



# HEART, CLING TO ME

A.M. FAHAD

Heart, cling to me  
Don't fall from this patchwork home  
I've weaved for you  
Feel my hands wrapped around  
Your cage of flesh, the creaking of my ribs  
Holding in the falling pieces  
You grow heavier with every sentence  
Sunk in-between the crevices on your lips  
Swallowed before their birth  
The sun will go down tonight but  
You will continue to find me here, waiting  
When the world sets itself on fire  
And refuses to look your way  
Heart, cling to me  
We will make meaning  
Out of the holes in the sun

ILLUSTRATION:  
ABIR HOSSAIN



PHOTO: ORCHID CHAKMA

## How to: live

RAIAN ABEDIN

On a bed like a casket, I sit down to write what it means to be a child, and I hear the sweeping of mosaic floors cold as winter feet, and the routine in which my nani darkened her face to the rules that defined her love as something difficult.  
Her children lived under her shadow, the thing known as family, and she lived, hunched over – a neck craning tenderly.  
My grandparents lived in a house older than the country itself, or so I was told, and there, being a child meant occupying the silence of the mosaic until it clung to your face and hair. In about a year, both of them would pass, their beds, first their caskets, then empty. And childhood would start to wane. My shadow never left a mark on the house. My shadow, which meant my weight, which meant my life, which meant my love, would stay silent except for in odd hours.  
My love always arrived wrapped in silence, wrapped in dust. But that was childhood. Today, the sight of my face as just another face on the mirror showed me how love isn't meant to exist under shadows, yours or mine.

## Maybe a MIRAGE

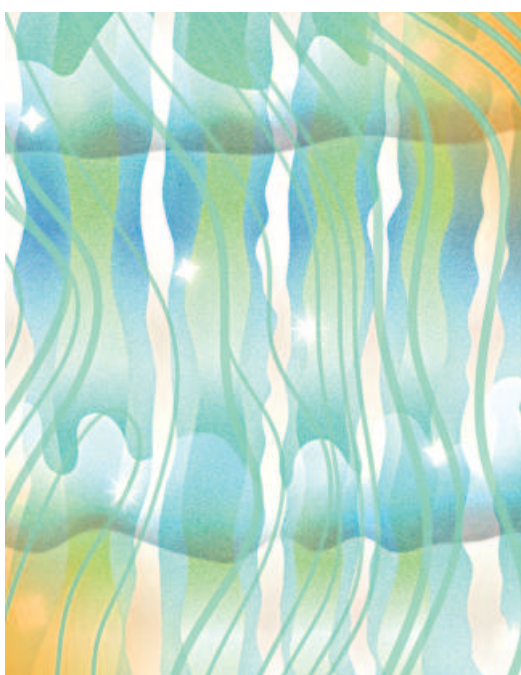


ILLUSTRATION: ABIR HOSSAIN

ANINDYA JEET BASAK

Some things you can be afraid of.  
Something you may lose.  
Something you may...  
You may never find again.

You may be in turmoil.  
You may be in destruction.  
You may feel trapped  
Suffocated, and dreadful.  
You may feel the end.  
The whispers from the certain eternity ring in your ears.  
Is it promised to last forever?  
In a lucid dream,  
we may be in a dream where we live.  
Nothing makes sense, does it?  
Maybe the world is a lie.  
You may be the literal entity – the only one,  
where others are just non-existent.  
Just a mirage.  
Maybe life itself is a simulation – a game,  
an act – where everything is made up for your eternal thought.  
Maybe everything is fake, and with no answer.  
We are...  
Clueless,  
Alone.  
So, we are just following through.  
Who would let us know that we are alone?  
We have to wake up.  
We have to break the sleep,  
Break the mirage.  
WE MUST WAKE UP!  
And now?  
Who will...  
Who will wake us up?  
Perhaps transcending to the next realm is the answer.  
Perhaps after that,  
we will be up and break everything apart.  
*Anindya Jeet Basak is a student of class ten, Udayan Ucchaya Madhyamik Bidyalay, Dhaka.*