



WOVEN COLOURS

Into her auburn hair,
She weaves dreams and stories.
The colours carefully interlaced;
Alter by the week.
Each shade resembles her mood.
Sometimes fiery, sometimes blue.
Cascading down her delicate skin,
Are the midnight waves of emotions
and dreams!

HAIR *so* long HAIR *so* pretty

For most people, dressing up or looking good includes some attention bestowed on perfecting the hairstyle. Be it the simple elegance of silky, flowing tresses, or the intricacy of complicated braids, or chic updos, hair deserves and gets a lot of attention, praise, and care. It catches the fancy of poets, and enthralls their muses. It is after all, the crowning glory for most women.

Star **LIFE** Style

Photo: Sazzad Ibne Sayed
Model: Niki, Efa, Mohini, Linda, Naaz
Makeup and Hairstyle: Farzana Shakil's
Makeover Salon
Styling: Sonia Yeasmin Isha



HEAVENLY CURLS

I trailed my hands along
her curly locks;
Entwining my fingers through fine silk.
Her hair reminded me of the prairies,
Of green grass, swaying in the wind.
I remember clearly the sunshine,
Bouncing off her tresses.
The dark hues playing
along with light;
Like water splashes on a terrain.
Is this heaven, I ask her once again?
Maybe it is — her curls reply.

TO MY BELOVED

What are you looking at my beloved?
My long and lustrous locks?
It is nothing short of the
summertime scents,
After the rain.
Sometimes it drapes loosely,
Sometimes in careless knots,
At the lightest breeze or the
blowing wind,
It swirls and spins like a violent
tornado.
Rebelling against oppression
and cruelty,
Like explosive mines and volcanoes.



THE CONFIDENT GIRL

Her hair bun reflects confidence;
Loose or taut!
It is made for her own liking.
With no bend in thoughts!
Her ponytail imbues loyalty,
Straight-up or low-lying,
It speaks volumes of her dignity.
Never argue with a girl like that!
Who knows her worth,
Every bit of the way.
Down to earth, she may be.
Raining down hell,
If ever wronged!

CLOUDS
BEFORE
THE RAIN

Her inky black tresses,
Remind me of clouds before the rain.
Amazed, I feel the feather
touch of her mane.
Shining bright like the
sea at night.
I keep on staring,
For she is my beloved.
My beautiful girl with
brown eyes
And pitch-black mane.

