



COFFEE RUNS

SAMIN SABAH ISLAM

Coffee tastes better in your tainted china cup,
 On chilly winter daybreaks watching colors crawl up.
 Timid smile on your lips and coffee stains on mine,
 For a moment these coffee runs make my lucky stars align.
 It's always same, the pastel cup, with the faded Christmas tree,
 How I've been smitten since the first sip, is still mystery to me.
 The two sugar two cream coffee, the delightful perfect brew,
 Is it the coffee I keep coming back for, or is it perhaps, you?

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



BLUE BIRD

SHREYOSI ENDOW

The night after our last goodbye,
 I took a pill and stayed up
 Till 4 am and an odd spot in my chest
 Expanded till it turned into a void and I
 Prayed for sleep and I
 Prayed for the void to shrink back to a spot till I
 Succumbed to my burning eyes.
 In my dream, we were
 Sitting on the highest branch of a tree guarding a blue bird's nest.
 And we were
 Waiting for the eggs to hatch because
 We decided we will part ways when the eggs hatch into little blue birds.
 And we were
 Day dreaming of our makeshift home
 Staring at the tree bearing the fiery red flowers and you asked
 "What does it look like outside our home?"
 And I pointed at the tree and you smiled.
 I woke up when I heard the eggs crack and found
 It was now dawn and
 The void had only grown and
 There was a blue bird in my balcony
 Chirping away our love song.

Shreyosi Endow is a tea addict who likes to read poetry and is obsessed with plants. Send her a mail at endow1211s@gmail.com

THE END



ILLUSTRATION & POEM: NUZHAT SHAMA

As the last light leaves his eyes,
 A human being turns to a mere soulless body.
 The muffled voices drain in cries.
 Pin drop silence envelopes children once rowdy.
 A grave's dug to bury it beneath the ground.
 Beyond his wildest imaginations, six feet under
 He is to travel to the land never found.
 His vanity is about to be torn asunder.
 Endless green paper can't keep the blowflies away
 As they feast on the juice of his flesh and skin-
 In the past, bathed with expensive perfume every day,
 But now in inferno he'll rot for indulging in sin.

The writer is an A levels student from Bangladesh International School & College. Find her on Instagram @nuzhat_shama

Power of Words

TAZRAN ASHRAFI

Nothing can enervate him.
 He has the endless fount of puissance
 He isn't frail.
 He has a gun,
 A gun that never run out of bullets,
 A gun that fire bullets so deep
 That those penetrate through thousands of walls.
 None can hinder him.
 Not even a mob.
 He can summon the cavalry of words
 And take the mob over.
 He own the papers,
 As if those are his mansions;
 Much bigger,
 Bigger than the greatest,
 The bullets his gun fired were more than just letters.
 Those were the broad strata of truth.
 Those poured out like an avalanche,
 Against the odds, the evil, the wrong.
 The ink possess such strength,
 Such strength one would crave to possess,
 Such strength that can gust a wind,
 A wind of change.

The writer is a grade 10 student from Bir Shreshtha Noor Mohammad Public College.

