

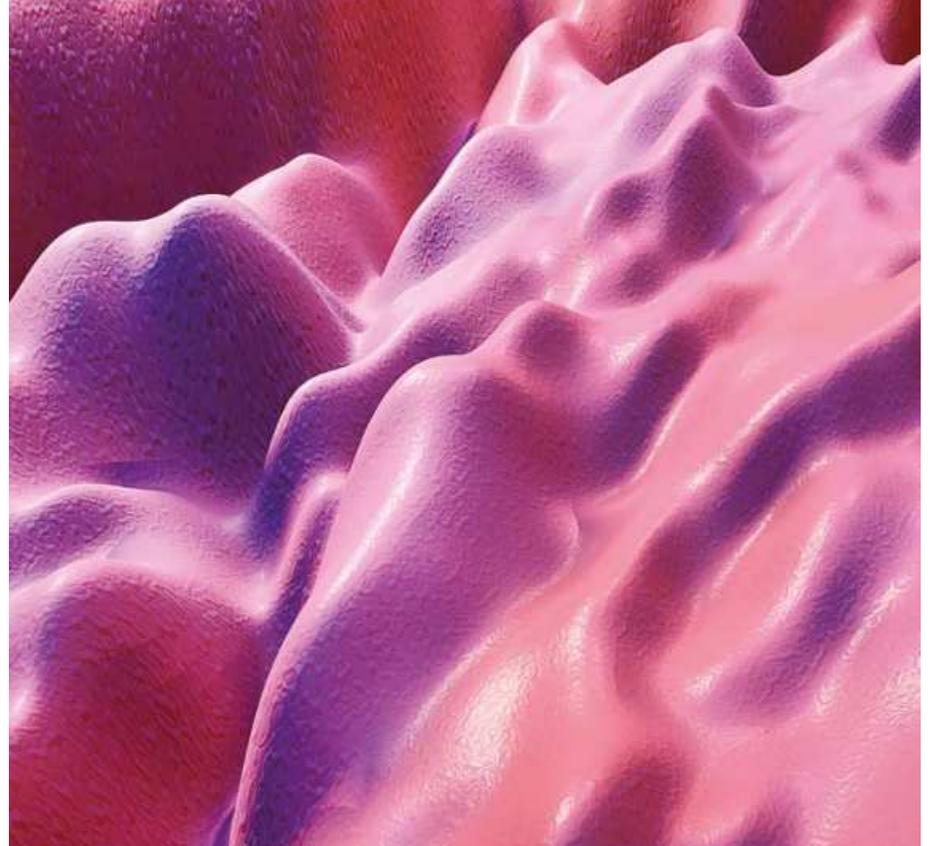
FABLE FACTORY

GHOST OF BAD TIMES

TASFIA NISAT

The hollow passage of my womanhood.
I did not know; I was not aware.
My doomed womanhood questioned the prejudices,
A lingering poignant feeling drying my mouth.
I'm not a dime's worth, with my typical point of view.
Today, I ran back and forth in the forest.
The murmurs of the dry leaves, synchronised with the sound of oppression.
I bled between my legs.
I plead guilty in a world, egalitarianism is pedantic; philanthropy is for fame.
I felt like a worm waiting to be beheaded,
Whilst building a grave for the earth I smelled my happy thoughts.
A hot brewed cup of coffee and laughing till I gasp for breath.
Joy must smell of petrichor, a smell I yearn for.
I struggle to understand the way you think, lend me a parasite of your brain.
I'm not a saviour, I'm not a hero.
But why must a whale from the brave ocean be slaughtered for your entitlement?
And your illusion.
I'm craven.
I am waiting for the bureaucracy to sink whilst losing my mind.
Perhaps then, I'll take a bus to hell; God will serve fascism for breakfast.
And I'll throw a fit.

The writer is a grade 12 student at Bangladesh International School and College.



Your Name

SYEDA ERUM NOOR

Your name rolls right off my tongue
Like it belonged there before I knew you.
Sugar topped with honey rolls
Like the aftertaste of adolescence.
Motions turn to blurrings passing by.
Day in, day out, all but white noise.
Your name however chimes and rings
Like quarter bells in outer space.
When chaos strikes and sorrow falls,
When crows pick on hollowed skulls,
And nothing will get rid of them,
Your name rolls right off my tongue.
It forms in slow and hallowed breaths
Like a silent prayer to a mortal sin.
And when silence follows wickedly
Chaos strikes and sorrow falls.
Sensual and intimate,
Like secrets that should have been kept.
Your name rolls right off my tongue
In whispers and infidelity.
Sounds and letters meaningless,
When strung together the right way.
Break time and space continuum
Leaving blissed oblivion in its place.
"What's in a name?" said scholars great,
Never having tasted yours,
Or heard the symphony of melodies as
Your name rolls right off my tongue.

Goodbyes are short

NUJHAT ASLAM

Strange how people part;
Like dried petals fall apart.
Each headed towards satisfaction,
Memories stay, as the only distraction.
In fact, it only lasts for a moment.
With a blurred vision they depart,
Sliding deeper into the crowd
Goodbyes are best kept short.

