

# A Bouquet of Words for Her

## ARSONIST

Is it possible to find love over and over again  
In the same person, everyday?  
I have walked so many roads yet this one feels like  
It's leading me to my home.  
Countless nights my life has seen,  
I learnt to count my breaths long ago  
Yet this is the first night I felt an embrace  
As I was counting my breaths beneath my skin.  
She is a beautiful singer.  
She was singing a distant song,  
She was running through the crowded cornfields  
She looked back again and again  
To check if I was still behind her,  
And every time her eyes met mine, I knew for a certainty  
That we are made for each other and we are meant to be.  
She makes me think of myself  
More than I'd ever think of  
myself.  
I would sit in silence, stare at the  
moon  
She would come, sit in front me  
and I would smile happily  
Like I found something I was  
searching desperately  
Only I didn't realise I was search-  
ing it before she came in.  
That's how it is.  
I found her in destiny  
And in all the pretty things.  
She brought me solace with her  
flower  
And we both wonder about  
meteor shower.  
We have heard tales of the great  
battles and the lost wars  
The tears stroke our dreams and  
sometimes it broke the vase  
Yet we forget about the rest of  
the world when we look at our  
souls.  
We peek into each other from  
time to time just to  
Discover nothing but us.  
There is her and there is me,  
Soaring, falling and flying.  
And I couldn't take my eyes off  
of her  
When she tucked her hair be-  
hind her ear  
I smile whole-heartedly  
Knowing that all these are  
heavenly.  
I found home in a stranger's  
heart  
I made it my own  
In fact she did too and that's  
what amazes me;  
So many euphonic voices yet  
she decided to hear me  
Countless choices yet she chose  
me.  
I found my happiness that lies  
only in her.  
She is my reader, my forever.  
I let my heart write words for her  
She narrates them with purity  
This bouquet of words is a gift  
for her  
A solemn tear.



# Can You Ever Forgive Me?

ADRITA ZAIMA ISLAM

**From:** oshurjo\_sporsha@gmail.com  
**To:** bouthakorani@gmail.com  
**Date:** 25 March 2022, 03:17 am

**Subject:** What Happened

An impregnable fortress. Your mind is an impregnable fortress guarded by the three-headed beast that you have gone to such pains to train to be a vicious killer.

No, killer is perhaps ill-used here. To kill would be akin to mercy to her. A dancer is what she is. What a beautifully cruel dance it is too. One head to draw in the unassuming admirer with her irresistible allure, another to trap the prey in by weaving tapestries with carefully crafted motions and words. A third as poisonous as it is lovely – lying in wait to strike them at their weakest.

But it is not momentary, crushing agony followed by perpetual calm that she offers through her move. She picks at your skin, her claws dig into the supple flesh of your body, and she burrows into your innocence and leaves you bleeding on the floor for the scavengers to feed on. All who attempt to even slightly peek into you have no choice but to fall at her feet. They prostrate themselves on the floor stained with their own blood and beg and beg and beg to be spared before this monster of your psyche.

No crusader, not one as gallant as Lionheart or one as skilled as Saladin, will ever climb atop the towers of this fortress. None will march their triumphant forces through wide open gates into your embrace. And I realised yesterday how utterly unqualified I am to even try.

**From:** bouthakorani@gmail.com  
**To:** oshurjo\_sporsha@gmail.com  
**Date:** 25 March 2022, 05:55 am

**Subject:** Re: What Happened

You remember the day at that old CD shop? The dust on the rusting shelves, the drowsy shopkeeper and the whirring of the fan. Whispered words and stolen snickers. My eyes flitting from you to the worn CD cases and back again. With your hair in a loose braid and your shari draped around you in an effortlessly elegant manner, you looked so beautiful and untouchable. The hundred in my pocket felt heavy and The Queen is Dead was calling. With my sweat-covered shirt sticking to my back and my mind going on overdrive thinking about you and Morrissey and you singing Morrissey, I could do little else other than stomp my feet and whine. Even if one was to scorch me with a red-hot iron till I was reduced to ashes and smoke, I would not be able to forget your breezy laughter and playful words, "God, are you dense."

I don't know why I am remembering this right now. Perhaps because it was the first time I understood what I could get. And what I could lose.

I AM impossibly dense. And I don't know if you noticed but I can't explain myself for the life of me. But what I am saying is, what I did is, without a speck of doubt or dissension, beyond forgiveness. But I don't have enough self-control to stop myself from asking you.

Can you ever forgive me?

**From:** oshurjo\_sporsha@gmail.com  
**To:** bouthakorani@gmail.com  
**Date:** 25 March 2022, 03:17 am

**Subject:** What Happened

I am afraid not, honey.

*Zaima is a fake poet with a serious problem against anything that resembles seriousness. Send her your sympathies at zaima2004adrita@gmail.com*