

UNTOLD

FATIMA AHMAD

They say I'm a new person everyday
 How do I explain to them that I am Azrael?

I keep killing versions of me
 I have killed so many of them that I've lost count

Sometimes I strangle them to death
 Sometimes my knife stabs them in the chest
 Sometimes I push them down into the ocean
 Sometimes I let cyanide consume them from within

Their screams deafen my ears
 Their eyes engulf my mind

Look, my hands are red with blood!

They say I'm a new person everyday
 How do I explain to them that I am Jesus too?

I keep resurrecting versions of me
 Exhume the bodies lying under dust and dirt

Take them home
 Scrub them clean, cook them meals
 I embellish them with jewellery
 and extricate them from misery

Their giggles fill the room
 Their eyes moist with gratitude

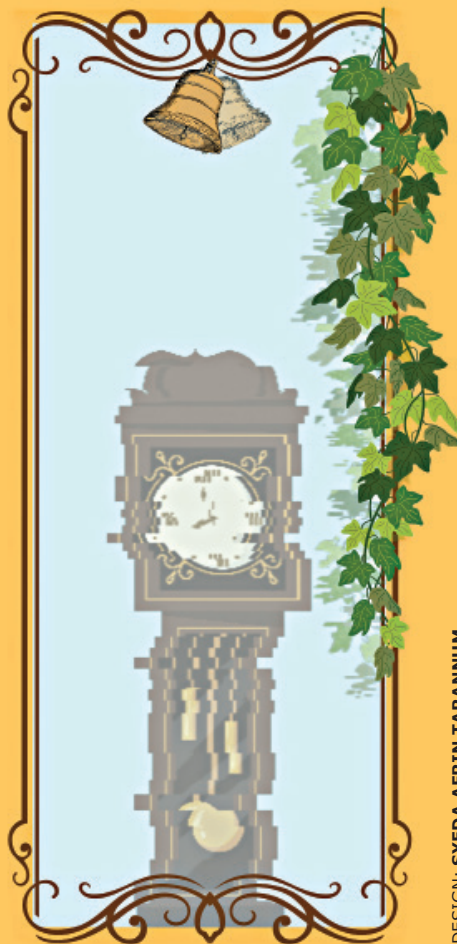
Look, my hands are clean again!

"You are a new person every day," they say
 Only if they knew what it takes to be a new person every day.

The writer is a student of 11th grade at SOS Hermann Gmeiner College Dhaka.



DESIGN: **FATIMA JAHAN ENA**



DESIGN: **SYEDA AFRIN TARANNUM**

The mirror across my bed says otherwise

A. M. FAHAD

I'm here, but I'm not
 Scribbled lines across my forehead
 This thought I tried really hard to remember,
 It appears to be elusive to the eye
 Always hides behind a curtain
 My arms,
 Outstretched still—
 I fail to clutch it with my very small hands
 I forget.

My body is filled with fog
 It spreads slowly, hissing
 And a melody, rather monotonous
 And repetitive,
 Like a pendulum.

Almost like the sound of church bells,
 And the lingering microphone screeches from Maghrib
 It stays for some time
 And my body is rendered to a state of hopeless rigidity

"Wake,"
 You call me
 I try really hard,
 But I cannot move.
 I see disappointment in your eyes
 Staring down upon me
 I don't know what to say
 I wish I could find an answer for you

I really thought that this time,
 I must have had everything planned.

The writer is a student of class 11 at St Joseph Higher Secondary School.

TWO POEMS

RAIHAN MUSA

Hope (I)

Hope is the raging fire of Elysium.
 Hope is the violent lightning of Thor.
 Hope is the blazing light of Amaterasu.
 Hope is the golden lyre of Orpheus.
 Hope is the wild spirit of Artemis.
 Hope is the beautiful dawn of Aurora.
 Hope is the majestic twilight of Melancholy.
 Hope is the virgin blood of Life.
 Hope is the holy nectar of Love!

Hope (II)

A dove with celestial wings,
 Illuminating the darkness in your soul.

A golden-haired Maiden with blue eyes,
 The north star of Heaven,
 Guiding you through treacherous waters!

The writer is an A Level graduate.



DESIGN: **SYEDA AFRIN TARANNUM**