

GREY

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All I see is grey,
And the rainbow being erased.
All I see are children,
Removing the colours of a colouring book.
They wreck it with their own hands
And find nothing but remorse.

This unbearable earth of too much grey
Is a prison I would love to escape.
Not to hell, or to eternal nothingness,
But to the pages of a really long tale.
Oh, the thrill when the smell of paper
Spreads instead of gushing blood!
Oh, the books, they call me!
"Come! We'll enchant you with new stories!"

I walk through a library and find a paradise;
However, a heaven can be, in this world of grey.
We are all nothing, but preys.
We are nothing, but predators.
What is all that pride for, oh two-legged creatures?

Yes, a book is better –
Why not take refuge in a land, unreal?
Why not escape to a bewitching island?
Why not get lost in a bookshelf of dreams,
Instead of suffering in this treacherous land of crawling
sins?

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DESIGN: **ABIR HOSSAIN**



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Being and Not Being

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The chilliness of the room was unpleasant since I had woken up. Sometimes it was getting unbearable, but there was none I could request to turn up the temperature of the air conditioner. All I could see was the roof above me as if it had been the sky. The white walls surrounding me were glaring like floating clouds. The switchboard was there on the wall and beside it rested the remote controller. I tried several times to get up, but I failed. I didn't know how long I had been lying here. Apart from the subtle twitching of my fingers and imperceptible turning of my head, my whole body was numb. Fortunately, my brain was sane enough and with it, I tried to understand the unsettling setting I was in.

There was an uncomfortable stillness in the room. The only sound seeping in was a distant humming noise and the ticking of the wall clock.

Tick-tock... tick-tock... tick-tock...

It was the only thing that caught my attention after I had regained consciousness. It felt like I was in a post-apocalyptic situation and everyone else had died. It seemed like some supernatural force was engulfing me inside. It was getting irritatingly uncomfortable.

Why am I lying here? I tried to remember but felt excruciating pain inside my head. I was having a backache from lying at a stretch in a supine position. I tried to grasp

the bed sheet and get up. It was a fruitless attempt. All I felt was the coarse outline of the sheet in my hand and an emptiness resulting from the failed attempt.

I closed my eyes and thought it would help me keep my attention away from the pain. Contrarily, closing my eyes made me more isolated from the rest of the world. The claustrophobic experience was intolerable. It forcefully reminded me that I was not supposed to be here in this state. *Where have I come from and what is my destiny?*

Without any window, this dimly lit room seemed like a closed box. The bluish hazy light was making the atmosphere more horrendous. The empty beds lying around me were looking like some scattered plants in a vast desert on a moonlit night. The file cabinet was staring at me like giant beasts getting angry with each passing second. There was nothing to do but be fearful of the untold doom.

Fear is such an emotion that overwhelms us when we try to forget it. Unknown fear can be more treacherous. I could not evade the unavoidable dread inside me as it grasped me bit by bit. But I failed to understand the reason behind the unknown terror. Or maybe I failed to summon the proper courage to be truly vulnerable. I failed because I had never been inside a hospital morgue before.

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