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The morning dew rolled down slowly
And fell on the ground,
With the caress of the sunlight.

.....woke up from sleep with tear drops
on the soft pillow
that rolled down from the corner of the eyes.
Smell of *Benson and Hedges* all around.....
The breeze had just passed over the astray cradling
the half burnt cigarette butts and
whirled through the hollowness;
Cring! Cring! Cring!
5 o'clock in the morning, you rushed
To the army on the training ground
To salute the martyrs and seniors or
To instruct them how to salute or
To be instructed or saluted by them.

You forgot the wounded one in your room,
Lying on the white.... blotched with red.
Who uttered not a word
and.... let you go.

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Sabreena Ahmed, a fourth year student of English at the University of Dhaka, is a member of Brine Pickles a creative writers' group under the British Council. She has translated for The British Council and the literature page of *The Daily Star*. She has assisted in directing such plays as *A Doll's House*, *Eugene Ah! Wilderness*, *The Bear*, *A Celebration of Women* under EDDS. She also adapted Frank O' Connor's *My Oedipus Complex*, Robert Browning's *My Last Duchess*, and Christopher Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* and directed the stage production. She has also published short stories or translations of short stories in various publications.