

PARTING

SHAIKH SABIH KAMAL

Let's be honest.
Our memories are burning in a forest.
Our hurt deepens in this restless tempest.
Love, this is a resolution, it's not a protest.
I won't protest.

Clearly,
These tides aren't temporary, they come
yearly.
You're looking for a confirmation to finally
fear me,
While I fear whom you'll become once you
hear me,
once you leave me.

Forsaken Anemones,
Our wounds dig graveyards into our flesh
and bones,
These words seem to live their lies through
telephones,
Notwithstanding the love-starved hearts;
they're on their own.
We're on our own.

Night turns to day,
The holographic seasons will soon fade away,
This melancholia has far too long extended
its stay
But the wailing flowers await a breeze, so
they may sway.
I'll tell them, it's okay.

It's okay.
It's not your fault, nor mine, that –
Saying goodbye is always the hardest part.

*The writer is a student at St. Joseph Higher
Secondary School*

ILLUSTRATION: **ABIR HOSSAIN**



MY HOME

AMAYA RAHMAN

Safe with my inner circle,
Confident around the vehicle,
Judgments over,
With the kind people over.

I don't need your powder or power.
I smell the soft flowers.
Hanging out with kindness,
Feeling the happiness,

The trust you gain takes time.
Remembering your lines,
Home is pure gold,
It is hard to let it fold.

The hangouts make me feel pretty.
Home, the bed you sleep in makes it prettier.
Home, walking like no one cares.
Feeling fair, with a smile on your face.

*The writer is a student at Grace
International School.*

ILLUSTRATION: **ABIR HOSSAIN**

Fathers and Daughters and Unmailed Letters

WAZIHA AZIZ

Father's a ghost. In the shadows, he'd drift.
His scowl through our windows, a draught,
haunting.
Eyes never mirrored the flames that burnt
his
Home, a place he'd fled, he'd lost, he's lost in.
Hidden away were old uncle's letters,
Sheets furrowed, folded, in father's drawers.
Told tales of harsh summers and shrewd
winters.
Those rose-lipped words, "bhai jaan" like
signed waivers.

Was that where dad kept his fondness,
folded?
Refuge in solitude, his brother's words?
Perhaps father was never taught to love.
Perhaps the only love he knew, he stole.
Perhaps alive, I would not feel that love,
Only once I too, became letters, worn.

The writer is a high school graduate.

ILLUSTRATION: **FAISAL BIN IQBAL**

