

THERE WILL I MEET MYSELF

SYED RAFID KABIR

Where all light streams into one place,
 Where all love heals itself,
 Where no one dare hide their face,
 There will I meet myself.

Where the stars shine elegantly
 All the eventide long,
 Where all the suns will be,
 There will I belong.

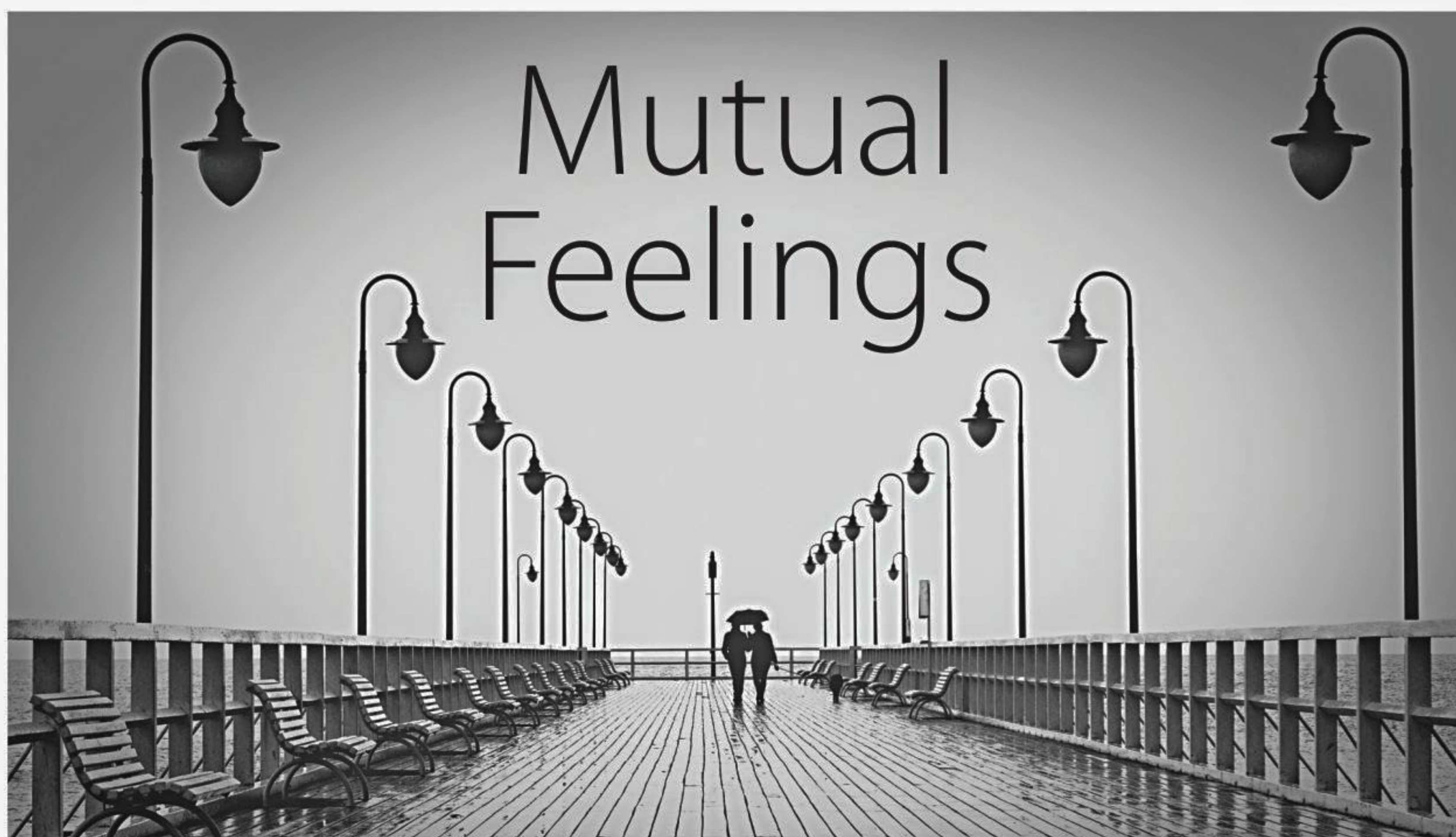
Where lost dreams wander back once again,
 Shining with a sparkling glow,
 Where there shall be no pain,
 There shall I go.

Where all happiness swirls together
 Along with a foam of melancholy,
 Where all people fearlessly gather,
 There will I be.

Where there be an eternal night,
 With its sky crafted with gravel,
 Where there is no lack of light,
 There shall I travel.

Where there is no war,
 And Death will smile upon Life itself,
 Where stars are as beautiful as they are,
 There will I meet myself.

The writer is a grade 9 student in Scholastica.



Mutual Feelings

ARSHY KARIM

After so many years of our marriage and some years after our kids got married, I realised one night while we were having dinner that we don't talk much like we used to. Sometimes I forget what your voice is like, until you call for me. Must be the old age.

We invited the kids' in-laws over for dinner and you laughed at one of their jokes. Has your laughter always sounded like that? It didn't sound so melodious anymore.

Your eyes used to light up when you opened the door to see me back from work. Nowadays the light doesn't reflect on them anymore.

There's only a few days left before my retirement and they've already

started letting me off before the closing hours, something about being concerned about my health and staying long hours in the office at this age. Young ones, seriously!

My mind wanders back to the times when I felt anxious to get back home early just to see your face. I don't feel that anxiousness anymore as I slowly walk home.

When something funny happens between us, like when you forget about the rice in the stove while you're watching TV or when I search the whole house for my glasses, forgetting that they're on my head, we used to laugh at these situations but now we just smile at each other. And the smiles don't quite reach our eyes.

Is this only happening to me or

are you feeling these things too? I can't tell.

After a few more years, when our kids will visit their grandchildren once or twice a year to celebrate festivities, I will realise that we actually meet eye to eye and smile, really smile, with both of our eyes sparkling, only at these moments.

And the secret message is wordlessly conveyed.

Thank you for giving me this joy, for walking together on this bumpy road. We may not know each other anymore for love works in mysterious ways. But I'm grateful to you for deciding to see through it till the end.

The feeling has been mutual.

The writer is a class 10 student at Monipur High School and College.

Letters of a daughter

TAHSIN M. RAHMAN

Dear Baba,

I keep staring at the fidget spinner in my hand. It keeps me focused. I wish it kept me distracted. It's funny how people keep advising me on how to cope up with my loss, without even understanding it.

People think that my life, without you, has changed. I'd be honest with you, it hasn't. My life is exactly the same. It's the same routine. The same people and the same job. Without you in it.

Little things have changed here and there. I keep turning around the corners, waiting to meet you and suddenly realise you're not there. It does hit me momentarily that you'd never be, but I overcome it. Or at least I pretend to. I keep trying to call you, before a scary exam, but you're never the one answering. I mindlessly put your shirt or shoes up, forgetting you'd never ask for them again. But I do remember. I



move on.

They told me, everything will change now. It hasn't. Just that these little things tend to take up more space now. I do wonder at times, where to post these letters. Or what you're up to? If your phone still keeps buzzing all day, or if you still wonder when I'm not home in time. But I push them away. That's just

how it works now.

Admitting that I miss you every other instance would be a huge understatement. So instead I tell myself you're like my favourite lyrics, I find you everywhere I see, "but never to touch, and never to keep".

I love you,
 Your little princess.