

Under The City Lights



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Under the neon city lights I stand,
Among the mass of people who never notice me.
Over the bleak cold asphalt I stand fragile,
As my malachite eyes search for somebody.

Voices, laughter, blaring car horns around me,
But where is my long-lost secret melody?
Floodlights only dim my sense of perception,
As I try to forget that feeling of alienation.

My trainers have smudged my supple footsteps,
Worn-out jeans bequeath no scars;
Every day is like a fallen, withered leaf,
And my facade a blind person's fantasy.

But once I was lost in this city's dream-like quality,
The concrete streets have concealed my infelicity,
The heavy air silently sings of my every grudge,
And the lamp-posts have now crafted my shadow into a blue mirage.

Under the breath-taking city lights do we live,
As daydreamers breathing in the smoky night.
Under the city lights have I hidden my dream,
As my eyes search for the old me who has its key.

Maisha Nazifa Kamal is a meme-loving witch who is on an alpha-mission to defeat all Muggles in procrastination. Join forces with her at 01shreshtha7@gmail.com

INNER KINDLING

MOHAMMAD FATIN ISHRAQ

Hi! My name is Bucks! Well, that is what everyone calls me out of deep affection and love. I hail from the rich, fecund soil of Brazil. The land where I am from, there is a gigantic dormant volcano, which has been inactive for a few centuries. However, now I live in a bustling, cosmopolitan city far away from where I originate. People here are always seen to be in an impatient rush, their face emanating a soporific effect, droopy eyes giving a feeling that they have been forcefully dragged out of bed.

My people are always helpful, reinvigorating the office-goers and creating a warm, cosy feeling in the people's heart. We help them to clear their minds, which is, in fact, a must for accomplishing any task, small or big, simple or intricate. I feel enthralled seeing their flushed countenance, radiating warmth and hope for a successful day. We are usually poured into a paper cup, with an emblem of one of many brands that people seem to trust, all of which claim to presently be the epitome of quality coffee.

It felt good to be altruistic enough to give away ourselves, knowing that we are contributing in developing this beautiful human civilisation. It felt that way. It doesn't anymore.

One day, like any other day, I was looking out of the glass case in which I was kept, eager to be helpful like my friends and my predecessors, when I happened to catch a glimpse some horrific scenes on TV. People, emaciated and persecuted, people wailing and crying their eyes out, I saw their faces with horrific realisation. It was as if the whole world was coming to an end. I looked outside of the store from the case

and saw people walking on the pavement in threes, texting, walking briskly, running, hugging, smiling, like nothing is happening to their brethren somewhere only a couple thousand miles away.

Then and there, I came to realise that they are all just a bunch of pretentious clowns wearing a mask and hiding the draconian, insipid, wanton monster writhing inside of them. I thought, what type of beings are they, who seek help from minute beings like us but are ready to hurt others for themselves?

Days went by when I also got to see scores of people reaching out to help, many of them through social media, posting how sad and disgusted they feel for these perpetual atrocities, showing off to their friends how many reactions and comments one has received. On the contrary, I have also seen the altruists, like us coffee beans, striving for others, mollifying their pain, reinvigorating their minds and smiling seeing at them with warmly. Well, at least not all of them are bad.

It's finally time! I am being prepared as a mocha for someone! Finally, I get to help someone! He can now have a clear head, a kindling heart and an active body to accomplish his tedious works of the day through diligence, ingenuity, and perseverance. Actually, this is what I think of mankind as we are trivial but helping. However they are the best creation, so they must be greater and can unfetter themselves from that writhing monster residing deep within them.

Wow, so this is what a paper cup looks like from the inside! Everything is so shiny and white and ethereal! Goodbye and thank you for readi... GULP!

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