

The sky blue strengthens slowly,
Glazed with hues of orange and red.
Slowly as the earth revolves,
The sun lifts up its head.

- Jacqui Thornton



End of sojourn

Days and years pass by
Day came near to say good bye
I am in the sixth stage of a man
Though I don't like it, it's said in "As you like it"
Now I think of Shakespeare the great
Who said what is life is all about
Begin with infant, then to school, love,
Be a soldier and then a justice
I am sans my teeth, eyes and taste
And nothing with me to talk great
I am feeble, sick and infirm
And a step away from the seventh stage
I am degenerated to second childhood
As I have failed to walk, eat, drink and talk
My survival depends on others
As a stick stuck on muddy waters
The physical shut down is roaming in me
Values and beliefs I cherished have left me
I now bid adieu to the life I spent
On the universe that I never hate
My body was taken to the undertakers
The casket my body was placed was made of oak
It is only the varnish that made it oak
But the timber was mango plank
Body was brought home at seven o'clock
Liquor was there round the clock
Rounds of laughter and gossip galored
Only I did not drink as I was dead
Funeral took place at Kanatte fame
With a gathering difficult to name
Ladies who wept for sorrow
Were feared of the colours applied thorough
For those who were there it was another funeral
Some were in tears and most of them not
This is how everybody born to this earth
End their sojourn in life after birth

-J NAGODAVITHANA

I will smile...

High mountains...
Heart says hard to climb
But I won't give up
Need to climb
To feel the wonder of life

Road is with a lot bumps
Heart says I will fall
But can't go back
Need to walk
Till I reach that destination

Hard vessels will come
Heart says ship of life will sunk
But can't turn back
I want
To fight with waves
Comes against me
Till I stand as a big giant among them

Then,
I will dream
About a tomorrow when I fly
As a free bird in far away sky
But I'll not let my eyes to cry
Even my heart is almost dry
Till I find my life
I will decorate
The path of life with smiles...

- UMESH MORAMUDALI

'Tabebua'

At this time of year
Those towering trees
Their lilac blossoms drape
Super-abundantly.
Edging the city routes
Studding the suburbs
Against the azure
Of a tropical sky,
Adding splendour to the landscape.
Their pastel shade of beauty
Breathlessly alluring,
Evoking indescribable feeling of wonderment
Over their quite beauty;
Snowing down
Their dainty lilac petals,
Carpeting the drab grey pavements
Or embossing the turf
With their lilac droppings.
A brief profusion of ethereal blossoms
That flutter to the ground
As all things in nature must.
No matter – they stir the heart
They evoke gladness – which sufficeth.
Would that our lives
Likewise brief
Evoke gladness ere they flutter away.

-JEANNETTE CABRAAL

A PROMISE

A new era has
dawned,
With the skies blue;
Oceans blue as ever,
And cheers,
Smiling faces,
Fears gone.
The son of the south;
Our Saviour.....
Is here.....
Oh! Mother Lanka;

He is here for us,
We are with him,
Under one flag.
Prostrated to God;
For this day,
Ever we will be,
As the children,
Of our mother,
Loving Mother Lanka.

- M N KAIYOOM

Apocalyptic infestation

Fungus Merrymaking
With chivalric viral cells
And plotting
The apocalypse...
Soft hands
running havoc
And ruining heart cells,
Blood cells fuming
And burning in fear
Lamenting....

The zombification at full throttle...

As she
Starts to tie her knot
Around his veins,
blood cells shrieking in rage
burning...
As she
Stopped watering,
the budding cells
Withering in turmoil,
boiling, pepper added,
heart boiling
riveting and dying,
yet living

Yearning to die
Yet living,
Even as they tortured,
Crying in anguish,
Screaming,
Yet living,
At full throttle
Zombification revolting
And blood-transitioning...

As it gained
Pace, wrinkling
In torturous pain,
His half-zombified soul
Prayed,

"I am done with mind games
No need for lame fames,
just stop fuming flames
ferociously pacify
them with kerosene manes,
just let me be zombified
and be dead
or do a heart-transfusion
and incarcerate me
in adamantium reins"

- SHASHENDRA AMALSHAN