

TIRAMISU

MASTER OF PING PONG

You call and tell me to leave in a hurry,
But when we meet it's you who's worrying,
If someone sees,
Your hands in my hands.

We take our designated seats in your car,
Tell me you really can't go that far,
And then you comb your hair,
As I pray everything goes as planned.

Going through the dessert menu,
I ask about your diet, you don't want to continue
You want that chocolate cheesecake,
But I know you'll find it bland.

For what it's worth, I will ask
And I hope the message comes through
"Do you want some of my tiramisu?"

Delight at the sounds of touching spoons,
I cough out a laugh at the way you swoon,
You punch and tell me
I better take a picture.

It's almost over before we know it,
We like each other more than we'd like to admit,
Our day becomes night
I ask for another fixture.

We both part ways, and by the way
I counted the steps as you walked away.
Text me as soon as you get home
Jesus, who wrote this scripture?

For what it's worth, I keep on asking
Read between the lines and know that I miss you,
"Did you like my tiramisu?"



Searching for you

MAISHA NAZIFA KAMAL

A sigh escapes my mouth again as I unknowingly get back to looking for you.

To say that I missed you would be an utter understatement, something intangible to others. People said it's toxic, how I relied on you, that I should probably get some help even. But they didn't know how you stayed with me, how your touch feels like on my skin. They didn't see the world as I did when I was with you. They couldn't even comprehend how you helped me move, how you shielded me from the world when I used to cry. It's funny how we used to watch each other when I cry. Right now I want to feel those streams of tears trickle down as I lose my patience, to redeem all my past mistakes.

It would be solace to find you again. I vow to never lose you again, to not take you for granted. And to never let you be broken beyond repair.

I'll take care of you, my love. I will with my dark world.

So please come back, my beautiful age-old pair of glasses. Please let me find you. My crush will be here at any second and is going to ask how she's looking which I must answer honestly. I am right where I lost you. Crawling under the bed, rummaging through what not to find you. But I am absolutely blind without you.

Maisha Nazifa Kamal just doesn't get why all the black cats meow at everyone else but her. Send her ways to communicate with them at 01shreshtha7@gmail.com

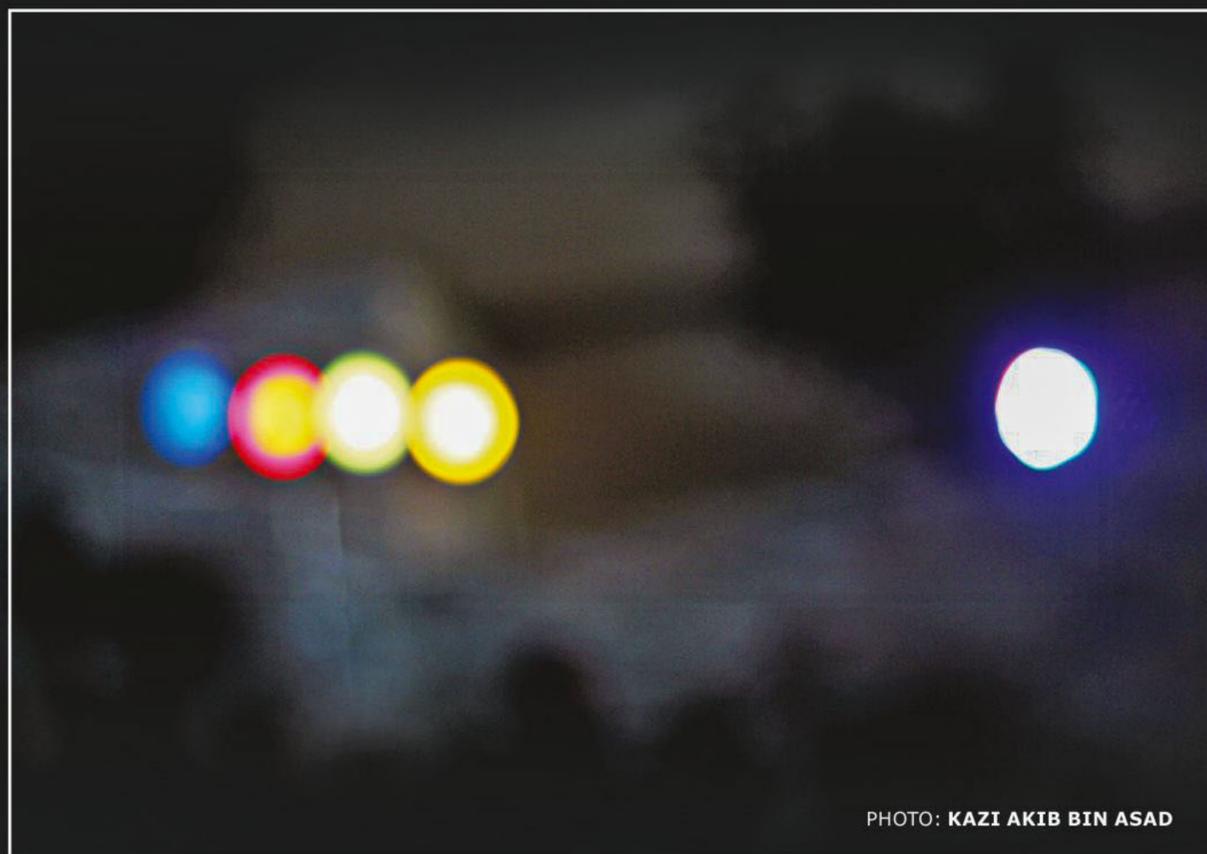


PHOTO: KAZI AKIB BIN ASAD

Zoned out

AFSARA KHAN

"You're not listening to me, are you?" he asks, clearly disappointed. Ugh, I zoned out again.

"No, of course not, I WAS listening," he rolls his eyes and starts getting up from the bench where we were seated. "Okay, I lied, I'm sorry. I swear I'm all ears now, please continue," I motion him to sit back down on the bench. He shoots me a look and continues with his story and I try my best

to concentrate this time. The things I do for friendship; listening to the same old tales about who did what in class. Which reminds me, I need to finish that project this week, can't procrastinate this time. I'll knock my team mates for updates tonight. I remember the last time I did that, ended up having to pull an all-nighter to finish that assignment; oh god, the horror. I'll go to sleep early today, got an 8 AM class tomorrow.

What am I doing sitting here in the gallery? Oh wait. I zoned out AGAIN.