

The Sapling And Life

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There weren't any animals then.
 There wasn't the crowd of human beings.
 There was no sky. There was no land.
 There was only seawater.

A layer of mud
 Came out of Mother Ocean's womb one day.
 The hope of life cried out.
 Inundated the world in the flood joy.

The hope of life had come to earth.
 But life had not come still.
 A miracle suddenly took place one day.
 The song of creation began.

Towering over the heaven, the earth, the underworld
 Shaking the whole universe
 The Creator's gift arose.
 A sapling- the life of the world.

Folding the leaves in prayer,
 It grasped the earth's lap.
 Kept looking at the sky.
 Climbed the stairs of heaven.

Said aloud:- "I shall stay! I shall stay!
 I am an eternal vagabond. I am everfresh.
 I will commit my existence to other's service.
 Shall light the lantern of their lives."

"I shall stay! I shall stay, oh World!
 I will safeguard your water, land and air.
 I shall be the life of every newborn.
 Bless me, dear mother."



Adamantine

JUSTITA MUSRAT

She is the storm that shatters the silence. She is the wave that breaks against the shore. The radiance of this surreal abode lingers in his eyes. She is the falling feather. He is the swirling hurricane. Her carefully packaged heart has the might to sink him in his shoes. He could eventually realize the enormity of what had just transpired. Right in that momentary lapse of logic, he broke through their defenses and got themselves intertwined in an exquisite mess of chaos and order embellished decorated with perfect imperfections.

He is the only soul who could crawl between the notes of her laughter. He is the hope that drifts from the leaking tap in her office. He is the hope that creeps in through the crack of her broken window. He is the ardent affection of nature that seeps through her body with the warm waves swirling coffee. She is drowning anchorless in an ocean of unfulfilled desires that were never actually made. The water in the abyss engulfs her organs. It chokes her. It grips her as if to never let go.

The clueless wrinkle on her forehead; the absentminded scratches at her chin; the curious glares of her eyes; the tensed soft sigh that escaped her lips, even the tiniest details of her are enough to

heighten the emotions inside his oblong windows. He can feel the gap between her laughter. The void in her eyes. A velvety void immensely tiny. It has pain that could hardly be fixed by curled letters with unexplained loops.

Her ceaseless guffaw did manage to envelope myriad of unseen chapters. He knew the pages she showed are unreal. Her louder laughter unfailingly drowns her dejected moans. She is tirelessly exhausted but still continues to smile, giggle and crack jokes only to wrap her silent cries. She knows that this life so bitter will constantly hit her hard in the face and wait for her to get up just to kick her back in the stomach. But getting the wind knocked out of her is the only way to remind her writhing lungs how much they like the taste of air.

To him there is nothing more beautiful than the way the ocean refuses to stop kissing the shoreline, no matter how many times it's sent away. They wonder why she acts as if nothing is serious in her life? Why does she smile all day long? They ask her to stop it. They ask her to be serious. Their criticisms were to no avail. And each time she is handed a headache, each time war and hatred are slipped beneath her door and his disappointed lips utter that they really ought to meet "her."