

SUNDERED

ANUVA ANANNYA

To the part of me that lives in a world beyond my sight
 That marvels at the stars and travels to the past,
 In the guidance of their light.
 To you out there,
 Who, in a world blossoming with life, hope and cries of laughter,
 Thrive with glory, and in hereafter.
 You, who as newborns, smile for reasons unknown to all
 You, who over all other earthly beings, stand tall.
 You, who bid farewell to arms for the sake of peace,
 You, who, upon enduring great chastisement, repent for their sins.
 You, who rejoice at the glimpse of their beloveds after a long tiring day,
 You, who need no reasons to pray.
 You, who laugh and cry at silly things,
 You, who spend hours after hours watching the playful banter,
 Between light and shadow in the leaves.
 You, who do not spend sleepless nights to protect themselves,
 From endless pain inflicted by people, their own,
 You, who need not spend every moment,
 In fear and in consternation.
 You, who know not the sound of gunshots and bomb blasts,
 The smell of gunpowder, the horrendous sight of bloodbaths.
 To you I speak, for in this land war torn,
 I stand terribly alone.



THE LAST SIP

SADIA TASNIM TUBA

I was densely clouded by last night's dream. I saw some dark clouds stratified just at one place among the entire pearl white winter sky. I tried to capture the scene as I had never seen such fuscous clouds before. As if I, got the new idea of black. Don't know why whenever I pressed the capture button, a grim lighting came from that dark giant piece. I was so frightened and could not able to capture the photo anymore. I woke from the sleep with a perspired forehead.

It's 8.30 AM! I rushed to the washroom. I was already damn late for the office. I faced the usual traffic jam of my beloved city. But it's fine, I have already put this irritation about traffic on my ignore-list. In fact, I was in the mood for Schubert's piano sonata. So I took my cellphone and earbuds, tried to absorb the serene melody. My inner inquietude got simmered down by this celestial piece at last. I called my colleague to know whether everything is alright out there. I thought, today's certainly going to be a very hectic day. God knows whether I would able to meet Araad. I hope he will not mind as I am going to deny him today's lunch. I worked for six consecutive hours and forgot to call him.

I missed tea break too. It was 3.00 PM. I checked my phone. No calls or messages from him yet. Maybe he's busy too. OH! Now I remember, he was telling me the other night that he had a very important presentation. I tried to concentrate on my work again. His call came at last at around 6.30 PM. I was then in the car, heading towards home. He told me to wait for him. Within a few minutes we met at a nearby coffee shop. I ordered my favorite mocha flavor and Araad, his espresso as usual. I asked him why he did not call me this afternoon. He replied, "I called you in my

mind and I knew you were busy with your work. That's why I did not want to disturb you." This is my poetic Araad; so generous and sensible. I don't know how he understood my words before they came upon my tongue. I don't know how he blended with all my disorganized thoughts and made them so organized. My contemplation was soon broken by the clinking sound of spoon in Araad's coffee mug.

"My dear Oporajita, if I ever went insane, what you will do?" He asked me all of a sudden.

"That's a funny question," I said but he still insisted.

I said, "I will live with you at the asylum and try to be insane like you so that I can understand your language".

He gave his usual mysterious smile that I always used to love. But that day's smile, apprised me of my last night's dream. I saw exactly that stack of dark clouds in his eyes. I tried to ignore the vision and gave a sip of my favorite mocha flavor. I was not enough brave to drink coffee anymore without my Araad. I wish I could know that was our last meeting. I wish I could tell him, after passing a long tiring day, every night I used to set the alarm, just to stay awake as I always afraid, I might fall asleep and miss his call. I wish I could show him my piled up poems. Sometimes, I don't really understand what I should call him. A selfish person maybe... who has gone to that unknown world without me. Or a hypocrite, with whom I planned to live at the asylum together or a very prescient one, who made me learn about the sweet essence of waiting for someone who will never come.

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