

READER SUBMISSIONS

LIMERENCE



MALIHA TANJIM

One can possibly say that I am transfixed at the beauty of nature. Sure my eyes relish every inch of the scenic surrounding before me, but on my mind, I hold the image of someone else, and it is undoubtedly you. You are responsible for trimming the thorns I had previously grown and igniting the hearth beneath me. I remember how I thought of you as utterly prosaic, wrapped in black and white confetti. However, vibrant was what you were, dyed with the best colours. Perhaps I had suffered colour blindness during our first encounter.

I take out my paintbrushes and begin to capture your image with my favourite colours. One stroke, two stroke, I carry on. I remember how astonished I was when you told me that you adored my hair. Astonished, because I was used to people taking a fancy to my figure. Back then, I often noticed how your pupils would dilate in excitement whenever we met, how it was evident in your hazel eyes. I stop abruptly. The colour your eyes possess is not plain hazel, but rather a beautiful hue of all browns. I stop because the colours are unavailable on my palette. Therefore, I unwillingly go for plain hazel instead.

One can possibly say that I love maps, since the corner of my room is crammed with dusty, old world maps. Little would they know that I traced lines from where you reside to where I am. I created a path. A path that would not be found in any other world maps except for mine. All in all, your memories reign my mind as I succumb to it. You see, you are like quicksand, the more I try to get rid of you, the more you pull me in.

The heavens open as I finish your painting. Disappointment fills me to the brim, since my painting skills were never even close to yours. You always managed to create a *pièce de résistance* out of everything. Shifting my gaze to the storm, I remember our last conversation:

"I don't know when we'll meet again." you spoke.
"Don't worry. We'll surely meet one day, like the sky meets the rainbow after a storm." I said.

With a heavy heart, I quietly wish for this storm to be the last.



WANDERESS

NASHEETAH HOSSAIN

The poetry you wrote continued to pile up in your scribbled notebook, never to be read. You wrote about how her eyes freeze like ice and shine like diamonds when she calls herself irreparable. You wrote about the concoction of paradise and hell in her eyes, and how you can't tell the difference at night. Perhaps that was what made her so beautiful, timeless.

You loved her for the way she never tried to fight with show of power or violence. She was a gallant champion of gentleness and tolerance. But you loved her for the way she never let her guard down either. You loved her not for her features, no. You loved her in the way that kind words slipped through her lips, her voice mellifluous and tender.

You loved her for the way the iris of her eyes changed hues when neon city lights played kaleidoscopes on her face. You loved her, for she refused to fit into any mold. She could

never be fit into a perfect description. She was a raging fire, stubborn, inextinguishable and bursting with colours. So you loved her in all the shades of the universe. You loved her in the way burning stars loved the bland night sky, and you loved her in the way that she loved to be free. And that was who she was. She never belonged to anyone, she was uninhibited and self-ruling. And you could always love her from a distance away, but she would never be yours. She was a wanderess, always waiting for a new adventure, and you were but just one. And you will watch as she bleeds, her agony evident in the boldness of the scarlet pigment. It will become a part of you, inscribing itself upon your skin and pierce into your heart only to fill it with an unforgettable ardor. She will flow through your veins until you will finally decipher her; by then, it will be too late. She will be gone.

The writer is a grade 7 student of Sunbeams School.

ROSES BE BLACK

FAIRUZ ANANTI

Roses be black,	Moon be trimmed
Skies be blue	Dark to brew.
Clouds stay back	
Spare the view.	Laughs are lost.
	Hunger sedates
Lights be veiled,	Bored of sighs
Alone be stayed	Be broke, the frost.
Eyes be closed:	
Dark prevailed.	Roses be black,
	Hearts be sworn
Sun be dimmed	Smiles be back
Morn' anew	Love reborn.

