

FABLE FACTORY



PHOTO: ORCHID CHAKMA

[You stand here again]

RAIAN ABEDIN

You stand where you always have – You are five, you are seven; You are as many years as you've ever been. And something about the night and the way The tree bends in the fields where The blowers lift everything But you – because you have smoothened your creases over – Is reminiscent of how all loose threads belong to the same web, You listen to hushed conversations You shouldn't, nor should the trees listen to you But they do, because what is living if not Defiance against absolution. You think of running Away, and the tree understands, because the tree knows. But living is defying, and you are living. Or so you tell yourself.

Raian aims to be a poet of great renown someday.



PHOTO: ORCHID CHAKMA

Curtain call

SARA KABIR

The curtain rises, Silence engulfs the theatre, All eyes fixed on her.

A lone figure stands, Centre stage with bated breath, Heart pounding, shaking.

A sea of faces, In anticipation held, For the grand debut.

A soft drumming beat, From the orchestra below, Sets the stage aglow.

Words churn the play, A world of make-believe spun, Enrapturing all. Tension builds and ebbs, Emotions raw, bittersweet, The story unfolds.

The performer glides, Across the boards with such grace, Transfixed, the crowd stares.

The plot thickens fast, A drama of love and loss, And twisted kismet.

A grand finale. Audience too stunned to speak, A magic spell cast.

She takes a last bow, The curtains fall to applause, The show ends in bliss.

BLUE CLAY

SYEDA ERUM NOOR

The blue model of clay vices That sits in a house of glass Will shrink about three sizes As it waits for the moon to pass.

With her hair moulded perfectly, and her eyes shaped to cry, Her blue clay turns to burgundy As darkness drains the sky.

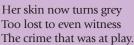
She sits in the clear palace – Picture perfect in her place, Unaware of the mould and its malice Inching into her embrace.

Like promises made in secrecy, It tells her sweet, green lies While spreading through her sheepishly Like poison does to flies.

She's frozen in her state of being A model built to die With smooth skin that is for pleasing But a heart built to deny.

So, the mould extends its ugly tendrils Of deceit that it will preach. While she stays set on her lovely end trail Where she's never meant to reach

So doomed the blue clay princess



Her hand perched atop her side, Her head turned to the sky, She looks to darkness to confide But the moon passes her by.

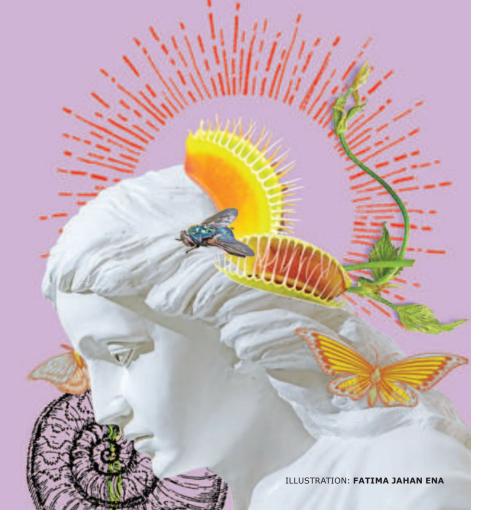
Her eyes frozen in memory And skin broken in plea She begs, but not for mercy But only for her fee.

The one she'd earned for holding The impossible serenity That had the glass house going While she lost her sanity.

But alas the mould is rigid As it crawls into her ears While she stands still and she listens She sheds not one stray tear.

And while her colour slowly fades And her blue clay turns to dark stone No part of her is jaded And no part of her, her own.

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



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