



# THE GUY BEYOND

MD. SHAFAYAT HOSSAIN

The sky beyond the sky,  
 Holding mystery, cried;  
 The sky beyond that,  
 Being frustrated, sighed;  
 And the fourth beyond the three,  
 Gained the power of soil & tree.  
 The fifth had some grief in mind,  
 Thus the clouds in the first, aligned.  
 The sixth azure was a frenzied git,  
 So it supplied some light & heat.  
 The seventh sky was the biggest in order,  
 So it said to all, "Don't cross your border."  
 The guy, beyond all the skies,  
 Beyond happiness, love or cries;  
 Said to Israfil, "To play the horn, you rise."  
 The skies were shattered,  
 And beneath, the dreams were scattered –  
 In the vacuum life of lies.

*The writer is a student of Udayan Higher Secondary School.*



# A LID ON EXTINCTION

AURCHI TASNUVA

A whale in a jar,  
 A spectacle at war  
 with good sense;  
 Sense lost in oceans afar?  
 Lid screwed on tight,  
 Lets in but dabs of light—  
 It's not right?  
 Oh! but it's such a hip sight!  
 Water gone stale...  
 Holes are punched out! For a gale?  
 Well, lets in gasps of air...  
 Yep, a gasp and a gulp and life can fly out as well.

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# THE CONFLICT WITHIN

SHAH TAZRIAN ASHRAFI

He kept tossing his thoughts to the other side of the wall. No matter how many times he kept hurling them, those careened back to him. The wall was more like a mirror. It kept reflecting the sorrow, the agony, the melancholy and the darkness inside of him. It wasn't a mirage. It was real. His thoughts, they didn't slip away. They didn't leave him. Even if he had gone to the icy mountains to seclude himself from the evil, those would've taken him down like an avalanche. Even if he had found himself suddenly dangling from the edge of a precipice, he would've seen an enormous chasm of his ghastly past instead of a river into which he could've sank. Even if he had thought of segregating himself in the wilderness, the creepers, the branches, the owls, the wolves, they would've chased him till the very end. They were his ghosts. The ghosts of the hoosegow of thoughts locked inside of him. No matter what he did, the agony didn't set him loose which he wanted to get rid of. No matter how far he ran, the branches, the creepers captivated him and the owls they kept gazing at him to recall him of the sorrow. All of it fueled sheer apprehension inside of him just like his past inducing fear within him. He had been conflicting with the adversity inside of him. He tried to dispatch the agony to the remotest part inside of his rib cage. He even tried to latch the door of dolor. To his misfortune, all his fears took over. They broke the lock and scattered inside. They scampered out of the remotest zone. They didn't give in. His dismay even shaded the golden pictures he often peered at the core of his soul.

Now he's afraid. Afraid of growing fragile and becoming vulnerable to uncertainty. A constant apprehension bugs him and he ponders he might lose the battle he started against his demons. But he couldn't cede at any cost. All of a sudden he found himself in a closed dim chamber. It had a small pore above through which a ray of hope emerged inside trying to illuminate the dark. He didn't care about the agony anymore. He was busy enlightening the dark. No matter how gloomy it was, the only thing he envisioned was the felicity the ray of hope could bring and further set him free from his ghosts. Finally he could shatter the chamber of gloominess to bits. Finally he could break free from the branches of his thoughts. Finally he could defend the avalanche of adversity charging towards him and even call up the cavalry of clouds to evaporate the sorrows within. Finally, he won.

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