

Ithaca

When you set out on your journey to Ithaca,
pray that the road is long,
full of adventure, full of knowledge.
The Lestrygonians and the Cyclops,
the angry Poseidon – do not fear them:
You will never find such as these on your path,
if your thoughts remain lofty, if a fine
emotion touches your spirit and your body.
The Lestrygonians and the Cyclops,
the fierce Poseidon you will never encounter,
if you do not carry them within your soul,

if your soul does not set them up before you.

Pray that the road is long.
That the summer mornings are many, when,
with such pleasure, with such joy
you will enter ports seen for the first time;
stop at Phoenician markets,
and purchase fine merchandise,
mother-of-pearl and coral, amber and ebony,
and sensual perfumes of all kinds,
as many sensual perfumes as you can;

visit many Egyptian cities,
to learn and learn from scholars.

Always keep Ithaca in your mind.
To arrive there is your ultimate goal.
But do not hurry the voyage at all.
It is better to let it last for many years;
and to anchor at the island when you are old,
rich with all you have gained on the way,
not expecting that Ithaca will offer you riches.

Ithaca has given you the beautiful voyage.
Without her you would have never set out on the road.
She has nothing more to give you.

And if you find her poor, Ithaca has not deceived you.
Wise as you have become, with so much experience,
you must already have understood what these Ithacas
mean.

- Constantine Cavafy

Gypsy woman

Passionate dances around blazing bonfires
Hazel brown eyes reflect a sparkling delight
She sways the tinkling arms from side to side
Her silhouette dances to Gypsy musical beats
Melodious songs release through quivering lips
Dexterous fingertips play tunes on metal strings
Mellow musical beats flow through rhythmically
Perpetual echoes of sweet songs slightly spread
Genuine words of kindness is an endless rapture
Appearance of her elegance captures mass attention
Attentively read palms and briefly fortells ones fate
Willingly gets ready to expose the unknown future
Endless wanders from one place to another
Slumberous thoughts seeking a new break
Restless nights without having comforts
Her reckless life struggles for survival

- Hemakumar Nanayakkara

A blurred 2011

The year went by in a blur,
Didn't see the beginning, middle or the end.
Days went by with a moment's flutter
To see we round the year's bend.
I seemed to have driven at 100km/h
Because I don't seem to remember the spaces whizzing by.
But there were moments I stopped and climbed to the top of the tower
Because the clouds I could see with my eye.
The perfume of love was sprayed throughout
And I felt the sun's rays as I flew about.
Care for cheap perfume, I did not
Because I was walking, showing my way out.

- Bhagya Senaratne

Drop of love

When a tear drops from your eye,
A drop of blood falls from my heart
Aren't you the one in my eye, Kannamma?
Isn't my life all yours?
Burden-bearer of time, you have borne me on your breast
And wiped off my tears, in that deed my misery disappears
So what if I have a thousand relations like the leaves of a banyan tree?
You were always my root, and so I stood without falling.
On a bed of stone even with no cover on me
I was left to sleep like a madman because of my child.
I have children for namesake and relations for conversation
But who knows what I need?
Only a Goddess like you will know ...
When a tear drops from your eye,
A drop of blood falls from my heart

- Mahakavi Bharathiyaar

Looking toward the horizon far and wide,
a gentle breeze is created,
by waves as they splash against, white sugary sand,
- Mac McGovern

