

PANACEA

IQRA L. QAMARI

In a land born at the cost of lives,
At daggers drawn, tears and knives,
Lies,
My sisters in red vermillion
The oracle smiles from a pavilion.

Panacea, panacea
She is adorned with gold and vengeance
Singing before her for penance.
For a man that was hung aloft,
Light the stars and bring the Holy Grail.
Proud are the five pillars.
But together with
Blood and bones we sail.

For the flag that was hoisted high,
Blood spilled and tears dried,
Such united souls with tangles beliefs
We all cry in one melody
Oh panacea,
Stand side by side for the remedy.

Throw your spirits high,
When the mother of earth goes beneath the waves,
Bells toll for his son and slaves,
Come and rejoice,
We, the children, sing in one melody,
Oh panacea, panacea,
Breathe in the same air for the remedy.

As a new sun rises,
Let's adorn our home with red and white,
The same land under us, the same right.
Holding different angels at heart, oh messiah
The same though is the panacea.



NASHEETAH HOSSAIN

I lay awake with blood-shot eyes
It's midnight and I'm craving to put my thoughts into words.
I can write about oceans or stars
Or about the illusion of love.

I can see how the words come to life.
Watch them bring you down
Or lift you up,
But it's all in my hands.

My kind can bring tears to your eyes
Without sacrificing a drop of mine.
The eyes of my kind,
Can pierce right through your glamour and
Make you vulnerable to my mere presence.
I am a poet and if I take the decision.
I can make or break you.

The writer is a grade 7 student in Sunbeams School.

IT'S NOTHING REALLY

"Could you please stop staring at me?"
"You blinked."
"Of course I did. How long can you stare back at a mindless idiot? You can only be so interesting."
"Yes, about as interesting as an infinite blob of nothing, I am sure."
"Since when do you monkeys have quips like that?"
"Since the last time you've seen a mirror."
"Oh, how smart. I can't look into a mirror, genius."
"Why not?"
"Do you see any mirrors around here?"
"Well, I did wrap my head around an infinite mass of nothing."
"That's because you can't see it."

chill," said Noman.
"You're not supposed to like staying here. It doesn't work that way."

Noman rolled over and slept.

"Could you please leave this plane?" – asked Nothing.
"Where is it going?" – asked Noman.
"Very funny. I am not particularly enjoying your prolonged presence."
"What are you going to do about it? Let me guess... nothing?" The corners of Noman's lips quivered.
"The first monkey in a hundred years is also a comedian. Great. Now get lost," boomed Nothing.
"I am lost."
"Oh, God."

Nothing stared at Noman and Noman stared back at Nothing. He lounged down on the ground that was nothing but flowing ripples of absence and closed his eyes.

"What do you mean there's a soul missing?"
"Sir, it just disappeared and is not showing up on our ledgers."
"Are you seriously saying we lost a soul?"
"He's nowhere, sir."

"Are you still going to hang around here?" asked Nothing.
"Yeah, sure. Why not? It's pretty



WORDS & ILLUSTRATION:
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