

WINGS

WAZIHA AZIZ

Blind to the beauty of this world
 all that's visible – chains and lashes,
 consumed into this harmful society,
 stuck in the middle of the clashes
 of the wealthy, the able,
 people well-known
 while they never even think
 of leaving the lower alone.

Commands, not requests,
 only empty chests
 and minds full of greed
 and want, when I bleed
 the echo of their laughter
 is consumed by the air
 along with my fear.

When I run they come after
 to torture, they ruin
 the lives of people
 not animals like themselves
 they continuously compel
 their victims to expel
 hurt-filled tears and yells.

A life filled with dread, scare and fright.
 We never experience the birth of the light,
 to grow wings and call them "mine".

Off I go, the wind takes me where it wills
 my destiny I make as I go towards the sun
 no superior to me in my life full of fun
 no one but me, with joy my heart fills.

Right before I burn in scorching heat
 I witness an extravagant scenery
 to complete my flight full of freedom
 the end of all inferiority.

The writer is an 8th grade student of Cantonment English School and College.



Invisible

TAHSIN ABEDI

Dear Diary,
 We're in the sky now. I insisted on the window seat, of course. It's been about two hours that we've been airborne now. I tried to get some sleep earlier but the kid in front of me keeps screaming every now and then. Debating for a window seat seems almost worthless— it's too bright out here in the clouds and my window cover has been shut for the past hour in vain effort to get some much needed sleep. Please remind me not to pack my bags the night before. Ugh, I already know I'm still going to do it.

The cabin crew just brought out the food on their usual trolley along the narrow aisle. As I devoured all of my bhuna khichuri, I felt like I was blessed with an immense power that could conquer the entire world.

I woke up from a nap a while ago. I get sleepy after eating a lot, you know that. I felt like I needed a good waking up and decided that the brightness outside would do it wonderfully. Upon sliding the window cover up, I was greeted with a burst of bright sunshine as the sun peeked from behind a screen of clouds amidst the pale blue sky. I looked down at the vague view of land far below us. We were passing over vast stretches of absolute nothingness. The mountains and valleys had merged into one big sweep of green with huge bald patches of yellow ochre and sienna where the soil underneath had become exposed. The green slowly transitioned into

blue as we now travel over rivers meandering through barren lands and then tiny towns that have developed along its banks. I wonder which country we are above and whether knowing the fact even matters.

The sun is starting to set now. The sky looks breathtakingly beautiful from up here, the lining of clouds beneath us tinged with an amber sheen. The sun is bidding us adieu for the day and sending off reflections across the entire interior of the plane. On my right, it's almost day-like with the sun still making its slow descent down the pristine blue sky. The other side of the plane, however, has already seen twilight, with the sky a shade of dark violet. I wonder if I've ever seen the full spectrum of blue that I've witnessed today.

Now, as I look outside, I can see two distinctly different skies separated by an orange horizon coloured by the setting sun. The sky on top is a pristine blue- a plain canvas. The lower sky is a bit more interesting, perhaps because of the feeling of multiple skies that it gives me. The different levels of white tufts that adorn its surface make it look like the land of clouds where the giants live.

However, I don't see any houses for them to live in and neither do I see any giants. Perhaps they're invisible to our eyes and only reveal themselves if we're giants ourselves. I wonder if I'm a giant somewhere in a land of tiny men.

We're going down now. I'll talk to you again when I'm free. Bye.