



WHO AM I?

FYROZE SHAFIQUE

I am what I do not know,
Wings of fire, heart of snow.
Or am I the river that quietly flows
Under the stack of memories?

I do not dream to find
Sanctuary hereafter,
I am not the silence
Of a sleepless night.
I live in the soul
Of an unnamed crafter,
I hide in the sense
Of an unseen sight.

I am not the values of the war,
I am the blazing of the gun,
I am not the scorch of the sunrays,
I am the burning of the sun.

*The writer is a student in Viqarunnisa
Noon College*



KAZI SABITA EHSAN

SHE

She wasn't exactly the 'turning heads when walking into a room' type of girl. That kind of attention didn't appeal to her to begin with. She had always been more of a keen listener; silence had been her strongest language from the start, and she spoke it fluently. She craved a love that felt right but was also afraid of finding it. She had witnessed far too many people fall in love and have their hearts broken. Hence she was careful and guarded as she continued to build walls around her all the time.

When she met him, she fell for him hard and fast. You would need only one hard look at him to know that he was meant to achieve the best things in life. She knew it in her heart; she believed it. She believed in him and she wanted him to know that more than anything else. She loved his company. She wanted to share his triumphs, his failures and his hopes and dreams.

Unfortunately, he was someone who refused to believe in love. He was at an age where the word often lost its meaning or even became plain stupid. Yes, indeed, they were poles apart and he was far from being perfect, but she had fallen irrevocably in love with all his perfect imperfections.

She had made up her mind to confess a million times but she could never gather the courage to go forth with it. How could she? Have you seen yourself? the voices inside her head would often scream. Silence won invariably and

so she decided to write. She gave words to the thoughts that she failed to give a voice to and found solace in confiding within pieces of paper.

Years later, their paths crossed at a superstore. Standing face to face between two shelves of goods on a narrow aisle, their eyes met for a fraction of a second.

That was enough to bring back everything she had so carefully locked out. He quickly looked away. Silently, with feet of lead, she walked away with her pale blue grocery bag.

HE

He looked at her, holding a pale blue grocery bag in her hand, looking as beautiful as he could remember, still shy and delicate. All at once, he found himself swept over by the past. Years had gone by, and he was still incapable of finding the right words to say. She had that kind of effect on him. To him, she would always be the girl that he couldn't find the nerve to approach. The one he felt he was not good enough for, or ever could be. He couldn't meet eyes with her, in case they gave too much away.

"Let's go, honey," said the woman who had her arms wrapped around him. As he took her hand, his eyes still kept searching for that girl but she had left. Silence had taken over him and he let her slip away once again along with all the possibilities of what could've been. He walked out of the store, holding hands with his girl. He had imagined it would get easier with time, but he had been wrong. His girl wasn't, and to be honest, no one else could ever be *That Girl*.

SHAIKH SABIK KAMAL

A drop of water, a pouring rain, highlighted by the moonlight,
A burnt up winter, a worsening pain, no place where I could hide.
A fist of anger, a rage of fire, the destruction of a sun outshone.
A sheer hunger, an empty desire, no place that I could call home.

A river of dreams, a dam of hope, a cross section of a bipolar mind.
The black muddy water, a depth so deep, for a man who became too blind.
Endless fortnights, a dedicated sunlight, a mysterious mirage of a lamp post.
Reflections of pioneering lights, an ever dissolving fright, a guest without a host.

My tears are mine to cherish, all a present of an unknown light,
All mine to keep before I perish, all a fragment of a meaningless night.
A melody I would forget, a voice I can't sing, a woven scar so rough,
My final present to the past and future, that I would truly love.

The writer is a class 7 student at Dhaka Residential Model College

