

HOOKED



Maybe or, Maybe Not

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Blinding streaks of white light tinged with violet. The sky was signaling a storm. A few deliberate wrong turns walking with a lover half wishing home was further away, I heard a flutter of wings. It was too close to be flying away. A little bundle of feathers was struggling.

The small bird hopped and shrieked in the little corner area it could occupy. Before I could reach it, another man stepped in trying to help. I watched this defenseless creature indignantly spread its wings that could not fly every time the man tried to stow it away on a higher platform. It fell down. Each time, there was an almost imperceptible thud. A precious fluff of bones against the hard concrete road shattered my apathy and I walked closer.

Through a shrug the man transferred the little responsibility he felt toward the bird to my person. Trusting the first instinct of a reckless animal lover with no real talent for nurturing, I decided to hold it and take it away to an imaginary nest I built in my head and my heart. My grip was too strong and, like most things I care about, the bird too escaped me.

"Maybe it doesn't want us around?"

I exiled the question into oblivion and refused to have it hang in the air. Offered my fingers to be pecked and scratched, but I was not going to move. It turned

out, this time, the bird wasn't either. It was too proud to have its wings caged into the hands of a person but it would allow for the hands to be used as a platform. Sometimes, it's not the help we refuse, it's the underlying aggressiveness of how it's offered.

As the three of us huddled together, slowly navigating through the lights of the brewing storm, the feathers relaxed and claws hooked securely on my pinky like a promise. Even though I wouldn't mind walking on like this to keep my unspoken words to the bird, I had to heed the practical advice of taking it to a pet store.

The staff pried the hooks off my finger. I kept my hand frozen in the position my small friend had found comfort in. I wanted to muster a protest but it was already too late. In the harsh light, the romanticism of caring for something so dependant evaporated. The injuries surfaced into sight. The serious questions had to be asked.

"Will it survive?"

"I don't think so."

With a keen eye and a broken brain to mouth filter, Mahejabeen Hossain Nidhi has a habit of throwing obscure insults from classic novels at random people who may or may not have done anything to warrant them. Drop a line at mahejabeen.nidhi@gmail.com



Mysterious secrets,
 Each of them turned 20
 Locked them inside her soul,
 You won't ever find the key

Concealed, hidden, even though poisonous enough to kill,
 Someone who's strong enough needed to come and share her pain

At some point, she felt like its time
 She revealed all of it
 Painful enough to collapse her,
 She still continued speaking; didn't hide a bit of it

'Story of 20 Years' was a huge thing to take in,
 She was being judged after
 Unfolding the harsh truths which were untold
 Instincts lied, all of it backfired and
 She didn't know how to survive that pain

Was it the person or, was it time that was wrong?
 Why didn't she stop herself from telling?
 Couldn't she hide it?
 Couldn't she bear it anymore?

Maybe she felt like she found the one who's enough strong
 Maybe it's actually 'Time' that was wrong
 Maybe she didn't regret opening up to a person just for once
 Maybe she believes, it was all written serving a decent purpose
 Maybe she can carry them again for the rest of the years
 Maybe or, maybe not.

The writer is a CSE Department student of BRAC University.

AN UNPRECEDENTED CONSCIOUSNESS

SADIA TASNIM TUBA

They lived in their dreams.
 They talked in the silence.
 They clung to the immature ground,
 Far away from being prudence!

They used to look up at the orange sky,
 Together with the hopeful eyes,
 Clouds gathered suddenly,
 Heart beats picked up thousand sighs!
 One soul knew the truth,
 never escaped the reality;
 The other one—so obedient,
 thought its pair as a deity.

Today—
 Distance after distance making them stranger again,
 creating a bridge of an unprecedented consciousness
 between;
 Breaking the false amour chain!

