



# Super Massive Black Hole

NADIA HOSSAIN

"Do you believe in love?"

"What is this sorcery you speak of?"

The sun was just about to set. Violet skies streaked with wispy clouds, a perfectly circular gradient of orange, blood red and violet on the horizon. The trees underneath a dark shadow, barely moving, as if forcing itself against the violent gusts of wind. I dangled my legs over the edge and felt the rocky uneven surface beneath me, my hand coming away yellow with dirt.

I looked at her and asked, "Well, do you?"

"Love is such a subjective word. I love you, I love my parents, I love my friends," she drawled.

"Is that enough?"

"I suppose it is. I mean you can't miss what you've never had right?"

That earned her a smirk. "Suppose you did know."

"Then that would mean I believed it enough, right?"

"But you said you loved me, your parents and friends so you already do believe in love."

"That's different. I love you all in different ways."

"If you believe you love them in different ways, you know you'll love your significant other in a different way too. Ergo, you do believe in love."

"Lilly, stop." Her face soured and I knew I was pushing her at this point.

"So," I start, "There's this guy."

"Isn't there always?"

I snorted. "He's cute, smart, and tall and loves puppies."

"What's the catch?"

"He likes someone else."

She booed. I laughed.

"What an idiot! If he only knew what he's missing out on."

"An emotional mess?"

I guess I deserved the hard punch on the arm she threw. The gradient was almost non-existent at this point; the trees blue and the ground beneath our feet a black hole.

"Does he know you like him?" she asks.

"Does it matter?"

"Do you plan on telling him?"

"And how would that help the situation?"

"At least he'd know."

And with that she started tracing patterns on the ground between us. I didn't know how to tell her I was not brave enough to confess my attraction to a guy. To put my feelings out there, all my cards on the table, hoping he'd pick the king to my queen.

"Will you ever tell him?"

I didn't have the heart to tell her the girl he liked was her.

"Do I know this guy?"

"You might have seen him around."

It was dark by now, the moon bright and the stars barely peeking out from behind the clouds.

"I hope you tell him. It's been a year since your last relationship."

"Nah, I'll save my hundred percent effort for someone who actually likes me."

I couldn't tell her I would've given my

120. She chuckles and gets up on her feet. "Good call."

"You get my two hundred though. That will never change."

With a smile, she helped me up. Still holding her hands, I pulled her close and hugged her tight, knowing no matter how anything ever panned out, she would be there to pick up my pieces and tape me back together.

"I love you, best friend," I whisper.

"Love you too."

I held on to her for a bit longer, she knew I needed it. I found comfort in her oblivion.

"You come first, always have, always will," she said as she snuggled in tighter.

She stepped back and pulled me by my hand towards her car. She walked me away from the dark hole beyond the cliff, but never away from the dark hole embedded in my heart.

I hope he knows she's the ace of spades.

*The writer is a student of BBA at North South University.*

## REFLECTIONS

MAISHA NAZIFA KAMAL

Sometimes I try to find myself  
Amidst the still water of the river.  
Sometimes I wait for myself to appear  
In the mist that takes us nowhere.  
The search goes on, the seemingly endless paths waiting;  
Several doors open but none close enough to enter.

Maybe the shattered mirror in my room perfectly reflects me.  
Maybe the image I see in my cold cup of coffee is the one I feared not to be.  
Maybe the rain-washed window perfectly depicts me  
Or maybe I am just a polaroid in somebody's dilapidated memory.  
As I take one step into the wilderness to find myself,

The sentinel branches watch me, the roots underneath chain me.  
As I crawl in search of serenity into the desert,  
I find snippets of me buried in the silence of the sand.  
As I fall into the blue ocean to retrieve the lost pieces of me,  
The cruel wind laughs, reminding me of my clipped wings.

So I let this storm within me rage  
Run aimlessly in this bizarrely familiar maze.  
For I know in the last embers of this fire  
Will I find the new flame to finish an old mire.

Sometimes I try to see myself  
In the pale shaft of light in this dark imperfection  
Sometimes I try to find myself  
But always wait to find my true reflection.

