

Dhaka

MYISHA MAJUMDER

We wake up as the sun begins to rise,
 To a city that once was swarmed with cars,
 Rests for this one hour of the day.

Dhaka:

Where my mother was born,
 Where my parents met,
 Where my loved ones live,
 – Where my heart is warm.

Smog now hangs over a city,
 Once spacious and green.
 Faces upon faces,
 One of the world's busiest places—

And yet,
 Here is where I feel peace.

Among the chaos
 I can make out the sweetest language in the world,
 My grandmother's mother tongue,
 As she lulls me to sleep with a story of a princess and
 queen.

Dhaka:

In her arms lie the stories of so many souls,
 Familiar and unknown—

In her arms calamity emerges but,
 She closes her eyes for this one hour—
 The warm of the sun makes her glow,
 Breathe, look, listen.

*The writer is a student of engineering and economics at
 Tufts University, USA.*



PHOTO: AUTHOR



AFSARA KHAN

I used to feel sad for him. Worried about him for hours and hours when he vanished and wouldn't return. He went missing for two days once. "The number you are calling is out of reach" – the robotic voice droned as I failed to get a hold of him. When I was little I was always afraid something bad would happen to him. But I've stopped caring now... or at least I like to believe that I have. "He can do whatever he wants, it's not like he'd listen

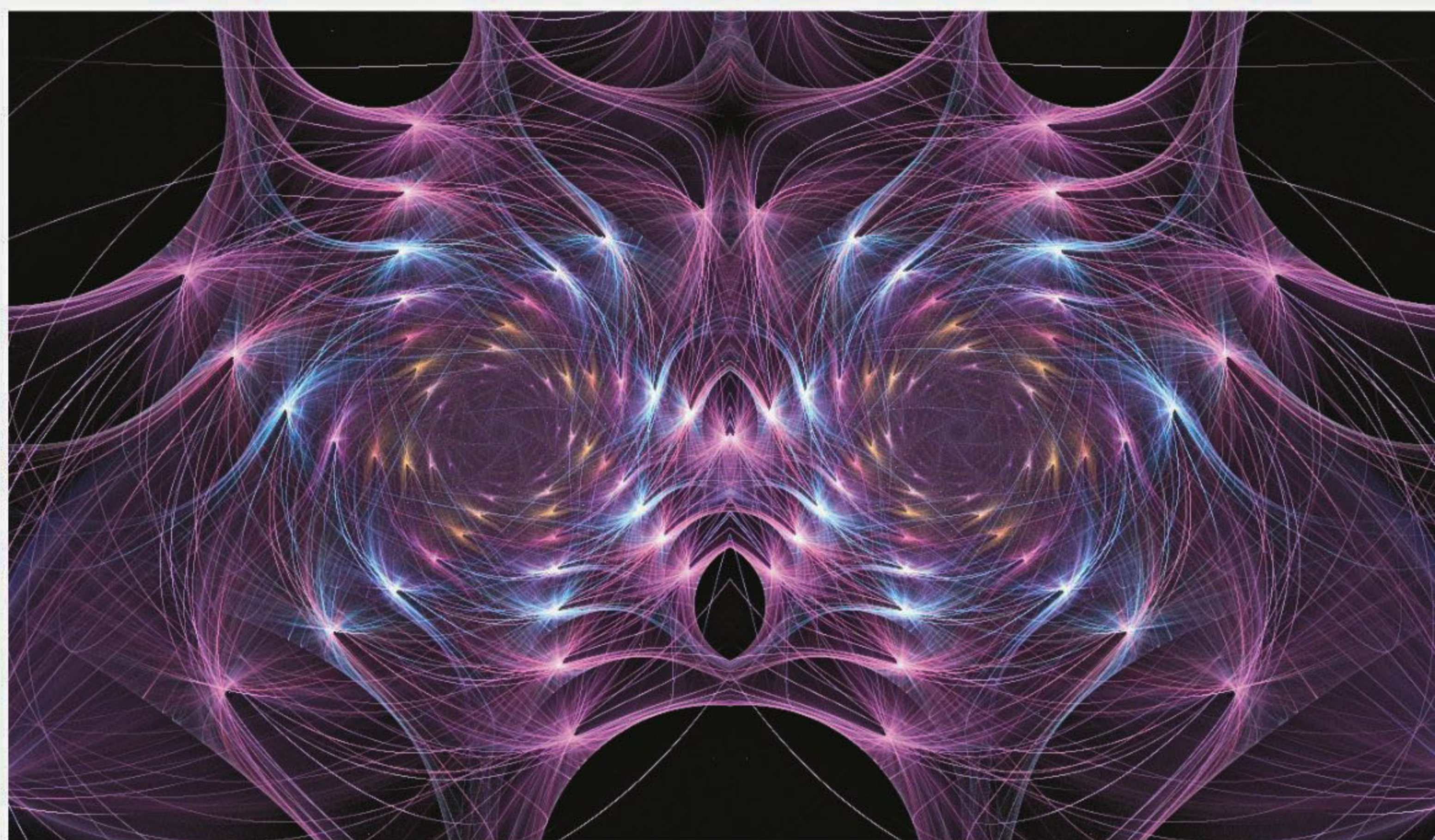
to me if I tried to stop him anyway," I consoled myself.

It's 3am and I go to the darkened dining room and notice light shining through the slightly open main door. The door is open....not again.

"Where is he? He left? Again?!"

"I don't know. It's not like he ever tells me anything."

Afsara loves wasting time looking at memes. Send her more at fb.com/afsaraakhan



A Silent Uproar

SANJIDA TAMANNA

She was sitting on her bed, by the window, when she suddenly realised someone was singing. She recognised that song.

She turned around and saw her mom folding her favorite green scarf and singing.

She asked, "Why do you sing the same song all the time, mom?"

"Because I love this song. And did you know I won first prize for performing it in high school?"

"Yeah, yeah you told me that many times!" she said, and noticed a certain glitter in her mom's eyes.

Her mom laughed aloud and then asked, "Why are you so messy? Why can't you keep your clothes and your room clean and tidy? When will you grow up?"

Suddenly, she was angry. In a fit of rage, she replied, "I will never! I like being messy mom." Then she screamed, "Mom, don't touch that book. I haven't finished reading yet. Keep it where it was."

"At least try to tidy your books dear! It's all over the place!"

"I love those messy books and folded old brown pag-

es of them," she said, now smiling, once again.

"Why didn't you give your dirty clothes to Nima aunty? She could've washed them."

"I don't like her mom! I will wash them myself."

"Why dear? She really likes you and even tries hard all the time to make you happy," she found her mom explaining, with much concern.

"She is very dear to dad and you know I can't stand if anyone is close to him other than you," she said and started to cry out loud.

Suddenly there was a knock on the door. It was her dad.

"Oh dad, what happened?" the girl asked.

"Your Nima aunty organised a get together for your mom's death anniversary, please get ready and come downstairs to attend."

She got out of bed, paused her music player and suddenly turned towards her bedside table. She noticed her medicines were lying there, intact. She had forgotten to take them. Or maybe she didn't want to, not for this day.

The writer is a student of English linguistic and literature in East West University.