#PERSPECTIVE

How winter is like your ex: A Dhaka memoir

Winter — it creeps in when you least expect it, with all the grace of an ex sliding back into your DMs. You have barely just settled into the rhythm of life, the heat simmering like unfinished grudges, when a sudden chill blows through the air, leaving you scrambling to dig out that one motheaten sweater. Sound familiar? Dhaka's winter knows how to leave an impression and much like an ex, it's inconsistent,



unpredictable, and makes you question every decision you have made in life.

At first, winter arrives like a pleasant surprise, a breath of fresh air in an otherwise suffocating routine. The cool breeze feels like the tender gestures your ex used to show, making you believe in change and possibilities.

"It's different this time," you tell yourself as you layer up in a cardigan that smells like forgotten mothballs but just when you have settled into enjoying those crisp evenings



and cups of steaming tea (because, let's be real, winter cha hits different), it starts ghosting you.

Temperatures rise inexplicably, and you are left sweating through your thermal innerwear, questioning every decision you have made. It's the classic hot-cold treatment, the same as those "we need to talk" text messages that end with "I just want to be friends."

In many ways, our winter is like that unreliable ex who promises stability but



keeps sending mixed signals. One day, it gives you the chills that make you rummage for a second blanket; the next day it has you debating whether to pack it away altogether. You step out, confident in a smart jacket you dug out from the depths of your wardrobe, only to find it is back to its warm, unpredictable self. And you, the foolish optimist, are left standing in a sweat patch, feeling betrayed. Again!

Winter also loves a dramatic exit—just like the kind that leaves you standing in the rain, except here it's the dry, bone-chilling wind that makes you curse your fate. "It's leaving?" you ask. Of course, it is! But not before a sudden, merciless drop in temperature hits your bones like a cheap shot, making you run for shelter and question why you ever got involved.

When it leaves, it's abrupt—there's no lingering warmth, no sign of commitment.

Just memories of huddling for warmth and counting down the days to its inevitable disappearance.

Just as your ex leaves you with lingering scars, winter does not spare your health either. It toys with your immune system, leaving you more vulnerable than a fresh heartbreak. The coughs, sniffles, and relentless cold-induced sneezing fits are not just inconveniences; they are reminders that it never truly had your back. You think it is cuddles and snuggles but the reality is sinus infections and herbal concoctions that taste worse than betrayal.

And let's not forget the accessories—the warm clothes, the blankets, the

endless layering. All of this feels like trying too hard, doesn't it? Like overcompensating to make it work. Because deep down, you know winter will not stick around. It's a seasonal fling at best, and you will have to go back to sweating through your daily commute soon enough. Still, in our Dhaka-style resilience, we romanticise the

winter. Just like we reminisce about that toxic ex during moments of loneliness. We forget the constant hot-and-cold treatment and focus instead on the brief flashes of happiness—the warm cup of raw tea and bhapa pitha and the fashion statements that winter allows. In those fleeting moments, we convince ourselves it was worth it, even as we know it will disappear without a trace soon.

So, here's to you, unpredictable winter. You come and go as you please, leaving us flustered, confused, and a little bit wiser. Just do not blame us if we are a little hesitant to trust you next time. After all, we have been burned before.

By K Tanzeel Zaman Photo: Collected

