



ILLUSTRATION: SYEDA AFRIN TARANNUM

## DROPLETS OF ETERNITY

**NAWSHIN FLORA**

Floundering, floundering, forever floundering  
To take a peek at the droplets of eternity,  
To find the ripples of truth,  
And make a sonnet out of it.  
But all I have done cumulated in vain.

It has taken a vow to remain distant from me.  
It's dancing on the edge, like a teasing bee.  
How can it not recognise my palpable agony?

Dissipated, my thoughts wander finally  
taking refuge in sleep.  
That night, I am visited by a shimmering voice.  
The voice whirls around my mind mockingly  
After it's done with its charade.  
It comes to me whispering and finally  
The formless voice takes a shape.

It leaves me feeling like a preposterous fool.  
A fool who has been blindsided  
By the sheer obsession with the ostentatious  
mystique.

The river of dreams, the mischief of clouds,  
The crescent moon, the ocean waves and,  
The moon skull.  
Dandelions, tulips, the hundred colors of  
spring,  
The strange sound of crushed bones, the tragic  
death of winter leaves.  
Sunlight rippling out of the winter sun and  
emanating warmth, a lover's rushed heartbeat –  
a sonnet can be found in these.

The droplets of eternity are a maze.

And to embrace the ordinariness of life is the  
key to it.

# BLURRY artwork

**RAIAN ABEDIN**

I swallow the dawn's sun as a shimmer and a blur fills my vision. It is beautiful – the day, I mean – even if blurrier than yesterday. I caress my hair the way the winds do when clouds appear up above. Today is not one of those days, there's a lack of moisture in the air. Even my hair reacts to it as every strand stands up alive and in a frenzy. I gaze outside, it only travels so far before all particles entwine in a blissful dance, I can see less today than yesterday. The way the light hits the nerves deep inside my sockets tells me one thing: it might be time.

My room, a shack I've made home with all things vivid, rests on the south-eastern side of the building. When the clear azure of the morning pulls the sun upward, it illuminates the whole space. But only at an angle. It's God's funny way of reminding me that all that is received is a gift that is broken. *Just like my eyes.* Another funny thought,

but I brush it off. Now is no time for thinking.

I hear a call from a distant room, breakfast is served. Outside, children make little noises as they carry weights greater than their fragile bodies. Vehicles like sad animals screech away, as bones and metal push against each other and the emptiness of the road is replaced with the dreary rush of the day's call. The day calls, every day, and I listen to it and make a picture in my head. With each passing day, the details keep slipping me. I have started to forget how the sun looks as it strikes the uniforms that immure the children. They had a particular shine to them, right? My mind returns bleary thoughts, vague movements, jumbled noises, and sharp smells. I see no details. My eyesight is slipping away.

Shivering headaches have plagued me for as long as my memory runs. Another call for breakfast beckons me to go, but

there is work for me to do as long as the sun shines in this angle and my hair stands up with this frenzy, and the sounds are this vivid. I bring my pencil and a sketchpad to a tiny balcony that reminds me of a chicken coop, and I begin to look at the world ahead. Not many colours splash on display, and pixelated people yell at other pixelated people to move, too much time has gone by. Yes, it certainly has.

If you had asked me to sketch out the view from my room one year ago, I would have returned a masterpiece to you. My lines now fumble over each other, I snap at the paper and fail to realise how easy it is to rely so much on eyes. I feel my vision blur up some more, as the page soaks the water in. If by tomorrow all of this goes dark, today I still have to prove to the world that I am looking.

*Raian likes writing stories about people and the lives they lead.*



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