



# LOOK INTO HER EYES

TABIA TAHSIN

The teardrops run down  
 And fall on her nose  
 She cries in dark corners  
 Where nobody goes.  
 You can follow the tracks  
 From her eyes to her chin  
 Years upon years  
 Of letting them win.  
 And her eyes tell a story  
 Of anger and pain  
 You think that she is happy  
 But just look again.  
 And the scars of her past  
 Hidden under her clothes  
 Are a roadmap to places  
 That nobody knows.  
 Her smile is now painted  
 She is a master of disguise  
 And you can see it all  
 Just look into her eyes.

But Beware!  
 Everything's about to change.  
 The world that only saw the pain  
 Will now see the strength.  
 She won't be any flower  
 Picked for beauty, left to die.  
 She will be wild!  
 Difficult to find, impossible to hide.  
 And you can see it all  
 Just look into her eyes.

# BLUR

KIDWA ARIF

7:30 AM, Sunday.

"Oh &%%\$#! I'm late again."

Anik blames the alarm on his phone for failing to wake him up at 7 AM despite him snoozing it 3 times. He decided to skip shower since it will take him at least an hour to reach his office in Gulshan from his home in Shegun Bagicha thanks to the morning traffic. He calls for a bike in one of the five ride-sharing apps installed on his phone and stuffs his face with a buttered toast while waiting for his rider to pick him up.

Anik is twenty-five year old male who works in a fairly well-known corporation in Dhaka. He joined right after he graduated. Anik had been dreaming for this well-paid job since he was a first year student. He is, therefore, a very happy person on paper.

He reached his office at around 8:40 AM, fifteen minutes early. But he was glad he came in early. He planned on getting a headstart in his work so that he could finish by 8 in the evening. He could not reach home before 11:30 the week before and he wanted to change that.

He was a good person. Or at least he thought he was. Growing up, he always dreamt of making a lot of money which he will use to do good. This was how he reasoned with himself when he decided to study business. However, in the last year or so, he has been finding it extremely difficult to find time outside work. But he understands that pressure is always high at the beginning of someone's career. Once he gets a

few promotions, he'll be able to make more time for himself. However, he has still decided to try and get out of his office fast. Not to change the world or anything but just to find some time for himself. He doesn't even remember the last time he hung out with his friends. Or watched a movie on something other than his phone while sitting in his Uber ride on his way home.

Anik stopped thinking and chuckled. His priorities changed to "somehow make time to go to the movies" from "make a difference and make the world a better place". He went back to trying to concentrate on finishing his work.

The day, like every other day in his life, went fast. He went through numerous meetings, presentations, reports and what not. After finally finishing all his work, he found out it was already 10:00 PM. He sighed and decided to call a car instead of a motorcycle to go home. He deserved this much luxury.

He reached home at around 11:30 PM. He took a shower and had dinner alone. He had asked his family to not wait up for him. He regretted that a little now. After dinner, he dropped to his bed, trying to sleep. He needed to get up at 7 the next day. When setting his alarm, he felt a little pang of sadness in his heart. He tried to ignore that and told himself, "I'll finish my work earlier tomorrow," and sunk into deep sleep.

7:30 am, Monday.

"Oh &%%\$#! I'm late again."



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