

Contentment

Man is never content in life,
desire is his motto;
When he has a million he craves to increase
it to billions;
Man's desire is never complete it is insatiable;
It is the root and enemy of one's unhappiness
Which brings him more woes, grief and remorse,
Contentment is virtuous which brings
happiness and peace.

- YASMIN JALDIN

Appeal against death

When DEATH knocks on the door
This is a tale of an average man;
Who acts contrary to God's plan;
If you are reflected here in;
Then repent and commit no sin.
It was early one morning at four:
When death knocked upon a bedroom door;
Who's there? the sleeping one screamed;
"I'm Angel of death! please let me inside!"
At once the man began to shiver;
As one sweating in deadly fear;
He shouted to his snoring wife;
"Don't let him take my life"
"Please go away, oh Angel of Death!"
Leave me alone, I'm not ready yet;
My family depend on me;
Give me a chance, oh please,"

The Angel knocked again and again;
"Friend I will take your life without pain
It's your soul that God doth require;
I come not with my own desire!"
Bewildered the man began to cry;
"Oh Angel, I'm so afraid to die;
I will give you gold and be your slave;
Please don't send me to the unlit grave"
"Let me in oh friend!" the Angel said;
Open the door and get-up from the bed;
If you don't allow me in soon,
I'll walk in like divine moon."
The man held a gun in his right hand;
Ready to defy the Angels stand.
I will point my gun towards your head.
Still if you dare come in, I will shoot you dead.
By now the Angel was in the room;
Man said "Oh friend prepare for your doom"
"Foolish man, Angels never die,
Put down your gun and do not sigh,"
Why are you so afraid tell me oh man,
To die according to God's plan?
Come smile at me, do not be grim.
Be happy to return to him.
Oh Angel, I bow my head in shame,
I had no time to thank God's name,
From morn till dusk, made my wealth,
Not even caring for my health.
God's command I never obeyed,
Not a day I ever prayed;
All charities I did ignore,
Taking usury more and more.
So please give me a chance;
To prepare me in advance;
Oh Angel, I appeal to you,
Spare my life for a year or two.
I'm afraid, this moment id your last;
Now be reminded, more of your past;
I do understand of your fears,
But it is too late for tears.
Paradise for you? I cannot tell,
Undoubtedly you will dwell in hell;
There is no time to repent;
I'll take your soul, for which I'm sent.
The ending however is sad,
Eventually the man became mad,
With a cry he jumped from his bed;
And suddenly, he fell dead.
Oh Reader! Take a moral from here
Never know, your end may be near,
Change your living and make amends;
For heaven on your deeds depends

- M N KAIYOOM



If there were only water amongst the rock
Dead mountain mouth of carious teeth that cannot spit
Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit
There is not even silence in the mountains
But dry sterile thunder without rain
- T S Eliot (The Wasteland)

My eternal friend

I have never seen Him,
But I'm trying to see him in myself.
Though the light keeps growing dim
He says "I'm in yourself".
I will find Him someday,
He has promised me that.
But I will have to wait a long day,
Until I achieve that.
His dark eyes will twinkle,
Like the thousand stars in heaven's skies.
Eternal love, his face shall sparkle,
Each time I fall on my way, He sighs.
He has wisdom,
That no man knows.
He owns a great kingdom,
Where every good man shall go.
But I know He is more glorious,
His image, an image of love victorious.
It is not a lie,
When I say these are facts I cannot deny.
He is far greater than anyone,
And above us all.
He is inviting me to join Him,
And I shall obey His call.
He is my sole advisor,
My major dream,
He's always, always by my side,
When I feel like a scream!
He sacrificed His life for me,
Crucified on the cross.
He gave us heaven's key,
But now it is covered with moss.
He gave us His own body and blood,
Gave us eternal life.
But we of the Earth,
Pierced him with a knife.
He was the Word,
And the Word was made flesh.
He has undying love,
For our herd.
I cannot repay what he has done for me,
But I'm trying my best,
Trying hard to see,
Till I achieve eternal rest.
He will come down once more,
On Judgement Day,
Where justice shall be done,
No matter what they say.
This poem is dedicated to you Lord Jesus,
My whole life and being,
My guiding light;
But most of all, my Eternal Friend.

- SACHIKA SAPARAMADU

She will come and hold my hand
Before my soul gets lost in dark
Someday somewhere I'll meet her
Till that day
I will be singing with my
dreams of love
But still I haven't seen her serene face
Even in my twinkling dreams
May be she is still coming
From a far away world...

Yet,
I'll hold this novel love
Which came from
somewhere I never knew
Till I see her eyes....

- UMESH MORAMUDALI

Till
she
comes

On leaving the Kandyan country

Fair land of the hill and torrent
May the sun and the rain and the air,
Help Nature, the bounteous Mother
To make thee, if maybe, more fair.
And you at the plough and the sickle,
Who work in the garden and field,
And wait through the long months of trial
For the food which your harvest must yield.
May Ceres, the Goddess of Plenty,
Fill your gardens all bursting with grain;
May you lie amidst love and contentment,
And know naught of sorrow or pain.
God grant I may sojourn amongst you
Once more in the years still to come,
To show how the glories of labour
Can illumine the hearth and the home.

- L E BLAZE AND CARL MULLER

An epitaph

Breathes
there the man, with soul so dead,
Who
never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land.
- (Scott)
'Twas the same that our healthy forests
Were stripped off of their age old trees.
Unlawful tunnels and pits you made
To unearth gems in Mother Nature's womb.
Deep sighs she heaved
hot tears rolled down.
To see her own children ruining the world
Your purse swelled with rupees and dollars
What was the outcome? Terrible indeed.
Droughts, torrents and unprecedented landslides
Destroyed the dwellings, took away some lives.
How can you peacefully sleep underneath?
When irreparable loss had accounted for your deeds?

- LALITHA SOMATHILAKA

Chalk

Chalk comes to us in colours gay;
Thus helps young and old their thoughts
It's a piece of chalk that gives delight portray
To a little child his thoughts enlighten.
In whatever walk of life you be;
To be well and fit chalk helps you see
With chalk in hand one can go
Down memory lane and enjoy so
What more? At down the rising of the sun
The birds that sing - not one
Each flower that daily bloom
Bright colours display - Dispel gloom.
Field and forests vale and mountain
Flashing sea and flowing fountain
With chalk in hand we can vividly tell
The Greatness of HIM who made all things well

- NORMA PERERA