

FABLE FACTORY

TONIGHT'S DANCE

AZMIN AZRAN

The night calls out with blaring horns,
 Trucks and buses and uncompromising
 scorns,
 A woman's tears heard from the balcony
 upstairs,
 Everyone wants to judge, but no one
 really cares,
 Then there's me, taking it all in at once,
 As the haze of smoke tightens, in to-
 night's dance.

The night is quiet and loud as well,
 In between barks and meows and tinker-
 bell,
 It's pitch black outside, almost. Nah, not

really,
 The lights of the nights are needed, to
 think freely,
 Then there's me, in my head shaped
 prison,
 As the haze of smoke tightens, dissipating
 reason.

The night is dumb, and not fun any more,
 No one *feels* rich, and everyone is poor,
 My haze of smoke is tight enough, I need
 to go sleep,
 Did what I say to her make me seem like
 a creep?
 [expletive]

Reach out to me at azminazran@gmail.com

In Quest of Lost Melody

NUJHAT ASLAM

I remember walking with you
 While my feet glided lazily
 Past your dark silhouette.
 An indecision lurking in,
 Shall I hold your hands or not?
 To see if it's cold like your heart.

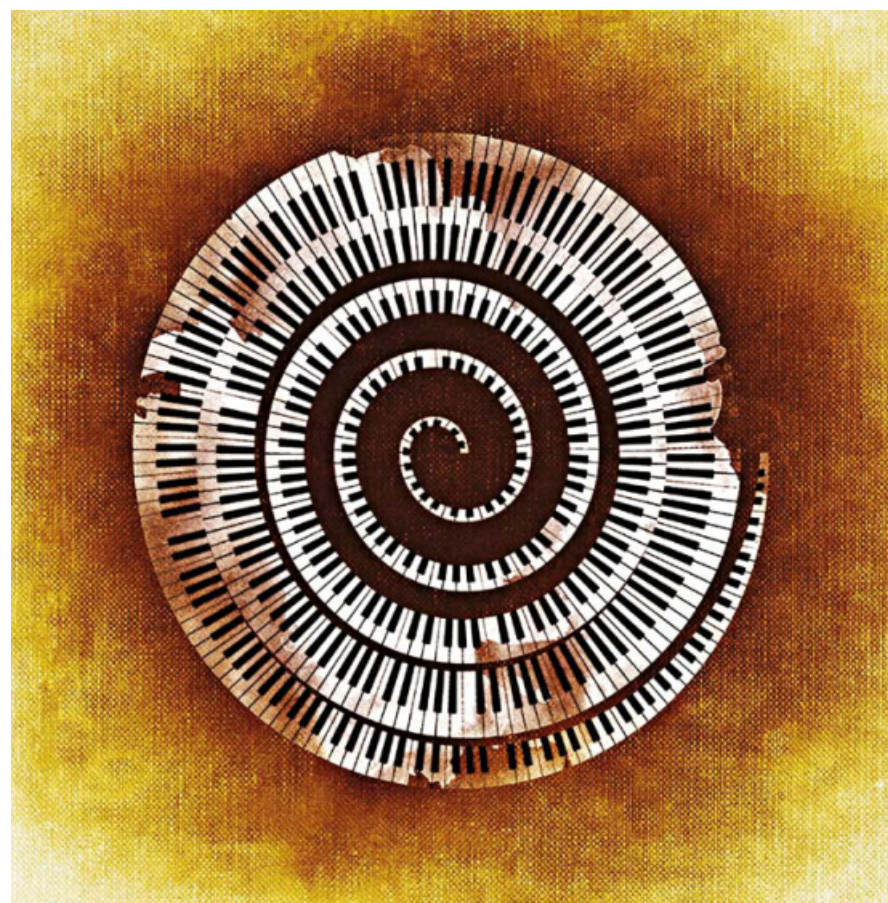
I remember your warmth
 As I rolled in my sleep,
 Embracing you in my arms.
 Your breathless back
 Against my shivering arms,
 Glad you weren't gone.

I remember the rain poured
 As your fingers traced past

The strings of your guitar.
 And I stared at the sky
 It was dark like your voice,
 Like a black and white canvas

I remember locking my eyes
 On a bright summer morn
 With your crimson-amber ones.
 And your raven black hair,
 As they brushed my temple
 When you whispered me a song.

I remember the tune
 As I held it most dear,
 Way I held your precious arms.
 As the endless abyss proceeds,
 My days are all lost in agony
 In quest of your lost melody.



FEAR

RIFAH TASNIA

She looks so at peace when she's asleep.
 Hair sprawled across the pillow, lips slightly
 pursed, brows unfurrowed. She always
 sleeps straight and, on her back, like a dead
 body in a morgue. The night lamp on her
 bedside table illuminated her face, giving
 her pale skin a golden hue but also making
 the dark circles under her eyes more prom-
 inent. She shivered, like her unconscious
 mind knew that I was near, standing beside
 her. I gently sat on the side of her bed, and
 softly grazed her cheek with the back of my
 hand leaving goosebumps in my wake. My
 hand traveled, from the curve of her jaw,
 down the length of her throat and gently
 settled on where her heart is supposed to
 be. She opened her eyes in panic, gasping
 for air. I slowly removed my hand and
 stood up, making my way to the chair in
 the corner of her room. It's always fun to
 watch the show from here.

I could feel all her emotions, the fear, the
 panic. I could read all her thoughts which
 brought me here in the first place. She sat
 upright with a hand over her heart, like she
 feared it would jump right out considering
 it was beating so hard and fast. She tried to
 control her breathing.

Inhale. Exhale.

It was something her therapist suggest-
 ed, but the violent thuds of her heartbeat
 ringing in her ears and the shooting pain
 in her chest was quite intense. She opened
 the drawer on her bedside table with shaky
 hands grabbing her anxiety pills. She
 popped two at once, because she knew
 I was adamant on not leaving her alone
 these days. But the thing she always forgets
 is, no matter what, she can never get rid of
 me. I live inside her head.

The writer is a first year student at North South University.