

FIERCE RAIN

SADIA TASNIM TUBA

Rearing a fierce rain inside.
Wild, crazy, hungry,
Yet humble;
Fulfilled like taking a day's last meal.

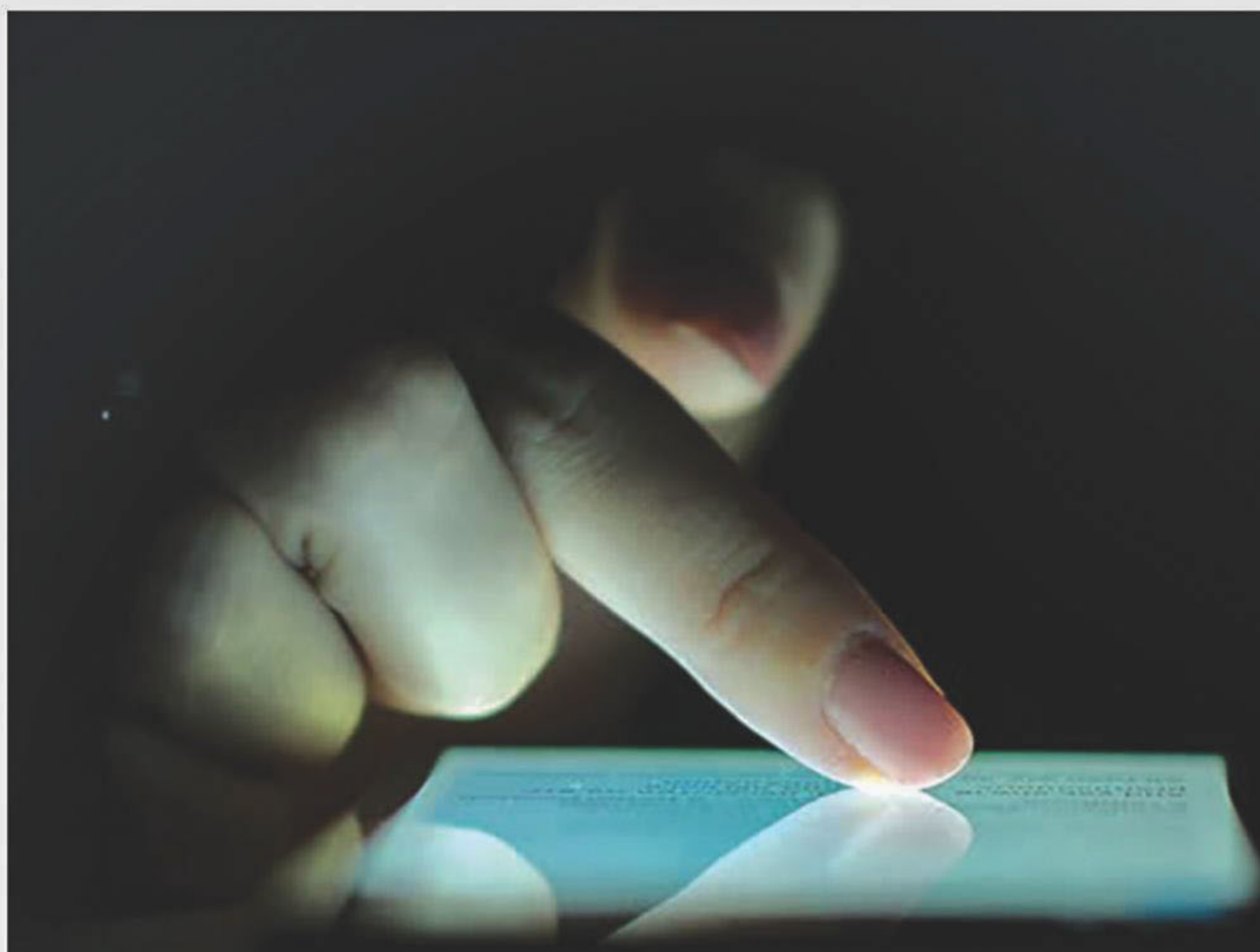
Escaping from the human language,
Obscure talk among clouds.
Sweet scream across the sky.
No grim,
Just waiting for sudden rain stream.

Lonely rain drops,
Falling in the midnight.
Whispering to my drowsy soul.
Chilly wind touches the salted cheeks.
Melting my frosty pole.

The pure melody of rain is not for an impure heart;
Though the pure always meets an impure.
I wonder how thousand fates are composed in one
hand,
Some unfortunates never find the cure.

Living in an earthly delusion,
Still thinking like a newcomer;
Who expects again.
But end of the day,
The lonely soul bears that same fierce rain.

The writer is a student of BRAC University.



Streaks

RASHEED KHAN

She watched the flashing hourglass beside two pink hearts, six hundreds and the number 658.

This was not the first time the hourglass had shown up, but it did feel strange looking at it. Through a fog of cold, painful remorse, she wondered how much time she had left – she wondered if perhaps she should send something.

She swiped right, and the screen displayed a tired face with dark circles around blank eyes; dried tear tracks trailed down her cheeks on this day, a face she had gotten acquainted with in a surprisingly short amount of time. The other 657 days, you would have seen a face that was either ugly on purpose, or admirably pretty which she couldn't really see until he came along to tell her about it (and even then, it had taken quite some time). Before that? Well, if apps could gather dust, this one's icon would have turned into a dirty yellow-brown.

Yes, there's really no denying the facts: he was handsome, perfect, loving. He saw the beauty in her and had made sure she could see it too. He asked for pictures in the beginning and while of course she had issues with it at first, at one point, it felt flattering to watch him replay everything, and often times screenshot it and keep it in his electronic locket. They talked every day, sent pictures to each other every day. The blank beside his name

filled up first with a very happy smiley face, then steadily increasing numbers, then a yellow heart, which turned red, then shifted to two pink hearts; and one day she had – to use the most clichéd phrase in existence with a dreamy sigh – fallen in love with him. Madly? Probably not. But in love? Definitely. They'd had a wonderful year together before he flew off to a different country for his studies, and since then, the number of picture deliveries back and forth only increased. Sometimes the time difference made the hourglass pop up, but they never lost it, not even once.

When she tapped excitedly on the red square that day, she almost missed what was wrong with the picture. Almost. And it was the sheer bland, uneventfulness of it that made this endgame ever more shocking. He had apologised, of course.

"I can explain."

"I didn't mean to."

"It's not what it looks like, baby."

All excuses. Denial, and betrayal.

So she sat on the 658th day, and watched the flashing hourglass beside two pink hearts, six hundreds and the number 658, and wondered if she was the first ever person to sit actively to watch it disappear.

Rasheed Khan is a hug monster making good music but terrible puns and jokes where he's probably the only one laughing. Ask him how to pronounce his name at aarcvard@gmail.com