



WANDER OFF

TABASSUM BINTE TABRIZ

Like the fallen autumn leaves in a stormy night,
 You can wander away.
 Like the sun in a rainy day,
 You can choose to appear whenever you may.
 Know this, you are everywhere
 Like an infinity within another
 Know this, you are everywhere
 Even if you stand a bit further.
 My words cannot reach you,
 They are only mine to keep
 My eyes cannot see you,
 But there are memories—
 that can cut more deep.
 My eyes will remember you
 As you were, like a breeze in a summer day
 I will remember your hands,
 The feelings will forever stay.
 Restless soul, you hope to earn
 Things that seem so far,
 Like the adventure of Cadmus,
 You run for what you seem dear.
 Wander off, my love,
 I won't hold you back.
 I will remember you with the words you say
 When the evening turns black.

Tabassum Binte Tabriz is a hopeless wanderer. She is always hungry and irritatingly optimistic about everything. Do not try to contact her anywhere because she avoids human contact as much as possible.



F.R.I.E.N.D.S 5ever

TASNIM ODRIKA

It's 9 a.m. and even though I know I need to get up and get dressed for work, I just can't seem to gather the energy to get up. I've been feeling this way for quite some time now. Everything just seems so heavy but I can feel that I'm empty on the inside. "What could be the reason?", I've been wondering this for quite some time now. As my hands reach for my phone and I open it, the reason finally hits me. The emptiness that I've been feeling on the inside is reflected perfectly on my phone screen.

My mind now swims back to the glorious days. Those days when the sweet *ting* of your messages kept me up all night. You think I don't remember the exact way the phone's light hit my face as I groggily switched on the screen in the morning? In fact, I even remember the exact intensity of the light. It used to warm my face in the cold winter mornings.

But now there is never a message from the group chat named "F.R.I.E.N.D.S". I spend the nights holding my silent phone close to my heart but no longer do I wake up to 2000 messages. The only roast that I get now is from biriyanis and sadly that also happens very rarely.

As I look at the time again, I see that it's 9:30 a.m. I quickly wipe the single tear from my face and console myself with the thought that at least I had the privilege of having a group chat on fire. I make a mental note that one day I will sit my kids by the fire and tell them the story of the days when the group chat was on fire and there was never a lonely moment.

The fire has long faded and for now, only Charlie Puth's words can explain my inner turmoil, "We don't talk anymore, like we used to do".

Tasnim Odrika is having an existential crisis at the moment and doesn't really know who she is anymore. Send her compliments at odrika_02@yahoo.com

Delusions

TASNIM BINTE ZULFIQAR

The first flap of its wings
 The gentle flutter; in its chest
 Reverberated

Trust me, you said,
 No one will know.

'But mother would be angry...'
 Evaporated, through the phosphened skies
 And adrenaline.

It's a mess I've made.

Help me clean it tomorrow?

The bright eyes, coaxing,
 'Come on!' Surefire promises
 Of happiness

Prisms removed, the colours fade
 I see you behind the sorrow;

A ravishing look on the cat's face
 Assuring another young dove
 The mother is still away, finding food—

The writer is a student of class 9 at SFX Greenherald International School.

