

Your Mirage; my shelter

SADIA TASNIM TUBA

I used to look up at the starry sky
Tried many times to count up those luminous balls.

I imagined, you were waiting for the luster; that I was waiting for!
I often got mesmerized by the crystal blue light they emit.
I tried hard to penetrate into their profoundness;
Even without my phony gray eyes!

Suddenly, I saw a shooting star!
I got scared, whether it was the sign from Him—trying to apprise of my destination.
And, I returned to my own mythical orbit,
The moment I was watching the night sky, you were enjoying the bright sunny day!

I realized, I could never be there with you!
You know it's really hard to reach you!
Even if I could get a shelter under your invincible shadow,
Enough to warm me up when I am frosty inside!

I have no regret of being absorbed myself just in the resemblance of you.
Because, I know I am cultivating something in me that will last forever!

The writer is a student of BRAC University.



NUSAIBA BINTE ZAKARIA

A gust of brisk air brushed her face as she stood under the sky, strands of her hair flying about. A stream of sunlight spotlighted her beautiful face, causing her to squint a little. There was nothing about a lazy sundrenched morning that she did not love. She loved the way it brought back so many memories, compelling her heart to somersault with nostalgia. She loved how the air buzzed with the chirping of birds mingled with the calls of hawkers. But beyond everything, she loved the fact that it filled her

with an inexplicable rush of positive energy. Standing under the never-ending cloudless sky, she felt terribly insignificant and yet, it infused her with a hint of hope that quelled any smidgen of fear lurking in her mind. She did not feel like curling up into a ball and disappearing anymore. Neither did she feel any panic bubbling inside her. Instead, she felt bold enough to face the bumps and potholes of the real world when evening came with its pink and rosy hues.

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Realities

SAMIN SABAH ISLAM

"You're not real" Rida whispered as a rivulet of sweat trickled down her forehead. She kept on repeating it like a mantra, "You're not real, I'm only imagining," as if convincing herself more than convincing the figure before her.

"Rida look at me, I'm your father, remember? Look at me," the man with slightly greying hair and a face drenched in fatigue and wrinkles persuaded. He extended a hand to caress her cheeks, only to be jerked away from.

"No you're not!" The shriek of response was louder this time, harsher, far more painful for her to muster.

"My father is dead, you're lying. I killed him, I killed my father," on she went breathing out more times that she could count.

Suffocation draped her life a heavy blanket. Breathless, her head felt heavy and her thoughts jumbled up. Her forehead damp with the sweat that gathered, with moist tear stains cheeks she finally looked up to notice the figure was in front of her no more. The girl finally sit herself up from the very edge of the gloomy room and looked around cautiously, her fidgetiness still evident in every movement. Finally ensuring her solitariness, she smiled a solemn smile through her and wiped off the mixture of hot sweat and tears from her face. She finally told off the voices, she could now distinguish between reality and otherwise, she was proud of herself.

Shakil nervously entered the living room to discover his wife unmindfully fiddling with the tasbih. He clears his voice for her to look up at him, her eyes mirroring the fatigue and worry in his.

"What happened?" she asks with a small voice.

"It's time we send Rida to a professional

institute," Shakil softly suggests, "Her delusions are only worsening."

Raya's head dropped, tiredness, helplessness and the burden of a mentally ill child; the burden of losing a child to mental illness, the guilt of giving up.

"I'll talk to Dr. Alam again and make arrangements," Shakil says leaving the rest to silence.

Silence wasn't solace, but neither were words. In fact, there was no solace, there was just harsh realities and unfair consequences.

Samin Sabah Islam is on a quest to find the perfect diet while simultaneously swallowing the last slice of pizza. Throw her some tips at sabahsamin11@gmail.com

