

NOSTALGIA

SHOUNAK REZA

It has been raining,
They fall like petals,
They sing outside my window,
Clinking like metals.
They carry me to you.
They do not know me,
They only know the sky —
And they touch the ground,
Nostalgia is trying to pry.
Clouds had been roaring
Words were being sung
The air had been lovely
And hopes had once rung.

Soon the rain will stop,
The breeze will stay tender,
My soul will talk to me,
Wanting me to surrender.
The leaves have stayed green,
The birds are still alive.
But since I cannot see your smile,
Into our memories I will dive.
Have you already forgotten me?



REFLECTIONS

The eve of years past

AAQIB HASIB

Another year passed, another year missed. My own musings would crack me up at times, quite literally. I stood on the corner of Farmgate, near the police box, wondering how the next year would pan out.

The date is December 31, 2018. I look down at my watch, the time reads 23:31; the date December 31, 2017.

"2017?! Damned battery," I thought to myself. These digital watches were becoming less reliable with each passing year.

But 2017 brought a different train of thought to my mind. The world had changed in the last year; while I might have spent most of 2018 stuck in Farmgate, the conversation around me echoed the changes that had come.

I guess time, in a way, was our closest friend and also our worst enemy. Thinking back to my childhood, I remember a simple life. We spent most of our afternoons playing either cricket or football in our local fields. Now kids spend their afternoons inside, what with fewer fields being available to the public now than ever. Maybe that's why so many of the present generation of school-goers spend their time with their eyes glued to screens.

Life had changed considerably since I was one of them some 20 years ago.

Not all change was bad, however; and while some weren't happy with how fast the world was moving, some changes were long overdue.

Looking back at my watch once more, I once again thought how 2017 had brought with it the first whispers of the *Me Too* movement, with

celebrities coming forth to stand together against sexism. 2018 had only furthered the cause; from tiny whispers to loud cheers. Women across the world shared accounts of their own harassments, and the villains of their stories were hit with a sharp blow from reality.

There was still a long way to go; and while Bangladesh was a bit slow to the party, we were slowly getting there.

As I walked a little further down the street, I noticed *The Daily Star* office; it brought to mind some of 2018's greatest heroes, the journalists. Those who had refused to compromise their integrity, even when they were brought face to face with the greatest of adversities. When the challenge had seemed overwhelming, they had preserved the very sanctity of their professions.

2018 had also garnered a younger set of heroes. In just the last year, justice had found itself a vessel in the next generation, we know our country is in good hands for the days ahead.

I could hear fireworks in the distance; 2019 had arrived. I looked down at my watch once more, the backlight lit up as I pressed the button. A lot has changed, but a lot remains the same.

My watch wasn't broken, it was simply stuck on the moment I had stopped walking amongst the living.