

Explorations on Time

WAZIHA AZIZ

I've found that time is a magic trick we're taught at birth.
One where Houdini wraps himself in a locked mesh of rusted chains, plunges into deep water And loses the key.
I long to search for it but my numbness exhausts me.
I'm sorry
that all I can do with time, is lose it.

I'm tired of turning the days over and over in my head only to find there was always just one.
Just one that kept knocking on my door and
Just one I'd refuse to answer.

I used to wear my minutes as accessories and now the minutes wear me. And I'm wary, that this exhausting play on words that I so eagerly label as poetry could be nothing but a waste of my precious time.

Waziha Aziz is a really loud person with an inflated sense of self. Remind her that she's not all that via Instagram @useless_depressing_poetry.



ILLUSTRATION: FAISAL BIN IQBAL

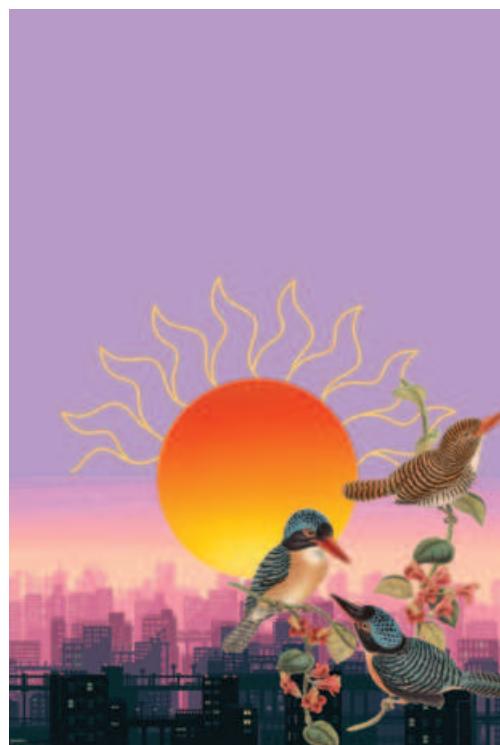


ILLUSTRATION: FATIMA JAHAN ENA

EPHEMERAL

MORIUM KULSUM

We can run away from this sad city, And roam around as if we were to just merely exist.
No need to be anything more or anything less, No need to make believe all of it makes sense. My soul desires to be free, Like a bird in flight.
Making the most of these momentary moments, Without the fear of the future or the past.

I'd rather chase the last rays of the dying sun, And explore the stories of those twenty-one pilots with you by my side.
So that I can eventually tell you everything I couldn't say to you before,
Tell you that I never imagined I'd meet you where I met you.
But I won't take for granted that November afternoon,
When you first said your hello.
My six-yard drape, your smile
And the crowded hallway,
I still remember how you'd break all the social conventions
Just to make me stay.

I knew we'd make it work, Anywhere away from here.
But in this lifetime, we'll never know what we could've become,
If we only had the courage to ask for this love.
But I'm convinced it doesn't have to be forever
To leave an everlasting mark on our souls
Or make us come back for more
Even when we've drawn the line between us two.
Cause some things can be remarkable,
Even when they're ephemeral.
Just like the last rays of the dying sun.
Just like our few moments,
Between the sweet hello and the forlorn goodbye.
Just like the little infinity that we call life.
So remarkable, yet so ephemeral.

Dreams I Dare Not Dream

SHAHBAZ MAHMUD

You wish me to speak of my despair
Then I shall tell you of the dreams I dare not dream.
To live simply under an old banyan tree by the stream –
Clean, pristine, free of sin.
You by my side, what could've been.

You ask me to speak of my sorrows
Then I shall show you the tears of my mother as she prays for me.
They fall with the heft of a lifetime of worries
Splashing into a pool of silken misery,
Breaking my heart as I hear her plea.
For me, to be holy, wholly.

You ask me of my rage.
I take you to the window and show you the city –
I rage not at the city, but for it.
I rage for it not being allowed to love me,
I rage for not allowing myself to love it,
I rage, I rage, I rage, knowing it rages with me.

And then I rage at you, gently,
With these questions, you kill me softly.
You never ask of my joy, my love, my hope,
You don't ask of my victories or even laugh at my jokes.

Nevertheless, I will tell you of my joy –
It is belly laughing with my friends after a day of endless woes,
It is the smell of *gorom khichuri* during a downpour,
It is the juicy kick of an orange on a cold winter night
And the silent comfort of sharing them with you by my side.

And about my love?
Boundless, insatiable, untapped.
It seeps out of me every chance it gets
It flies, it runs, it even crawls, for what?
For a pair of open arms,
For the warmth of a forehead kiss,
For a home.

For hope,
For hope is when I dream those dreams I dared not dream.
It is fantasy and delusion and reality and everything in between,
Hope is when I look out at the world and see a place for you and me
Dancing in childlike glee, carefree, under that old banyan tree.



ILLUSTRATION: ABIR HOSSAIN

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