



Seasonal Afflictions

NUSRAT NAIMA ISLAM

With frayed edges
And dented spines
You whispered words
Between the lines.
Autumn winds and bristling leaves
None could ever hear you weep.
Why, oh why, you cursed yourself
To vicious cycles with no sleep.
Once winter set in well and wrought
Fissures wrung in your soul too deep
But then came spring, waltzing in
Letting all those colors into you seep
With open eyes
And mended bones
You let the words
Nudge away the stones.

The writer is a student of Computer Science and Engineering at AIUB.

A LIGER'S LAMENT

BENJAMIN HASAN

Heroes, my fathers.
Elusive creatures, yet
Ligers don't lie.
Perhaps they may.
Matters and mattresses
Empty as always
Get me a spoon
Everything under the moon
Tell me how to do it
Leopards and lemurs
Anything and everything
Included in the list
Decidedly, I am not.

The writer hates poetry. Email him things that are not poems at benjaminhasan1213@gmail.com

The Team

ANUPOMA JOYEETA JOYEE

Stormageddon is quite pissed at the boy. "What the heck is taking him so long?" he wants to yell into thin air but reserves himself at the last moment. Instead he makes a livid growling sound. He is lying down on the dirty jagged sidewalk. Stormageddon looks up at the waning crescent moon competing with the clouds to make its presence known. "I really should have gone with the fatter kid instead of this one," he thinks to himself for the umpteenth time this week. He does not fancy human companionship to be honest. He has gradually adjusted to a certain degree of comfort and only humans would ensure that that level is reached. It's a bittersweet relationship, sweet from their end but bitter from his. Sometimes he feels incredibly suffocated. He left his previous companion, and to Stormageddon's utmost dismay, she was getting a bit too cosy with him. He had given her enough signs that he wasn't in it for the long haul. She must have known that it wasn't going to be forever, yet she was devastated when he left. Last month he sneaked into her house to see if she was still hung up on him. She already had found someone else. Darn humans never ceased to amaze Stormageddon. He thought of confronting her, to see if she would leave her new companion and come back to him. Luckily, he didn't execute that fleeting irrational thought. He remembered how unhappy he was in that relationship.

The boy has been gone for about an hour he presumes. Stormageddon and his paths crossed last week. He was going through a dumpster looking for scraps. It turned out that the boy was a frequent visitor there as well. He remembers the way his exhausted eyes had lit up at the sight of him. His dirty shirt had God-knocks-how-many holes, his sticky hair which probably was once black had turned a dirty brown. Stormageddon

wasn't afraid. Someone else would have run away had they encountered the boy in a dark alley at midnight. They both continued their search with no luck. At the end of the failed pursuit, they both looked at each other. No words were exchanged. The boy started walking toward the sidewalk, Stormageddon followed suit. An unspoken pact was created. The team of a scavenger and a vagabond, it was either a mad alchemy for an altruistic alliance or a recipe for betrayal.

Stormageddon is getting restless. He is extremely close to deserting his post as opposed to what the boy has instructed him. He heaves a sigh of relief as he hears familiar footsteps approaching. The silhouette comes near bearing a butter bun. "Sorry, Max. I couldn't find us anything better," says the boy apologetically. Stormageddon hates being called by other names. He has unsuccessfully tried to communicate his real name to the boy a couple of times. Humans pay no heed to what he actually wants to be called. There is no point ranting about it. The boy splits the butter bun in half. Most of the roadside carts were closed. He thought they would have to go hungry tonight. One tea stall was throwing away the day's leftovers. The boy begged for a piece of bread. His wish was granted. He apprehensively gives Stormageddon one piece. The bun has gone a bit stale. Stormageddon purrs for a while and starts chewing on his share. He wonders why the boy did not keep a bigger piece for himself. Squinting his eyes with troubled confusion, he tries to understand what's going through his human's mind. "Meh, maybe he's not so bad after all," Stormageddon purrs as the boy gently pets him behind his ears.

Anupoma Joyeeta Joyee is a perpetually sleepy Law student who emotionally identifies with ducks and occasionally sets out on writing sprees. Feel free to rant to her at anupomajoyee@gmail.com

