

MY UKULELE

DOOR-DARSHAN CHAN

My Ukulele, My Ukulele; very short
 It will please you, very long

My Ukulele, My Ukulele; dark wood
 It plays for you, tightly strung

My Ukulele, My Ukulele; four nuts
 It turns for you, every night.



WINGS

SABAH S. RAHMAN

The black petals surrounded him in the darkness. He sat there crying, slouched over the pristine knife that lay in front of him. His ash blond hair swept over his brow as he sobbed. The weight of the several black feathers jutting from his back pushed him down even further. From the many dark quills, a few had already fallen. His time was running out. He shoved a hand to the pitch black ground to support himself. He used the other hand to scoop up some of the wilting petals. They disintegrated into bits of

dust as soon as they felt his touch. As he wept, his tears fell onto the blade under him. The spots they touched rusted immediately. He picked up the knife by the handle and looked at it, tears staining his face as the drops fell to the floor. Another feather fell. He knew he had to decide now. Would he stay like this, immortal and suffering? Or would he choose to embrace mortality and welcome death with open arms? Two more fell. If he chose the second option, he would die and so return to this place of eternal sorrow. But would he find happiness in the short

period of time before returning to the darkness? He would also lose his abnormality. He would not be any more than a human, much less an anomaly. Yet, he felt that that chance of consolation was worth it. He reached behind him and made a sweeping cut along his back. Blood dripped. He screamed. He dropped the blade, now crimson, and closed his eyes.

His wings fell to the ground.

A fallen angel no longer. He was human.

Sabah is a sixth-grader at Sunbeams, Dhaka.

POET

SAMIN SABAH ISLAM

I'm a poet and I tell you this,
 Never fall in love with our kind.
 We're an abstract bunch with perplexities,
 You won't have us fully defined.
 I'm a poet and I tell you this,
 We've got this jigsaw puzzle of a mind.
 You'll never know the whole of us,
 We'll keep most of us confined.
 We may seem like profound romantics,
 But our true love lays in one.
 Everything else is merely an excuse,
 For other than poetry we love none.
 I'm a poet and I tell you this,
 Never fall in love with our kind.
 It will always only end one way,
 We'll drive sanity out of your mind.
 We're romantics but not lovers see,
 We take advantage of the obtuse.
 You'll think we care, in truth we don't,
 You're just another muse.
 I'm a poet and I tell you this,
 If you believed it was love and stayed,
 I'm sorry to be breaking this down to you,
 But darling, you just got played.

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