



# I ONLY WANTED TO LEAVE

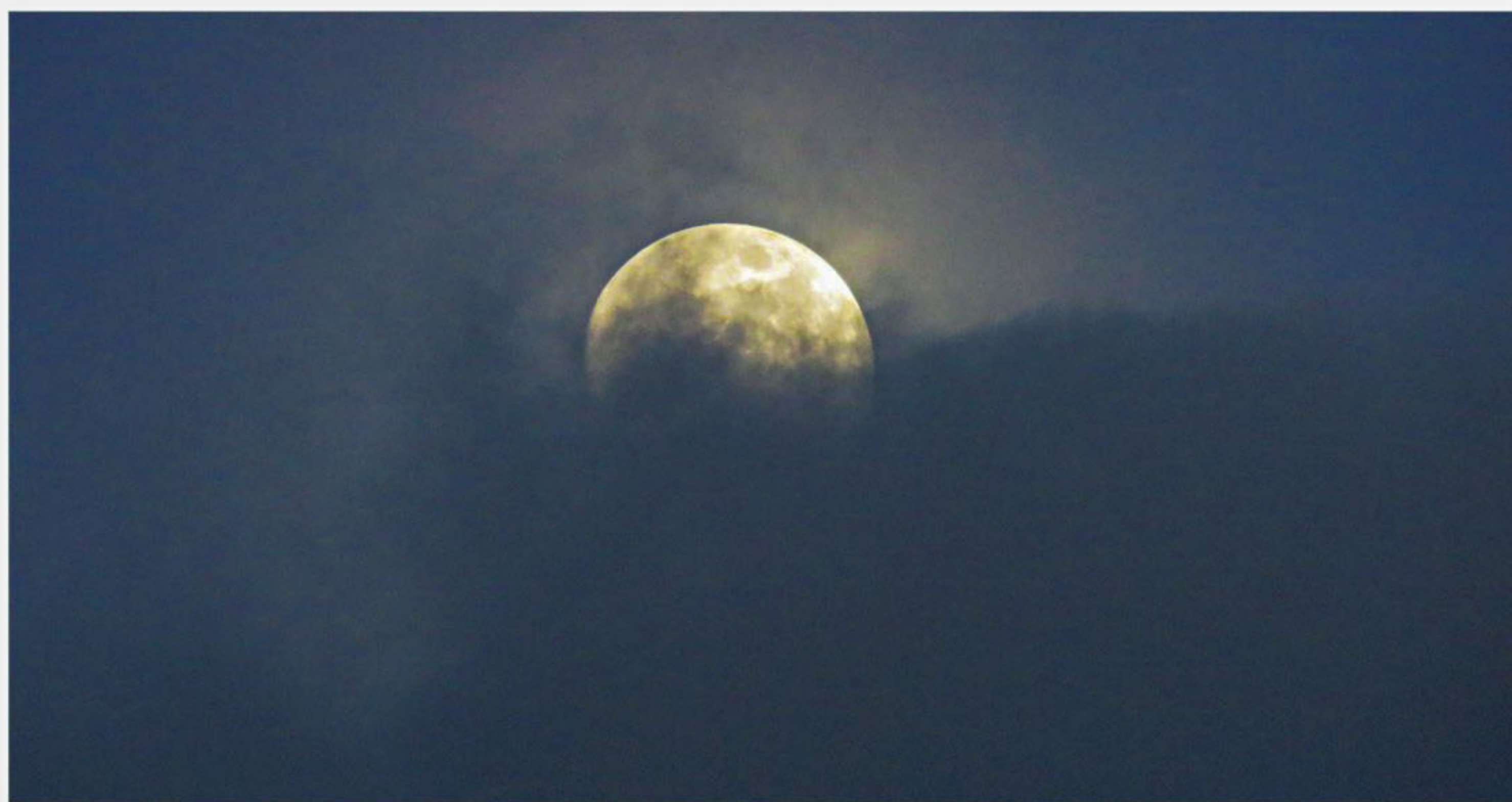
SHOUNAK REZA

I only wanted to leave,  
 Leave the house behind,  
 The dull winter, the life I knew.  
 Night fell, a gentle, warm night,  
 Someone in a strange garb entranced me –  
 As I sat still next to my cup of tea.  
 I only wanted to leave.

There was a deafening silence all around me  
 Piercing my heart –  
 It held on to every corner of my soul  
 Bloodless, it fell into ruins.  
 I stupidly displayed it  
 To eyes that couldn't care less.

I only wanted to leave.  
 The curtains are slowly falling.  
 In a strange museum nobody else can see,  
 I preserve bits of my soul,  
 A piece of my questioning eyes.  
 The curtains are falling, falling, falling.  
 There is an inch of light that pierces them.  
 My eyes close.  
 The light fades.  
 Oblivion, oblivion.

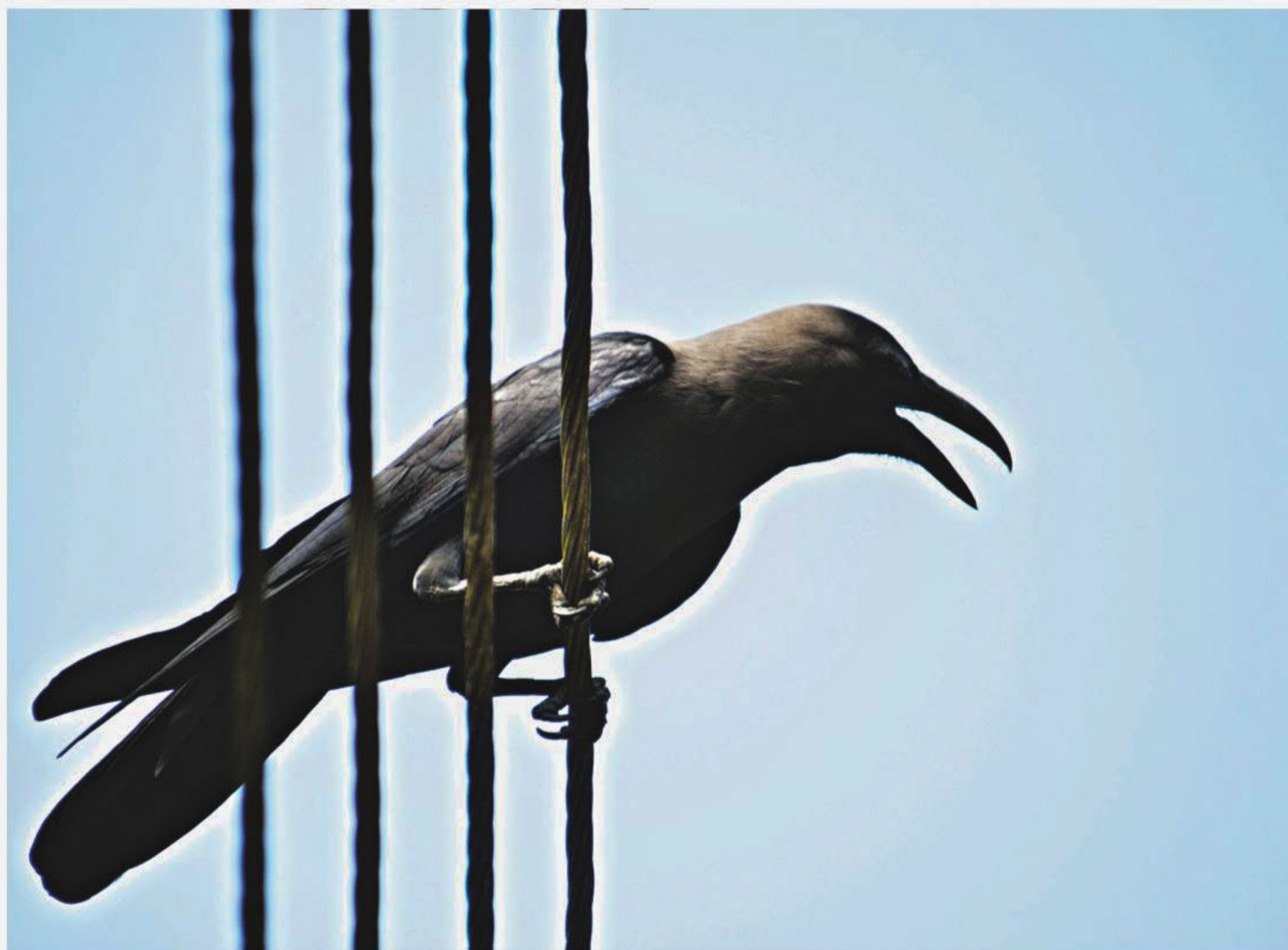
*When he is not dealing with mood swings, Shounak Reza devours books and tea and longs for eras he has never lived in. You can contact him at [www.fb.com/shounakreza](http://www.fb.com/shounakreza)*



# Moon and the Maiden

MIRZA SABBIR HOSSAIN BEG

Yesterday night, I was watching the sky,  
 The moon was shining, a big golden eye.  
 In the middle, fairly cover'd with clouds,  
 Still silent painting, above earthly crowds.  
 I thought it be the greatest one that men  
 Dost e'er behold, a painting from heaven.  
 But alas! A ghostly maiden's more fair,  
 Her panting heart doth breathe a beauty dare,  
 Teasing the rest, without eyebrows smiling,  
 Such a beauty, imperfection shining.



# THE ONE WHERE JANNAT SEES HER NAMESAKE

SHAH TAZRIAN ASHRAFI

It took not only one but two crows to herald the arrival of death. As they settled themselves, their talons rough against the cool of the wires shooting out like rail tracks in air from the transformer's crown, the transformer seemed to take great offence. So as retribution, it exploded with a deafening bang, frying the crows as they watched over the neighbor-

hood with wary eyes, (almost) shattering the eardrums of those who were passing by, and commanding the 4-year-old Jannat's heartbeat to stop as she remained cocooned in her mother's arms.

With the crows' phantoms, hers too, wheeled in the air for a while before shooting into the heaven that hung above and swayed in the lower stratosphere like a pendulum as mechanical birds flew by it.