

A tragic end

Mary was a pretty and lissome young belle,
She lived near the harbour with her middle-aged father.
Every evening she would hastily finish her chores, and
Linger at the port to glimpse the ships that docked.
Twas' on one of these days she met Peter a handsome young sailor,
Who changed the young lass' solitary and carefree life.
Every evening come what may, Mary met her beau ideal.
Her father warned her of sailors whose stay in the island were short;
Mary did not heed to his sayings as Peter was now deep in her heart.
As time went by, one day Peter told Mary that his tenure at the port was over,
Promising to marry her on his next return, that was in late December.
After his departure, Mary realized that she was now with Peter's child,
How could she face this ordeal without a father to her unborn child.
Every evening she would trek to the harbour praying for Peter's return,
Alas, there was no sign of him and she would wail with desperation.
Mary's father reminisced the pains he undertook to bring up his motherless child,
He watched the condition of his young daughter with great grief;
Since he was helpless with no alternative, but could only pray for a quick relief,
Day in and day out the matter became one unsolved,
Not a tinkle nor an epistle did she receive from her beloved beau,
How could she face this dilemma was always in her thoughts.
Since she could not bear the desolation and there was no sign of Peter,
Mary walked to their favourite tryst, the Swami rock, and leapt to the
Swirling waters of the deep sea and was no more.

- Yasmin Jaldin

If terrorism wouldn't have been wiped off
We would only hear blasts and gun fires
Cemeteries would have been extended
Widows and orphans would have risen
Blue and green wouldn't have been there
But only red blood scattered every where.
If the armed forces wouldn't have sacrificed their lives
Sri Lanka postulation would have gone down
World wouldn't have reached seven billion
Highway networks wouldn't have been there
Nothing to boast not even Express 01
But only sights of barren grave yards everywhere.
If our mothers and wives wouldn't have sent their loved ones
Today you and I wouldn't have slept so soundly
How many of our parliament seats would have been vacant
Banners and posters of death notices would have decorated
our streets

There would have been no means to life
But only poverty at every loving home.
If our President wouldn't have taken this stern step
Many generations would have not known
What is peace or harmony
And the freedom of mankind right of living
Our children grandchildren would have understood life wrong.
But the blessings of God
And courage of our President
has shown them with warmth.
So it is the duty of you and me
To guard and guide our progenies to live a life in full
Safeguard this holy territory with its blessing
And hand over to generations to rule and live for long.

- M N KAIYOOM

If

Smile

Its cloudy day
I fell to sleep on your shoulders
Never telling lies
I need to hold your hands
Lovely moment
U feel free to be closed to you
Never telling lies
I ever loving smile
Really embraced my heart
Feeling to draw a heart from my blood
Want to write love from my blood
to show that
How much I love you....
But no way – you will legible at all
Nothing delight – Its impossible
Your eyes is blind
I grace at you
Heart felt Fragrance of Mercy
Just for you
Its specially blossom for you only...

- Marina Shamalee Perera

Above all

Dropping of the colourful leaves
Laying carpets in multi colours
For us to walk on the silky layers
The process of the gradual changes
Exhibits your magical powers
Beginning of another era
My garden of those dainty roses
Withering off their charming petals
Staying so obediently
With the signal that "ready to fall"
As no other alternative
You insist to load more and more
To make us healthier and so warm
Taking off the coverings of the trees
To exhibit their naked beauty
Using the sole of power
and your natural ability
Embracing that freezing blow
Gorgeous shower of flaky snow
And the scarcity of thunder storms
All set for the Winter to begin
May we sing "ode to Autumn"
The unpredictable behaviour
of your own
Makes us realize, you are above all

- Susi Abeynanda



Dreams can be harbingers
of better times
They are the fathers of reality
To plain sentences they
add the best rhymes

The waterfall

Perched steadfast on the steep rockyhill
Stands a stupendous waterfall,
Engulfed in salubrious and
picturesquesurroundings
Flowing its waters in stages,
Resembling the long tresses of a maiden
Combing her lustrous wavy hair.
The laughter of a bevy of girls
equalsto the ripples of its gushing waters;
Little cascade, you are unique
andbreathtaking.

- Yasmin Jaldin

Go away

Once I said, come again
A nice wind blew slowly again
Once it said, Go Away
So it went away, there was nothing to say
What was the raison d' tre for disliking me?
I still search my letter for this scrabble puzzle
Wind never came again, what must the reason be?
I still sat on my rock, coz' my mind's a muzzle
Wind blew malignantly, at last eyes we met
But it wouldn't last, it blew without a word
Once across me, where we firstly met
Insane, finally I got it; it was a malfunctioned sword

- Shavindi Ediriarachchi