



# How shall I quantify my love for Saadia?

ARYAH JAMIL

How shall I quantify my love for you?  
Cloaked within frayed sheets and blotched ink,  
I fall into a maniacal peace  
In attempt to quantify a force  
Who lays to rest even those who pledge draconian.

How shall I quantify my love for you?  
The white shine in the blackness of above, they are but a faint speck in your eyes.  
To say a tear pains me more than the slow saturnine death in the oceans,  
For I'd rather give in to the blackness and present my purity to Ceto  
To force our lord to give into the destitution of gravity,  
So your tear would never have to see a day where it must befall upon you.

How shall I quantify my love for you?  
I love thee with purity  
Imbrued in the follies of youth,  
A purity that draws upon the envy of angels,  
A purity so fair, so bright –  
They say it was the one to paint Cupid blind.  
White seraphs burned black in envy, the drenched and depraved rose from the seas.  
You knew they could never reach you,  
So you stood in a brooding silence, mocking their vain efforts.

How shall I quantify my love for you?  
I love to the depths of you,  
From grace to fallen euphoria,  
From when I am but a consciousness to when I lose mine.

How shall I quantify my love for you?  
Every time my heart mellows in anguish  
My mind screams your name and I am left gasping for air,  
Only to see you were never there.

*Aryah Jamil is mediocre at everything except laughing at her own jokes. Tell her to stop talking at [jamil.aryah@gmail.com](mailto:jamil.aryah@gmail.com)*

# REMINISCENCE

SHAIKH SABIK KAMAL

Today, I bought a bouquet of ivory poppies for you.

The sun was shining over our heads ever so happily. While the clouds drifted away into a faded sea of blueness, the birds fought and flew against the strong wind that clashed with their soft fragile wings. I stood at the heart of this graveyard, feeling the breeze as it rubbed away more and more of my thoughts. "Where are you? How are you?" My soul wonders as it wanders into a meadow of meagre memories. Trauma thrashes in like a loose monster, fear crawls in like creepers on a dead plot, but somehow, I find you. Standing in the middle of this meadow, smiling at me, telling me it's all going to be alright.

I remember that day, when the sky reddened with rage. The wind stood steadfast to let the birds burn away as they screamed for help. I remember the uneasy smell of thick smoke filtering its way into the deserted clouds. The horror of the destruction is still vivid, that day when we both awaited our finale. That day amidst the darkness, I heard the lullaby of children. I heard the melody of the birds who welcomed my heart to an open cage. Thoroughly I felt the

inevitable pain, perhaps death was a beautiful option. I gave up on my life as easily as that, but little did I know that I was giving up on ours.

Suddenly I sensed someone pulling me away from my asserted destiny. I felt the darkness being pulled away from me. That day, I never thought it was the final time I'd hear your familiarly warm voice.

The bloody sky soon resorted to an opaque shade as the rain crashed down upon the fiery disaster to cool it down. Though the sirens deafened my ears, I could somehow hear you breathing heavily in utter pain. You were there with me, to console me one last time, before you grabbed the hands of death leaving everything behind. One last time, I would hear you say, "It's all going to be alright."

It's been a year, yet I can't move on. But as if we had an unspoken promise, I continue to cherish life as you told me to. I continue to try to find the things in life that you couldn't find, and enjoy them dearly so that when we reunite, I can tell you all the stories about them. Until that day, wait for me wherever you are and I'll wait for you.

The ivory poppies that you loved so much, here it lies today resting above you ever so reminiscently.

