

To My Dearly Departed

NUZHAT HASSAN CHOWDHURY

When the city slept, I wrote in my diary as if I was writing to you, not knowing if my words would ever reach you. I cried myself to sleep every night just to wake up to a reality that was more excruciating than any nightmare I could think of.

"Whatever happens, happens for a reason," they said, but is the reason always good enough? "He's now in a better place," they said, but what place is better than home? Is there anything more cruel than comforting lies? If their words were meant to console, why did it pain my soul? They probably took me for a fool.

Years have passed since you left me and I've stopped writing in my diary, but some things haven't changed all that much. I have come to terms with this loss, but if acceptance comes with peace, why does agony find me in the most unexpected of times?

Old pictures of you, your belongings or even the sight of your now lifeless bedroom opens up the floodgates to a wave of emotions I thought I had overcome. After all this time, why does this still happen?

I suppose the floodgates were never fully shut, but always left ajar, waiting to burst open at the slightest of nudge.

Today I stand six feet over the person that once towered over me. When I visit you, I see flowers and butterflies around

your resting place, but none as precious as you. Not even close. Every time I look around, I spot other visitors that carry the same pain as me. Some have blank expressions on, perhaps because they've run out of tears. But will they ever run out of grief? I don't think so.

I'd like to think that you still linger around. During my highest of highs, and lowest of lows, I'd like to believe that you are right by my side, and yet out of reach. I hope I don't sound too silly, wishful thinking is all I can rely on anymore.

I still wonder why you left so soon and why couldn't it have been somebody else. I know it sounds selfish, but I'm only human. I don't have a heart of gold or the halo of an angel. I'm not even sorry, but I know you'll forgive me for thinking this way.

I deeply regret not spending more time with you while I still had the chance. I wish we got to know each other a little bit more. To this day, I still wonder if there were things you wanted to tell me but couldn't.

Above all, I hope you're happy and at peace wherever you are. One day I'll meet the same fate as you and we will reunite, perhaps then we can finally make up for lost time.

Nuzhat has messed up her sleeping schedule once again. Tell her to go to sleep at nuzhatchowdhury07@gmail.com

EXIT

SYED NABIL AHSAN

The sun was defeated as the moon rose,
The streaks of sunlight gleamed close,
Silence turning to questions in my head,
As the sorrow in my heart whispered my fate.

I was a bird who broke free,
When have I become the siren that I swore to flee from?

The times I wished you held my hand tighter;
The longer you held, I had the most of you,
And the time I had to let go when the storm took you.

Love came as a gentle breeze,
Soon to leave me drowning and gasping beneath the blue wave spree;
The faded moon searched for its solace,
But the resentful clouds showed its grimace.

We became a poetry looking for an exit,
A forgotten verse in the reminiscent afterglow of love;
A midsummer night's dream under the blanket of stars,
To the ends of the world, we meet when we part.

The writer is a 2nd-year university student at North South University.

