



# You

FARYAL FAIZEE

Hands are no longer hands,  
 they are caresses.

Mouths are no longer mouths,  
 they are kisses.

My name is no longer a name,  
 it is a call.

Love is no longer love,  
 love is you.



# LOST IN A LABYRINTH

NASHEETAH HOSSAIN

The waves hit the shore as the breeze carried the spray onto my face. The sound of the waves breaking, and the rustling of the leaves caressed my ears. And with that, came the sound of a familiar giggle. Familiar, but long lost. It was little Roselyn.

"You're here again," I said. I could practically see my younger self in front of me.

"Well, that's one way to say hello," replied little Roselyn and giggled again, as if it was so funny. I sighed, reminiscing back upon my innocent sense of humour.

"I know you're not here anymore, Rose. I lost you, and I miss you. And I know that when I meet you this way, you're not real. And I'm crazy, because truth is, I am literally talking to myself right now," I reply, taken aback by my own monotonous voice.

"It pains me to see how absorbed you are in materialistic things these days. That's how you lost me, you know. You were so busy with the consequences of your actions in reality, that you forgot how to imagine things beyond what you see. You forgot to believe in the world we had created. Our hideaway," replies little

Rose, and I sigh and close my eyes for a second, realising how true those words were.

"I can't help it. There's so much I don't understand, so many things I wish I could change. And as I stare out into the limitless sea out in front of me, I can't help but feel like a drop of water in there. So miniscule, so insignificant." I go on, "But then, I'm not a drop of water in the sea. I'm more like a wrecked boat out there, lost and stranded."

Rose then comes and sits beside me, and rests her cheeks my shoulder as she takes a handful of sand in her hand and lets it slip away.

"Maybe you should find somebody"—little Rose helps. I couldn't help but chuckle at that. She continues— "No, I don't necessarily mean it that way. I mean somebody, anybody. Maybe it's time you should reach out for help."

"I can't do that, you know," I remind her. "I can't afford to lose the very few people I have in my life. As soon as I let out my burdens, it's just going to spread like wildfire and make them run away. You don't stay with a person like me. I'm not... pleasant. I'm difficult to deal with, and I don't want anyone else to have to share my troubles with me. Also,

neither do I deserve it. I'm so fake, you know. I'm no longer who I was. Who you are. This world is a magnanimous labyrinth, and I just lost myself along the way."

As I finish the words, every affliction I had gone through in the pastm flash before my eyes. Suddenly, I feel a sting in my eyes. And just like that, the tears come pouring out—everything I'd silently contained within me in solitude. I know I could never speak of them, never express how broken I really felt. Maybe people would try to understand, but they would never feel the things I feel. They would never take a ride back down the memory lane with me, and live through those insufferable days.

Little Roselyn reaches out and hugs me with her little arms before speaking up again.

"You remember that story we read when we were younger? The Little Prince, I think. There was this one quote that we both fell in love with. Do you remember, Roselyn?"

"Yes." I whisper, and then we both said in unison, "It is such a secret place, the land of tears."

*The writer is a student of grade 7 at Sunbeams School.*



# ALIVE

SADIA CHOWDHURY

You're alive  
 Your eyes are walking with you  
 You're alive  
 You're finding the depth of your feelings,  
 You're alive.

Birds are flying around you  
 You're listening to that smile  
 You're alive.

Sky is making your mind at peace  
 Your eyes are shining  
 You're alive.  
 That poetry, that line of that book  
 Passing your mind  
 Cause you're alive.

Dreams that you wanted to live  
 Is keeping you alive  
 Cause you wanted to be  
 That's how you're alive.

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