

FOG

SHOUNAK REZA

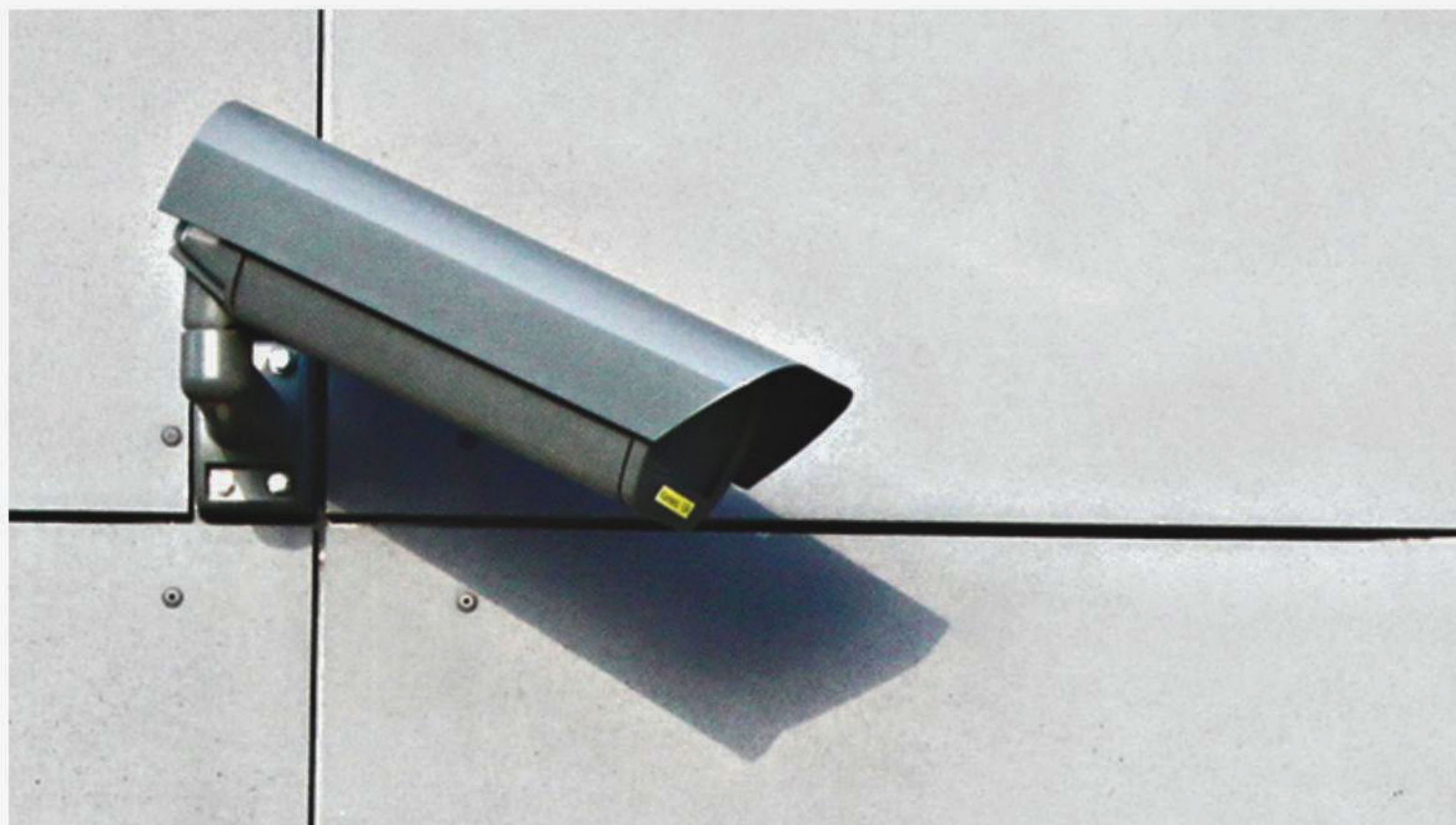
There is fog here,
I cannot see.

They seem to whisper
The world to me.

I walk around
Shrouded in a cloak,
Made not of fur
But of my own fears.

This is a city so bleak
That it can strangle you,
As you sleep,
Not turning back once,
So vibrant but desolate.

A frozen, empty smile,
Thousands of glittering faces,
False hopes, fake promises.



SURVEILLANCE

TASNIM ODRIKA

Today wasn't a very productive work day. From what I'm observing, it seems like she was out all day because she still has a nice outfit on and her makeup's almost melted. She doesn't stay in front of me for too long but I can hear her going to the washroom, starting the shower (which goes on for quite a long time), then going to her bedroom possibly straight to bed. I can't say for certain what she's doing in the bedroom though because the door is locked and I can't really hear anything.

Although, it's my job to know her every move in the house, a huge part of it just consists of sound deduction skills. These deductions improve the longer I follow her. At this point, after 2 whole years, I'm pretty familiar with her routine and also with her as a person. For example, I can usually guess what kind of day she had just by observing the way she enters the house after work. If she's carrying lots of groceries, she probably had a good day and since she's in a good mood, she'll do some

cooking and then sit in front of the computer, in front of me, for hours on end. What she does on the computer is not my business. That activity is monitored by my other colleagues. I have no access to her phone either. My job is to only monitor what she does around the house. But, at the end of the day, a compiled report consisting of all our observations will be able to clearly state her daily activities. We pass that report on to our employers after she goes to sleep and then wait for her to wake up and start again.

It's not the most fun job or the easiest. It's crucial to remain vigilant at all times because even if she's asleep now there's no guarantee that she won't wake and say or do something that might be of relevance to our employer. She's asleep right now so I guess it's time to compile our daily report and send it back to head quarters.

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

CLOAKED FIGURE

RENAISSA RAHMAT ULLAH

I'm a black cloaked figure, passing through the crowd,
They would never notice or know what I'm all about.

They'd never see all the scars I'm hiding,
They'd forever miss all the times I'm pretending.

They can't ever wash away the dark patches on my soul,
And they'd never be able to break into my cemented and waxed mould.

They wouldn't even notice when the wind howls,
And they wouldn't ever be aware of all the bloody holes.

And they'd never be able to tap into my mind,
They'd never be able to see all the tears the smiles have left behind.

For I'm a hooded figure roaming through the crowd;
And they'd never notice or know what my story's all about.

