like she did? Can I not remind myself that the dusk when purple met crimson is actually my dress catching the red flames of the passionate fire?

And about the time when I was locked in a lightless room from morning till night without food or anything and I felt the "white pearl" mocking me from a distance? Is it so difficult to refresh my memories of the eyes which tortured me day and night, leaving me on the road on a December night for not being able to meet expectations? Why can I not prompt myself of the reality? Why do I dwell on a non-viable fantasy? Maybe that's why the figure agitated me. It made me remember him. It made me remember those eyes and it made me scared because now when I look at the image I see torturous, repulsive and heinous eyes. I don't want to see them again. Ignorance is bliss. Perception is dejection.

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# Mind of Her Own

SABRINA SAMREEN

She's got a mind of her own,  
 Thoughts that never saw daylight,  
 Fancy ideas, toying around, flickering, losing might.  
 And the thoughts, she'd never churned into words.  
 You had the final say, you dictated,  
 Thoughts she had coveted,  
 Decisions you enforced, and she submitted.  
 She's got a mind, that wanders aimlessly, hovers merrily.  
 Lingers past ginger bread, curtains; over the DON'Ts and the insurmountable CAN'T;  
 That gazes beyond chores, dinner schedules, china grass potted plant,  
 She thinks sky scrapers, parachutes, light waves, energy.  
 And she's got views on politics, French desserts, typhoons, Bugatti.  
 She's got desires, wishes, and she'd rant,  
 All day, if you hadn't been firm.  
 Had you cared, and had you not blared,  
 Decisions, the rules of the house, over dying thoughts.  
 The beautiful thoughts would have gulped fresh air,  
 Hadn't you stomped them, and they hid in their lair,  
 She's got dreams, goals, she ain't just all pretty, no mind,  
 The right bit of humour, the starters to unwind.  
 She's got boldness, she's loud, she'd boss if she could,  
 She's got a mind, lazy thoughts, basking around.  
 Ideas to shape the urban world, she's wise, that's her flair.  
 She's got thoughts, reckless, impulsive, kind.  
 She's got a mind, powerful one, and she's smart alright,  
 She shied away, fearing raised eyebrow, ridicule.  
 You'd stated, dictated, while she stood silent, battling conflicts,  
 Of the mind.  
 Dead thoughts, some struggling, dimmed opinions, fearing rejection.  
 She's got a mind, have you the heart to bother?  
 If only you hadn't been dominant, shook your head, slight aggression,  
 Matter of fact, Obstinate.  
 And she had that twinkle, you oblivious.  
 Opinion, ideas, craving daylight.  
 Thoughts, humble ones, had you encouraged.  
 She'd have nursed thoughts into fountains of dreams!  
 She'd speak her mind, had you not fumed, raged.  
 Rolling your eyes, and she'd stopped,  
 Turning thoughts into words, magic remained mystery.  
 And she hid deep within, secretly wishing she'd be making history.

