



LAST YEAR

SAMIRA HOSSAIN

If my life is a collection of memories,
 encompassed in a bottle,
 It can just be filled with last year.
 Last year, a new home was found,
 A new land, where music resonates through leaves
 of the trees, Where the trees light up the nights,
 And the nights are sunnier than days,
 And the days fleet away faster than seconds,
 And the seconds are better than firsts,
 And the first people you befriend are the last people you remain
 friends with,
 And the friends you make become soul mates.
 And you thought you were destined to be alone
 Last year.

Last year, it was a lesson to be unfeeling,
 Unhurt; nonchalance took over nonsense.
 Standing in front of many, the talk had been
 easier, but conversations became tiring.
 Tiring, had been to reciprocate, to be seen.
 Last year, it was a lesson of being unfazed,
 Uncaring. Growing up.

Last year, was about befriending.
 From the serious, studious, funny,
 to intelligent, complicated and simple.
 From magical, quiet, interesting,
 to adventurous, short-tempered yet nice.
 Reals and virtual, socially awkward and
 Socially active.

From the girl with music in her soul,
 and the girl with innocence to the core,
 to the girl with immense love to give.
 And the boy with poems and songs,
 to the boy obsessed with games and faceless musicians;
 Or the guy who makes everyone laugh
 yet feels alone standing over a bridge, ready to jump anytime.
 Or the quiet guy ready to capture all the moments so eloquently, the
 girl intoxicated with
 sadness.

A girl, tiny and quiet, yet the broadest heart,
 and sweetest smile.
 Each etched in the memory like the letters and rhymes in childhood.
 Last year, was a sister leaving home.
 A room left unattended, a mother waiting for
 her to come home.

Last year, has been about stray cats and dogs.
 And taking one of them to home.
 And raise it.
 If my life is a land of memories,
 last year must be the largest city.

LUMINESCENT

FARYAL FAIZEE

She had always thought of the night as a curtain that covered her thoughts, shadows of the deepest mysteries and as blankets for our very own kind—the people who are wide awake till the light of dawn to witness the stars and clouds fight over the horizon.

She used to pull my hand to lead me upstairs to the rooftop, the same hands that pushed the hair away from my face to get a better look through my eyes.

She lies back next to me with a distance of only a mere meter but it felt like a thousand for me.

Her laughter, it was like a chorus against the chilly wind of the September night; a song that I had memorized and replaced at back of my mind so often.

She looked like a star, so incredibly out of reach. A transcendental light illuminated right before my eyes and all this time I thought I could have trapped the light within my fingertips;

But, she was too luminescent, too bright, too beautiful and I fear that some day or the other she might just explode into the night sky, like a fascinating supernova of some kind.

The writer is a grade 10 student of Scholastica.

