

# MASTERPIECE

SHAH TAZRIAN ASHRAFI

She is an empty mansion-  
Ivory shaded,  
Bounded with leather,  
Waiting to bear a world inside.

He is full of ink,  
With a golden nib  
Waiting to fill her emptiness  
With his unending love.

When they meet,  
His completeness and her void  
Bloom a new world.  
The words flow out of him as if-  
She is dust and,  
He is spinning a mountain out of it.  
This is how  
Their rebirth  
Births a masterpiece.

*The writer is a grade 11 student of Birshreshtha Noor  
Mohammad Public College.*



## The love of my life

SHOAIB AHMED SAYAM

I've never expected to come across an embodiment of beauty such as yourself. The way you skip around the house so gracefully and nonchalantly like you don't have to worry about all the unfairness of the world. The way you look into my eyes when I come back having suffered an onslaught of filing papers and making spreadsheets. Ah, your eyes, those large beady gems that take me to your world without your consent. They show me a place which is not as colourful as my own, and yet you have no complaints, or you intentionally hide it inside your heart. And if the latter is the case, I have the utmost respect for the strong willpower you possess. While I cry and lament about all my problems, expecting you to comfort me with your unconditional love, you just ask me to be always by your side. All you want are nice walks by the beach, eating side by side and playing our favourite games. You are so simple, and I love that about you.

I remember the time when I almost lost you. For the first time ever, I saw you feeble and whimpering. Your eyes were not normal at that time. I couldn't penetrate into that happy world you had within yourself. All I could see was my own reflection, as if you were telling me for the first time to support you. The tears made it evident.

Even then you were reluctant to let it all out. You should have wailed and howled back then but you didn't, you spoke as softly as a gentle breeze about to take you away. But I couldn't let that breeze pass through. I've known you for the last five years and took you into my care when you were completely broken. And yet you allowed me to enter your heart. I know that we have a couple of years at best but I wasn't ready to let you go so easily back then.

You've gracefully grown old. It breaks my heart every time I realise that I am frozen in time while you are rapidly accelerating. I so wish it was the other way around. Even now when you rest on my lap, I don't get a tinge of regret from you. Your eyes still show me that happy world inside you. Even now when I call you, you come running to me, despite the fact that your body is slowly falling apart. Wagging your tail like nothing has ever changed. You still show me the same joy and glee when I go through your soft and silky fur. Even though your average lifespan is 10-13 years, the average lifespan of your memories in my heart will be 70-80 years.

Nothing will ever replace those eyes again. I don't know how I'm going to live without you but that is not important. You are selfless, you only care about my happiness, and I will try to be the same. You are the love of my life, Doggo.



## YOUR THRONE BESIDE MINE

AISHA H. SHAMS

I will bring you the sun  
when the world leaves you cold.  
I will bring you the moon  
when the shadows knock on your door.  
Hold my hand,  
and I promise to never let go.  
I will gather your pieces  
and give you mine.  
Take the words you are afraid to speak  
and string them together into lovely, little  
rhymes.  
You do not know how delightfully beautiful

you look  
when the colors of sunrise dance on your  
cheeks.  
In your eyes, I have seen entire galaxies.  
You are made of celestial lights,  
molded from sea foam  
and sprinkled with joy.  
So, let me paint your caliginous world with the  
hues of my thoughts,  
and you can paint my grey skies.  
Build me a castle under the seas  
and sit on the throne beside mine.

*The writer is a student of Sunbeams School.*