

The Storyteller

SYEDA ERUM NOOR

Perhaps this time, the storyteller
Is the story to be told.
The chosen one from prophecies
In legends brewed in gold.

Perhaps it's time the story goes to
The traveller in the dark,
The one with magic in her soul and
The one that bears the mark.

With her silver tongue and ink-stained hands
She weaves together worlds,
From a distant thought to a broken man
She makes of hardened girls.

Behind the studded warriors
There is no heart of stone,
Just someone with a coloured lens
And a clock that's made of bone.

Perhaps, it's time, the storyteller
Has a story of her own.
Where she rules lands and takes down men
Who don't deserve the throne.

Perhaps, it's then she'll see just how
Her pages have been scorned,
With words struck out, unfinished thoughts
And people unadorned.

Maybe then,
She'll set down her pen,
And her story will begin.

Syeda Erum Noor is dangerously oblivious and has no sense of time. Send help at erum.noor1998@gmail.com



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THE GRAVEYARD

ANGELINA NODEE FRANCIS

"They will consider me nothing but a body that has stopped functioning after my death. A body that can be walked over without hesitance because the life within it has left the grounds of mother earth," said little Ayub while walking through the graveyard with his grandpa.

Grandpa used to tell Ayub stories about how his mother used to be. His mother lies in the same graveyard where they go down for a walk together in the evening.

He could feel his daughter's presence while holding Ayub's tiny hands or carrying him on his shoulders.

Ayub was as curious as his mother. There was an unending list of questions that he would save up for grandpa to answer when he came home at night, during weekdays.

"Do you actually think that angels and demons exist and if so, why can't we see them? And if we were able to see them, would we see maa too? I'm sure that she is an angel," said little Ayub, excitedly.

Grandpa would smile and agree with him, place him on his lap and answer all his questions one by one.

He felt a bit relieved when Ayub didn't choose to ask about his father. Ayub was told that his father had left when he was a baby and no more questions were asked by him. He wasn't sad about it because his entire world was situated around grandpa.

If it were any other child, they would have asked why, but Ayub had to learn to be a bit more understanding compared to the children of his own age because of the circumstances.

He was taught reading and writing by grandpa. He would finish reading story books within 2 to 3 hours and was able to absorb, understand and break down complex information into simpler little pieces.

Grandpa could tell that Ayub was a bright child and neither was he lacking any traits that would make him a good human being.

As smart as he was, Ayub was also kind and giving to those who were needy. He wanted to learn more about human beings and why they chose to divide themselves into rich and poor. He believed that every human should be defined by their acts of kindness, the amount of love that they have to give others and provide a helping hand to those who are desperately in need of it.

Grandpa would look at him sometimes and wonder if he will lose himself someday by mixing with the wrong group of people but, Ayub's tiny smile when he arrived home every night would allow him to worry about that later. The moments with Ayub that he will have now, will be worth remembering. Worrying too much about the future will snatch this beautiful present away from him.

"Baba Ayub, will you leave me when you grow older?" asked grandpa. Ayub ran towards grandpa, teary eyed and hugged him tightly but his short hands could barely reach his waist. Grandpa picked him up, wiped his tears and kissed him on his forehead.

"Promise me that you will never say that again," replied Ayub.

"Do you want to visit the graveyard today?" said grandpa. Ayub nodded his head eagerly, held grandpa's hands and walked with him.

While walking through the graveyard, grandpa would stare at his daughter's grave and think to himself that maybe, her life could have been saved. Maybe Ayub wouldn't have been in this world, but maybe his daughter wouldn't have suffered during the final moments of her life.

A body that could have had a wonderful life ahead, is now buried underneath the grounds.

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