

WHEN THE SILENCE SPEAKS

HRISHIK ROY

When the silence speaks
At the dead of these summer nights,
It narrates me tales of brave knights,
Myths of spirits and witches pale
And legendary sailors who set sail.

The silence reminds me about
Failures from the present and the past,
As I look at these damned memories with aghast,
Very slowly creeping on my sanity
Taking away every last inch of my vanity.

It talks to me about unrequited love,
And the mysteries of our colliding hearts —
The misery of our frequencies not being on the
same Hertz—
Highlighting the bleakness of my mundane life
Where tragedies and happiness are both rife.

The profound silence whispers to me
To be optimistic in the face of such tragedy.
“For the road to paradise begins in hell,”
While I remain a prisoner in my mind’s cell.

The pin-drop silence smiles a smug grin
As it leaves me to usher in a new day—
Hopefully one where dreams are fulfilled to the
brim
And one where such night journeys are much less
grim.

Send Hrishik song recommendations for his new playlist
at hrdibbo@gmail.com

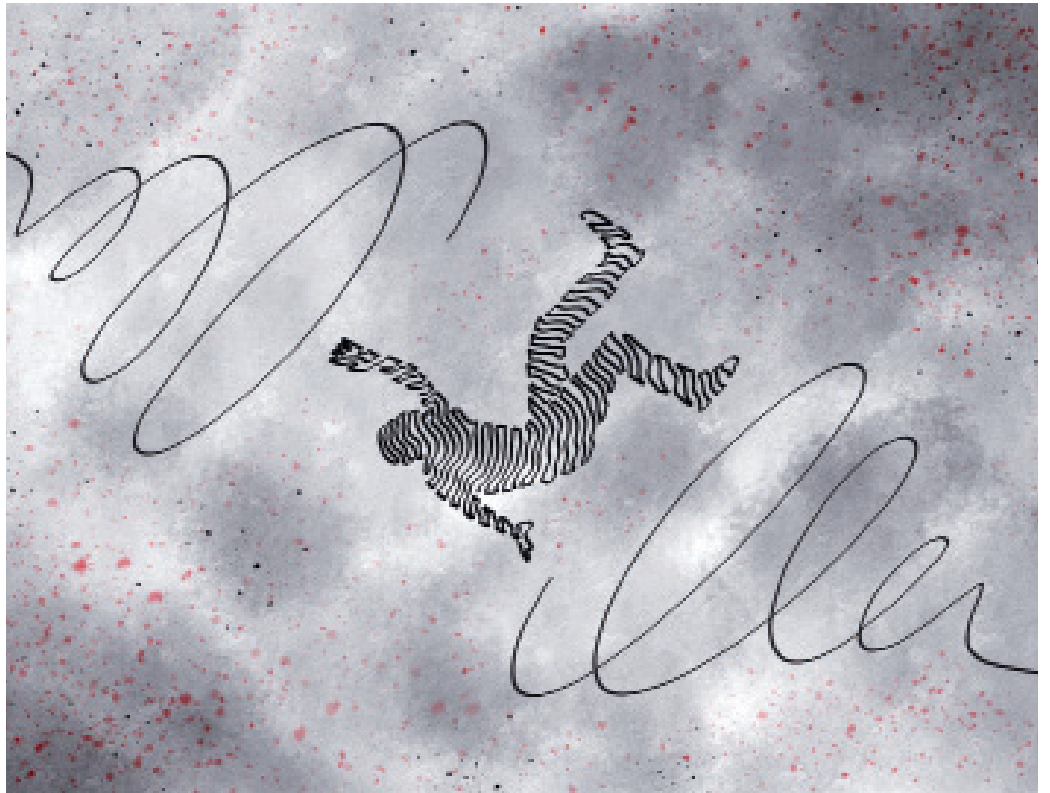


ILLUSTRATION: ABRAR JAHIN ALVEE

Only If They Knew

ABRAR JAHIN ALVEE

They're not ready for the truth, they won't understand. Even if I explain the whole thing to them, they won't. No matter how I explain why I did what I did, they'll never get it. There was no other way to resolve this thing, no other way to redeem myself. Only if they knew.

Damn it, I'm back where I was again, this is getting out of hand. I'm not getting anywhere with this, just babbling to myself won't change anything, not anymore. It's just too late, too late for me to think now. What's done is done, rational or not.

I saw it happening. I saw it happening right in front of my eyes and something inside of me just snapped. It was the same injustice that was done to me, same pain that was inflected years ago. People are extraordinary beings, they can tolerate almost everything, but only so much. I felt this blood pumping impulse to do what's right. Something had to be done, someone had to step up and put an end to that.

So I did it, I put an end to that monster, that disgrace of a human. A wrong had been done to make it right. That piece of filth can't hurt anyone anymore. His days of vicious rampant are finally over, his laughs won't echo on those walls anymore. What did it cost, you ask? My soul? My soul died a long time ago. All this time, I was bearing it like a rotten corpse, the same as the one lying on the floor.

I don't think I can ever forget what I did, ever

leave it behind like it never happened. Or maybe pretend it all just was a nightmare, the worst of its kind. Am I relieved? Relieved that the possibilities I was presented with were limitless, yet I chose the most permanent one? I can't tell.

I can't tell if I was shocked or just angry afterwards, shocked that I had done the unthinkable, or angry that nobody else was there to do it for me. Maybe I was angry, angry at myself, for staying dormant all these years, never standing up and being vocal.

I just remember feeling so calm, so quite after the unthinkable had happened. Unthinkable! How coy I'm being. Well, it's pretty thinkable, it's pretty damn thinkable now that it's done.

Was it justice that I served? Maybe the public opinion will be on my side, but does it matter? The people in blue will investigate and the people in black will seal my fate.

Are they ready for the truth? Will they understand? If I explain the whole thing to them, won't they? If I explain why I did what I did, won't they ever get it? Only if they knew there was no other way to resolve this thing, no other way for me to redeem myself.

Only if they knew.

Abrar Jahin Alvee is trying to keep it low, but he's down for hustle if you got any bright ideas or cool projects in mind, throw him a bone at abraralv@gmail.com

