

A window to look through

She watches through her window, her little girl at play.
Memories flood back to her childhood, of her yesterdays

As she tucks her gift into bed, and kisses her precious face
She says a prayer of protection, "Lord keep my child safe."

And as days turn months into years, she sees her little girl grow
She begins to realize that a time will come, the time when she must let go

Suddenly she hears a gentle voice-- saying, "No greater love is this,
Than what you've done for your little girl, go seal it with a kiss."

"Honey I want to kiss your face, but I know I can't by phone
While looking through your bedroom window, I began to feel alone."

"So many days through this very window, I'd watch you laugh and play
And I can almost see you tucked in bed, on those nights we'd talk and pray."

"Mom," her daughter uttered, "There's something I want to say..
You may not know how many times, I saw you watch me play."

"That window that you're looking through, is the same one
God looked in He saw you by my bed each night, when you'd tenderly tuck me in."

"So mom please don't feel all alone, you know I'll always be there..
Just like God is with you now, no matter the time, or place or where."

Her mother paused and then replied, "Sweetheart I know you're right..
You're grown, married and have a child, that you now tuck in at night."

"Mom, I better go now, I have some things I better do"
Her mom replied, "I know it dear, you've got a window to look through."

- Brian G Jett

Solemn truth

Nobody to speak;
None to ease;
Days and days.....
Passed still my eyes are wet;
Tears shield them, or it too will be blind;
Want to scream and cry;
No words, and the lips are so dry;
Struggling to cover with a maiden face;
Smile in the face, not in the eyes;
Even the heart throbs and beats at a rate;
No one can feel or hear;
Everybody say I'm a happy blessed lad.

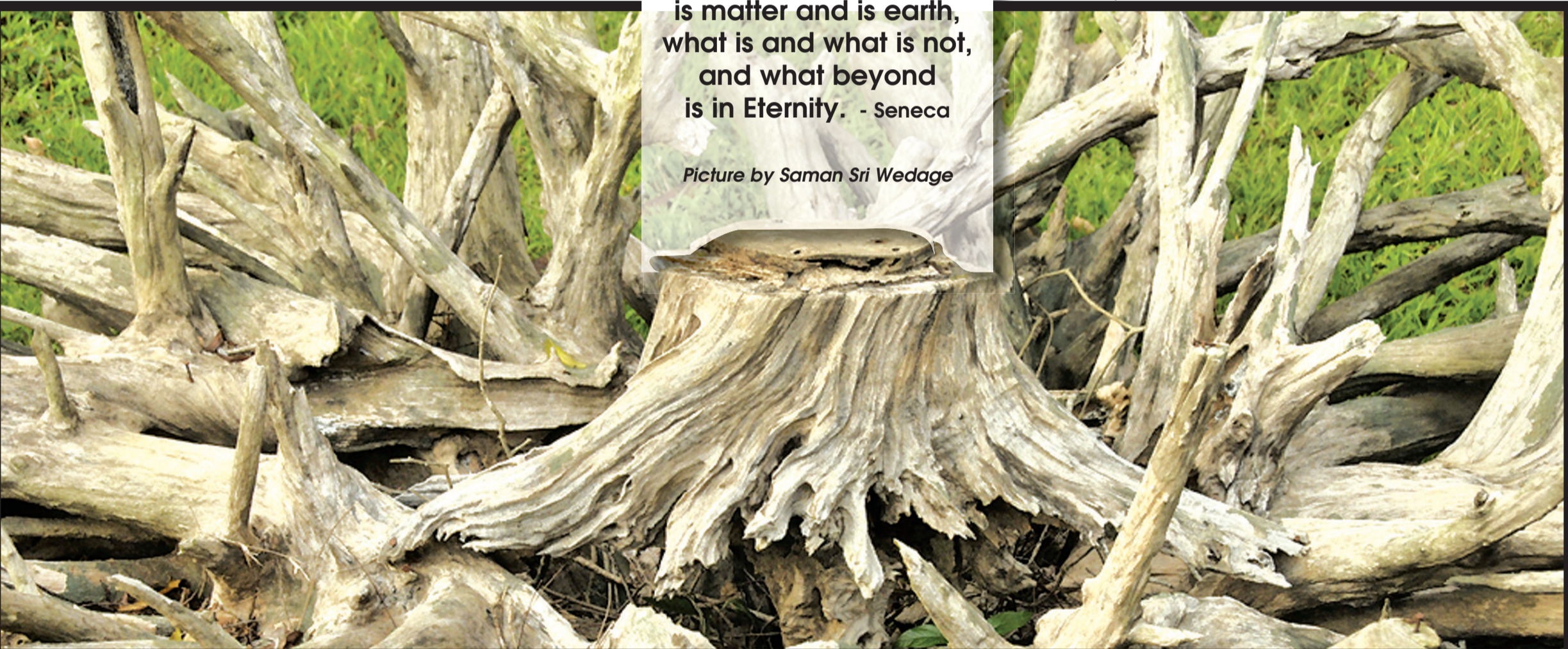
God knows my plight;
I share it with him day and night.
- M N KAIYOOM

**Life is the fire that burns
and the sun that gives
light. Life is the wind
and the rain and the
thunder in the sky. Life
is matter and is earth,
what is and what is not,
and what beyond
is in Eternity. - Seneca**

Picture by Saman Sri Wedage

The final flight

We know not when the hour or day
The final flight will come our way
Every man on this earth who trudge,
The day will come when he must budge
Though this unavoidable flight he got to face;
Unconcerned; Collection goes on at a furious pace
Cupboards filled with clothes and what not
Jewellery, trinkets as such an attachment got
Books, letters, photos for sentimental reasons
Collected throughout during many seasons,
Accumulated through months and years
All that stored and hoarded as souvenirs.
At the departure lounge as they tarry
Wonder they how this to carry?
By the strict rule they must abide,
Excess luggage must be left aside
Empty handed came they that day
Empty handed must now fly away,
No baggage none, let's travel light
Happy and content on the final flight.
- Norma Perera



To an ordained mother

I often see you in my dreams covered with your saffron robe.
Your eyes brimming with love and compassion I never can ignore.
And for a minute my heart starts bleeding, I wish that you were here.
For I cannot still presume, that you've left us forever.
How I'd like to see you everyday and nurse you when you're ill
I wish that you are with me at home until we hear the knell.
Like a polished shell, your bald head shines anew
However could you confiscate, that lovely mane you owned
I still feel its fragrance, and then I hear your words.
"It will soon turn grey and fall, what beauty would then be left?"
My father's untimely death, made your life a burden
How well you bore it then, I cannot yet imagine.
"My duties I've fulfilled, I've realized the truth,
Let me shorten my voyage, to "Nirvana" that pleasant meadow."
Your parting words echo in my ears, deeply I sigh at them
Let you find what you wish for yourself, let me console myself.

- Lalitha Somathilaka

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

Courier from hell

Malevolent Mosquito
you give us no respite
from your vicious sting
day and night.
Dengue Malaria Filariasis
are dreaded diseases
you carry and spread.
Your inimitable song
can turn into a dirge
causing untold sadness.
Impossible to eradicate
you have outsmarted man
to survive and propagate.
Malevolent Mosquito
it must be the Devil himself
who sent you to Earth
to torment us humans.

- Chitra Premaratne - Stuiver