

POST-ITS

SABRINA SAMREEN

Darling, wouldn't it be nice if you leave post-its,
 On the door of the fridge or on my desk.
 Tucked away meticulously or lying about carelessly.
 Telling me all about your day and asking about mine,
 You can rant it away, thought processes, you're free to whine.
 Somewhere out of immediate sight, under the flower vase or table mat,
 Flapping away contentedly or clinging to the brown feather hat.
 And you can write away your worries, all about your brand new shoes, progress at work,
 What you've been window shopping, or how your boss went completely berserk.
 Tell me what's for dinner,
 Chicken stew, lamb chop, or spaghetti?
 Did I ever tell you that steak of yours is a true winner?
 Tell me your little secrets, talk away your random drabs.
 Post-its go a long way, I'm not telling you to rush,
 But hey, it's been too long since you've been all hush hush.
 I swear I'd read every word, archive if I could!
 Tell me about your insecurities, changes of your mood.
 Crack me up with a joke, lyrics or two, riddle me if you can!
 There's no haste but maybe etch out a surprise date plan?
 Tell me if you'd like ice creams after dinner, trinkets or flowers.
 Wouldn't it be wonderful if we converse via post-its?
 Open up our souls; bask in the intimacy of thoughts, in pieces and bits.
 Sometimes, do leave post-its behind,
 I really wouldn't mind,
 To read your ranting over and over after work.
 I'd chuckle, smile and wonder,
 If Cupid has been kind,
 If love really is seeping in this hopelessly loveless union of ours.

The writer is a student of North South University.



STARGAZING

SAMIN SABAH ISLAM

New Text from Mimi in "Bestfriends" group
 8:23pm

Mimi- Zaid wants a divorce.

8:25pm

Arisha- Stargazing?

8:25pm

Shaera- Stargazing.

8:26pm

Mimi- Definitely stargazing.

8:30pm

Shaera- See you in an hour.

Putting down my phone, I shut down the laptop, leaving the newest article unfinished. Boss would have a fit if I fail to submit it by deadlines, but boss's wrinkled snobby face, etched with rage was at the very bottom of my priorities right now. Quickly microwaving some dinner, I rushed to get dressed.

"Going somewhere?" my husband asked as he watched me comb my hair.

"It's Mimi" I answered.

"Oh," his eyes widened, quickly replaced by a frown, "You need me to come along?"

I smiled, "Nah, this is more of a girl thing. Dinners on the table and Arya needs help with math. Do not let her watch TV until she finishes. Don't let her

anywhere near the cookie jar. And please Aryan, please make sure she drinks milk before bed. It's on the counter," I finished.

Aryan laughed, "Sure thing Wonder Woman."

"I'll be back soon Superman," I smirked as I left the house.



Stargazing, we've been doing it ever since we were about fifteen. Of course it wasn't actually stargazing then. When life was a little too much and things got out of hand, the three of us would meet at Arisha's place. The unlit room was our little universe and the fairy lights on her wall were our twinkling stars. We'd lie on

the floor, talking, sharing, and sometimes breaking into the waterworks pouring out our sentiments.

It's about twelve years later today. We graduated, took our own paths in career destinations and now have our own little families. Arisha was always the brainiest. She teaches University Marina biology.

With her husband and twins, she lives in Bashundhara. That's where I'm headed, after all these years, it's still Arisha's place where we stargaze. Mimi studied medical science but halfway through, she dropped out and shifted to a whole new direction—law. Marrying a lawyer, she had a beautiful baby girl last year. It's no news

that her marriage wasn't working out. The divorce didn't come to me as a shock. And me; marrying Aryan, our school friend, now I'm a journalist.

We've been through a lot together, us three. There was the time when Mimi and Arisha liked the same jerk, the time I moved to London for a year for my course and when we got twisted around in our separate friend circles and didn't have time for each other. We've had our ups and downs, our distances. Somehow we always found our way back and stuck together. With each of us our universe grew, a heartache over a crush then, a devastating divorce now.

I entered the roof and saw my two idiots gazing at the starry sky. I joined. We're still such a dramatic bunch.

"Look who finally made it", retorted Mimi.

"Late again Shaera," Arisha said, "Aryan kept you busy?"

"I'm here now," I laughed and looked at them.

"You are," Mimi muttered, "We're all here."

I looked upon vast sky, millions of twinkling diamonds smiling down.

I'm so blessed to have my very own stars; illuminating my universe, then, now and always.