

Hidden Among the Florets

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The world has been mean to her
She did not feel okay,
So, she escaped to a place
Where no one will come to her way.

You won't find her in a city
Or dancing in a club,
You'll find her where the grass is
Beside a tree and a shrub.

She'll be sitting among the florets
Singing with a little sparrow,
She'll be pleasant like a sunset
With the wild breezes she will blow.

You'll find her under the covers
Blankets made of lavender,
You'll find her in the purple fields
She'll be a wild wanderer.

You'll be amazed to see her hair
Bouncing with the scented air,
She'll be a rare little floret
Not to be seen everywhere.

You'll keep looking for her
Among the wildflowers,
She'll be hiding among the florets
That day, till the sunset.

She'll be dancing with the wildflowers
But you'll never find her,
She'll camouflage herself with the evening glow
And you will never see her where her dreams flow.

As she'll walk, you'll hear her footsteps
And the sparrow singing,
But she'll be hiding and laughing at you
With the florets, all evening.

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PEACE

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A song that never ended, the music became so familiar that my ears yearned to hear it every night before going to sleep.

All these strings that have been pulled apart, how do I tie them tightly together again?

I scrutinised every part of my body from head to toe, unable to find the location of those broken strings and I was able to remember the place where I created a stage. A stage that lies inside my head, behind closed doors, in a room without any source of light.

Many of them walked onto that stage, dared to open those rusty doors that remained untouched for years. Sooner or later, they would have left because how long can one live in darkness and survive in a room where there's pin drop silence?

No soul attempted to speak loudly in there, no proper exchange of words, only sorrow that flowed through the silence and whispers of those dreamers who desperately wanted to escape could be heard rarely. Some were brave enough to leave, but some didn't even care to find the keys and chose to stay locked inside the stage.

Everyone abided by their own rules here. This is nothing but a cage made out of my own thoughts. I am trapped here along with those who have fed on my happiness, leaving me with an empty soul. A soul that dreads the entrance of another individual through the door because it's not a trap, but a loop. The loop where I have to fight consistently just for them to leave me.

The day I fear will meet me again after the sun sets. In the middle of the night, someone I have held on to, tightly, for a really long period of time, will push me off the cliff and I'll fall into this never ending hole where madness meets my conscience. I will continue defending them even if they have wronged me, I will lose track of time, burst into tears, scream at the top of my lungs, give into the urge of breaking everything around me until and unless the sun rises.

I attempt to find the key and unlock the door. From afar, I can see someone coming towards me.

Silence takes over the room again. But this time the air in here is not filled with sorrow, the sweet taste of happiness seems to find its way back to me. This silence carries peace along with it, the thoughts in my head that made up this cage is starting to diminish.

The vivid memories of moments of despair were fading away. I allowed my soul to indulge in the moment for once and breathe in the air that gives me life rather than choking me to death.

Every string that was pulled apart is being tied together again. The stage inside my head is letting go of all those uninvited guests, the doors are less rusty and the room has a constant source of light. Dreamers don't whisper anymore and each one of them have found the key. The key, to unlock these doors and never go back in.

Angelina Nodee Francis enjoys cracking self-deprecating jokes and running away from her problems. Send her memes at angelinafrancis004@gmail.com