

# A CLANDESTINE FEAR

MAHIRA BINTE HOSSAIN

Do you ever get afraid of yourself?  
Terrified that your wicked will take over your conscious,  
Your lucidity, your whole self?  
I do.

Every now and then, I tremble in fear that,  
My heinous will take over me, and people will see.  
I tremble in fear that,  
It is my true self.  
An odious, horrifying brute  
Crawling all over the world,  
Scattering and seeding  
Its noxious seedlings into the core of my earth.

I tremble in the fear that  
If I look into your eyes,  
I will see that hateful stance for myself.  
Those days are the days I loathe myself the most,  
A weakling, bowing down to a fictitious creature.  
Maybe other people do too.

I tremble in fear and crawl into my bed,  
Waiting to get sucked into the big black hole.  
I keep trembling in fear and praying to the great soul,  
To put a stop to this blizzard of melancholy in my heart.

It's funny how the ogre turned my unbelieving soul  
Into a questioning one.  
Yet, I kept trembling, wanting to get rid  
Of this invincible fear.

I can feel it,  
Spreading like diffusion through my blood,  
Reaching every tip of the neurons of my body.  
Even the air around me is now poisonous,  
Suffocating me,  
Disposing every last ounce of me left in myself.

The desperate need to put a stop to this imagined desolation.  
Gets intense with every passing second of that clock.

Maybe if I try to fly like Icarus,  
A splash of reality might hit me  
And stop this evil chaos.  
Maybe it will, and  
At last, I can inhale the air of spring.

The writer is a student of English at Shahjalal University of Science and Technology.



PHOTO: ORCHID CHAKMA

# Graveyard

AAFRA AANAN ERITRA

*Brown petals over the white mort cloth. Souls come no more to smell the graves, kneel and cry. A sexton sitting there, idle, whose mother is buried somewhere here under the brown old leaves. Falls pass and his tears dry over the winters.*

I saw a veiled widow yesterday, walking through the corpse road, distant, but the veil was beautiful. She buried a ring, I saw it, it shone, maybe diamond I can't differentiate, but there is sorrow. I saw her praying, sitting quietly for hours until she left – soul of a soldier that got lost in the war.

Someone left roses on that grave, and the red faded away. The tombstone, untitled, a woman, who lost herself in a quest for peace. I saw the face when her remains were brought here, a smile as beautiful as the inscriptions on her tombstone. I saw that someone; a lost smile. He was a fool, a lover who fell in love knowing the consequence but this is the beauty of life, a sacrifice.

A teen, young, who fell in love with her, loves an incurable disease. He fell for an unknown beauty without knowing her name. A fool captivated in her beauty, but the scar after losing her, it's quite

deep. Depth of an ocean and the ocean was his love and she was the blue. A fusion they were like the northern lights. I chased them for years but fortune brought me here and...

A breath never smiled here, a smile never died here and a dead never saw the constellations so clear.

– my epitaph says

This is my poetry, bringing reminiscence of the hidden memories of souls beside me. I hear the echoes every day and relate to them, fall in love every day with someone else's love and die every day with a hope that someday, again, maybe you would come to visit this cemetery. No screams, just whispers, sorrows and relief, love, and it will make you melancholy. Walk past this graveyard someday, and see through my eyes, silence with words breathing and wind with tears bleeding right under you.