

Six feet under hell itself

SYEDA ERUM NOOR

Rituals from when time was young,
Filling our daughters' lungs with sand,
To leave her innocent words unsung,
To keep from a life of reprimand.

Envious of your safe haven,
You're six feet under hell itself,
Where we live like hollow knight ravens,
Living a deadly stretched farewell.

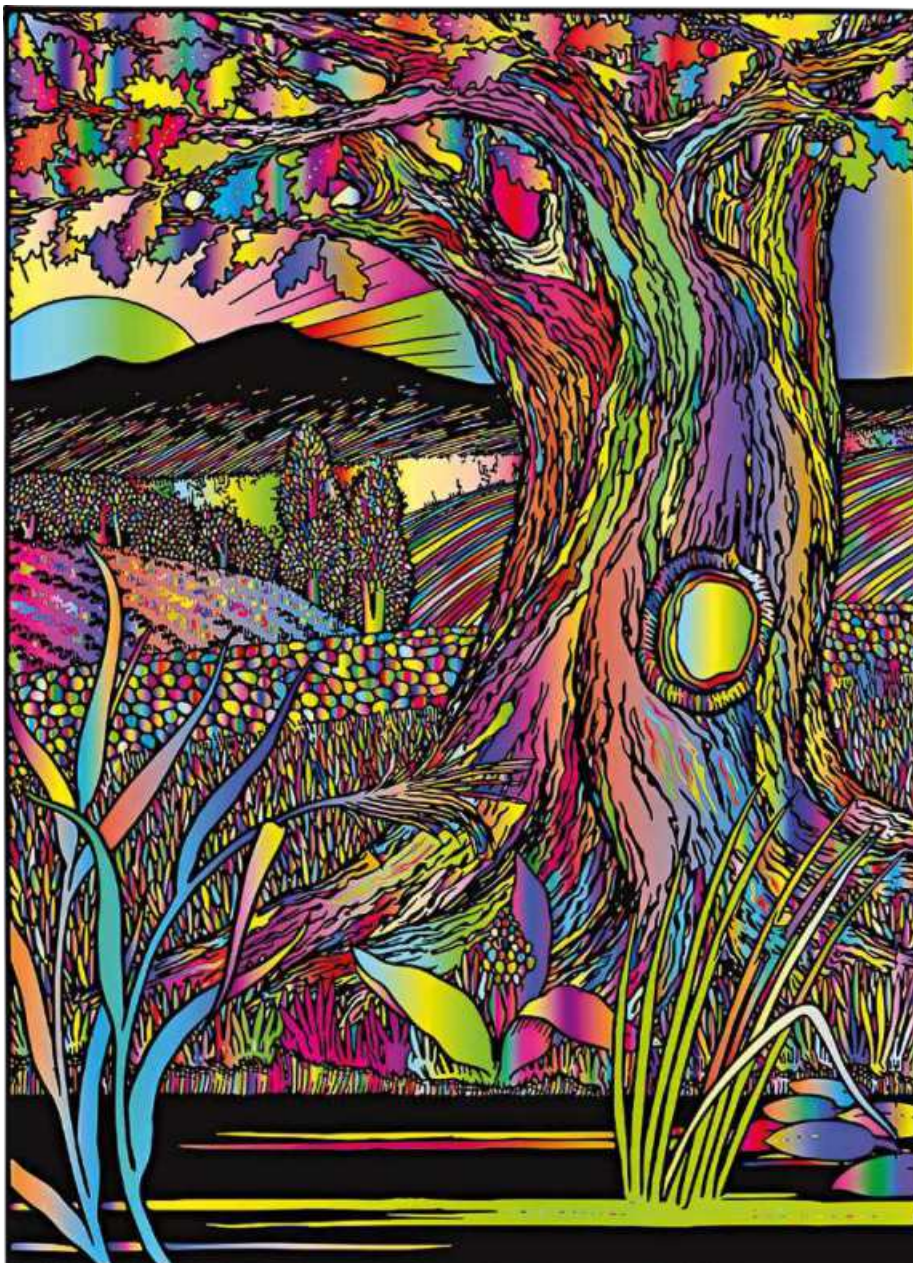
We mourn our honorary loss
But celebrate your great escape,
From hammered fate up on a cross,
From being pressed on ticker tape.

Where buffaloes wear suits and ties
And humans prowl on sets of two,
Where you live and breathe through compromise
And mean nothing more than honeydew.

Send words of love up through the ground
To get us through this tortured realm,
Of broken souls and vicious hounds,
Of empty eyes that overwhelm.

I won't bear any daughters,
To keep them from these Satan's pawns.
I'll navigate these dark waters,
With battered sails of ripped nylon.

Syeda Erum Noor is dangerously oblivious and has no sense of time. Send help at erum.noor1998@gmail.com



THE FALL OF THE WITNESSES

IPSHITA KAJURI

Me and hundreds of my brothers and sisters have been here for quite a long time now. At the very beginning, our family members numbered in the thousands, but due to deforestation, we are now barely in the hundreds. Every time one of us falls, it is also the fall of a witness to history. We are witnesses of the many historical events, ranging from when the military club of the British used to be here, to the surrender of the Pakistan army, marking the victory of Bangladesh.

Right from the era of the British, our family members have been standing on this ground. The British used to have a military club here. We witnessed how they loathed the Indians and thought them to be inferior. We also witnessed how the nationalism of the Indians led to them being thrown out of the Indian subcontinent. We are also witnesses of the Partition of Bengal in 1905 and later the Partition of India in 1947. Horse races used to take place here every Sunday back then, and it used to be filled with the hustle and bustle of many visitors.

Then came 1969, when me and my family members witnessed the love that our Father of the Nation received from the common people. After the students uprising resulted in the withdrawal of the Agartala Conspiracy Case and acquittal of Bangabandhu, a civic reception for him was arranged in these premises. We are witnesses of how he became Bangabandhu from Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, and the

love that the common people showered upon him. And much more was yet to be witnessed.

It was March 7, 1971. We witnessed how a leader, with his passion and oratory, could encourage a whole nation to fight for its freedom at the cost of its own blood. That is the day when the premises rang with the words "The struggle this time is the struggle for freedom; the struggle this time is the struggle for independence". Me and my family members were just listening in awe. Then came the scary night of March 25, 1971, when the Pakistan army attacked the University of Dhaka and killed hundreds of people brutally. Nine months of bloodshed followed, and we are also witnesses of the end of the Liberation War, when the Pakistan army surrendered right in front of us, marking the victory of Bangladesh in the Liberation War.

Despite being witnesses to so much, my family members have been brutally murdered, decapitated from time to time. Now it is being said that the few of us remaining will also be murdered in order to beautify the area. But remember that every time one of us is killed, witnesses of history are also being killed. If all of us are murdered like this, the day will come when history itself will be murdered. That would mean the death of memories, and a nation can never prosper without knowing its roots, which lie in its history.

The writer is a second year BBA student from North South University.