

On the Night of a Full Moon



ILLUSTRATION: WARDHA MORIAM

WAZIHA AZIZ

The moon smiles down at us,
A soft gleam on her bleached brow.
Together we bask under
Her tender luminescence but
What happens on the dark side of the moon?

Olive skin between her
Beady almond eyes,
Creased in concentration as
A pair of harsh, stubborn hands
Hold, spin, twist and wind.
Hold, spin, twist and wind.
Perspiration coats her fissured skin and
Droplets – diamonds woven into
Luminous locks of hair that sprout
From the brittle woman's rickety wheel.

These silky locks cascade down
The white moon's squared shoulders.
No ink nor colour can

Emulate her porcelain features.
Red lips, supple cheeks,
Slender limbs held gracefully.
Her regal poise, mocking gaze,
The chhaan chhaan chhaan of anklets
Lacing her feet
While the old woman's, working pedals
Lie in iron chains rusted, eternally.

Nothing can behold the moon's brilliance but
The eyes of a gasping admirer.
They – awestruck, lie witness to her majesty
Their arms spread wide, yawp
"The vitreous pour of the full moon
Just tinged with blue!"
The white moon sighs, satisfied.
And the old woman smiles, wanly.

The writer is an SSC Candidate for 2021, and is now undergoing the process of college admissions

SISTERS' PSYCHOSIS SERVICES

ABIR HOSSAIN

Fidgeting, frolicking, fighting crows. The three sisters each indulged, or perhaps, shifted about uncomfortably in their seemingly vapid tasks.

"What are you fighting off those crows for?" inquired Nona.

Morta, drenched in sweat and bird claw wounds, appeared exasperated. She shook her fists with a broom in grasp, and said, "It irks me when ugly birds with small lifespans come clamouring about my cloak."

"Yer right. Mortals keep sayin' they symbolise something of Lucifer or some nonsense," said Decima as she joined in.

"Oh, you have it all mixed up! They worship Lucifer now."

"Pfft! What do m-m-mortals even know? Just as insignificant as crows, those parasites."

"We are at their mercy, sister."

"Innit? They appear to be nonchalant about everything."

"Parasites, I t-tell you!" exclaimed Morta.

Her shuddering growl echoed across the paint-stained tapestries, gypsie jewellery, and an out-of-place chandelier. Nona and Decima looked at each other, very much indifferent to their sister's outburst. They turned their attention back to weaving and measuring threads until the three sisters overheard the door open.

The man behind the door examined

the interior of the toasty room, lit only by sunset lamps.

"Is this Sisters' Psychosis Services?" asked the man, despite catching no sight of life.

The sisters were overcome with jubilation.

"A visitor?" they exclaimed in unison.

"Come on in, sir," greeted Nona.

"Would ye like ye palm read, son?" followed Decima.

"P-perhaps, know your f-fate," said Morta.

"Be aware of the future?"

"Settle in with crisps and biscuits, perhaps?"

"Or feast on a cup of tea?"

The sisters circled the man like birds circling their prey. Ready to stab at the helpless creature as they watched him slowly give in. Before the man could say anything else, they had his palm in their wrinkly hands.

Morta winced at the sight, covering her eyes as she cried out. Nona and Decima, on the other hand, glared at the lines. Decima shifted her gaze between the man and his hand.

Her eyebrows furled. Nona was equally dumbfounded.

She looked up and snapped at the man

"What secrets do you hold, sir?" she asked with gleaming eyes.

The man let out a whimper. His eyes bolted across the sisters. His seafoam



shirt was soaked in sweat as he let out heavy breaths.

"I don't know! I don't know!"

Nona growled at him.

"I'm just here to give you mail," he said.

Morta had been pressing down on his palms but let go at the postman's words. The awe in her eyes waved off.

"Leave, parasite!" exclaimed Morta.

"Who's that blabbering blusterous mail for, anyway?"

"It's from father," said Decima.

The waning curiosity returned. It pulled the three sisters together. They

had their eyes glued as Decima peeled off the envelope and carefully reached for the letter.

"I hope all me girls all well, weaving away and settling mere mortals' fates. Anyway, I need ye all to cut some lives short. Please maintain discretion in your replies as I will not be disclosing the reason for my request.

Your Loving Father,
Zeus."

Abir Hossain is a failed SoundCloud Rapper. Tell him you too can't find anything to rhyme oranges with at fb/abir.hossain.19