



# Falling

MD. ZAMILUR RAHMAN SHUVO

A shameless, raw feeling,  
 Looking over my shoulder, for a glimpse back.  
 Pretending that there is something,  
 In those dreamy eyes, a code for me to crack.  
 An exulting, ecstatic feeling,  
 When that sense of belongingness makes its presence known.  
 Mere words unable to define,  
 The relationship, once budding, that has grown.  
 A melancholic feeling,  
 The pieces of puzzle lying around.  
 Heartbeats acting like a pendulum,  
 One second I'm upward, the very next, drowned.  
 I feel like I should give it a name,  
 An identity, that it's looking for.  
 Let's call it falling,  
 Falling, for her.

*Suggest the writer a good psychologist at shuvosanctum@gmail.com because clearly he needs one!*



# The Bookshelf

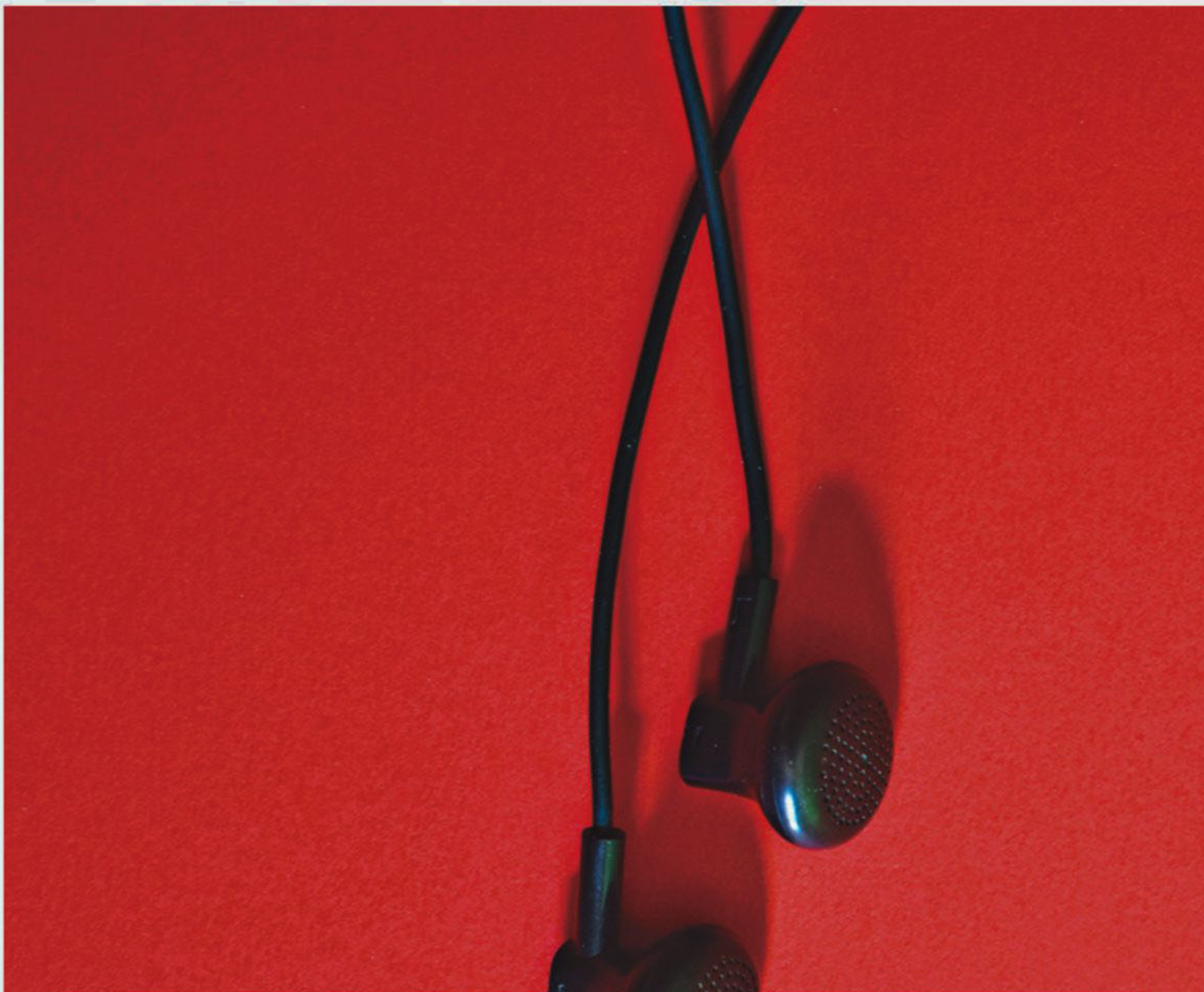
SHAIKH SABIK KAMAL

A mysterious set of stories,  
 A part of something meaninglessly true,  
 A renowned crown kept hidden for a glory,  
 Known to the past yet ever new.

A path to tenure of the dead past  
 Scarlet yet unfolding in different hues.  
 A broken piece of a goblet, a bewitched trust,  
 Yet ending in the truest clues.

A wilted leaf of a damper plant,  
 A hopeless tragedy in a mass maze,  
 Yet when I hope to see the brightest glance  
 I can come back to this time where I replace.

All these stories I recall as I say to myself,  
 "The world is ever expanding as itself."  
 And as I recollect each piece of this broken glass  
 I keep them safe in my heart, in my wooden bookshelf.



# THE POWER OF MUSIC

TASNIM ODRIKA

It was an ordinary summer afternoon. It was one of those days in the middle of July when the sun's scorching heat burnt so brightly, everyone questioned how poet's ever came up with romantic poems about the season. But, that's really not the important part. The important part is our protagonist, Violet, who actually had electric blue hair. At that particular moment, the extreme heat had turned her hair into a frizzy mess and she questioned why she ever coloured it and introduced all the chemicals to her once beautiful hair.

Apart from that, she was also shuffling through her playlist to find the perfect song to make her forget about the heat and the fact that all her friends were hanging out without her. It was at that moment she felt something rush through her. It was like a warm feeling. It rushed through her and it gave her the feeling that she knew something that no one else did. At first, she dismissed it. After a few moments, while shuffling through her phone's playlist, it happened again. This time she didn't ignore the feeling. This time, by some unknown force of nature, she just knew what she had to do.

She played the current song on her

phone and her ears experienced the magical power of music. This was the perfect song for her emotional state. She had apparently acquired the power to find songs that go perfectly with any mood. But, to be sure she had to test it out again. She ran off to her house. Inside, she found her mom stressing about work in front of her computer. Violet shuffled through her playlist again, waited for that warm feeling to rush through her, and, when it did, she pressed play. After a few seconds, when she saw the look on her mother's face, there was no denying that she had true magical powers. And, this wasn't some lame power that made you fly, or made you super strong. This was the sort of magical power that could be used to bring a change in the world.

The more she thought about it, the more sure she became of her purpose. Once again, she knew what she was to do now. She opened Facebook and sent song suggestions to everyone in her list. Then, she waited. Soon they will all become her friends.

*Tasnim Odrika is having an existential crisis at the moment and doesn't really know who she is anymore. Send her compliments at odrika\_02@yahoo.com*