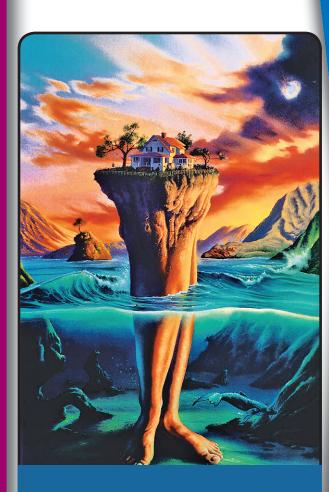
Still of the night

Moonlight falls over the mountains Coolness spreads throughout the air Silky clouds sail gently across the sky **Moon River flows** into the dark night Houses and streets Gardens and fields Mountains and lakes **Bathe in Moon water Droplets of dew** drizzle from the sky Like tiny crystals sprinkle from above A touch of freshness embraces the world Miracally enlivening mudane lives on earth Stars brightly twinkle all over the sky Like hundreds of flowers blooming to spy Continuously twinkle throughout the night Beautifully illuminating the midnight sky Streets stand empty from dusk till dawn Lamp posts glow all night long House lights gleam scattered dim flickers Spreading a kind of hush in the still of the night...

- Hemakumar Nanayakkara



The sky is that beautiful old parchment in which the sun and the moon keep their diary. - Alfred Kreymborg

Home thoughts for loved ones abroad

As festive times loom ahead, not too distant, Thoughts of parents turn to loved ones, far away, Longing for their sight, their voice, their touch, To fill two voids..... their hearts.... and fears allay. They yearn to reach them across vacant skies, And restless spreads of blue-green water in turmoil.... Not much unlike their own two hearts, in grief, That languish day and night ceaseless, in travail.... When joyous voices and riotous revelry, Wafted across the air, reach the ears Of parents, sitting around, lost in thought, In desolate homes, silent and, in tears. - M B Mathmaluwe

Sunday

A chill of November ran down my spine As I trudged along the roads wet of rain Gently and slowly watching my foot every step Behind a footprint of loneliness I left With a drop of mud splashing up me l embraced the dreary morning sky Faraway I heard a hymn of a song And clapping and tapping away But then a whimper and more whimpers Clouded my ear to the right of me A man went on his last journey I watched a flow of tears go past Then grabbed a seat on a nearby bench still wet And rubbed my cold hands warm and blew I coughed and someone coughed with me A look of surprise grew on me as I looked An old gentleman puffing his pipe And then slid it back into his mouth

"Excuse me," he said and folded a newspaper Across the street a homeless man Kept swearing at passersby while his dog begged

I took an eye back on the gentleman "Life happens everyday," he said again And smiled to himself but I was confused Then took out his walking stick and got up to leave

- Amila Jayasinghe

Dreaming to fly

Feeling alone amidst different kind of faces Feeling alone.. like a lost butterfly after loosing its little wings trying hard to fly fighting hard with fate there will be lovely stars that sing sweet songs Yet reaching to that stars will be a far away dream by the storms that blow time and time again will disturb that incomplete dream

Wind of freedom won't feel even pray for a whole spring but will try again and again to fly and reach that stars.

- Umesh Moramudali

Wedding dreams

He screams of disturbances; Feels angry and mad; She blames him everyday; As ignoring her ways. They've not got time; To understand each other; Just two photographs decide the game; Now finds difficult to continue the same. A child is born in several month; Household work overflow her day; Commitment grown as unknown No time to sit and correspond. Life becomes tensed; With unrelaxed minds; Love and fond disappears; Duty creeping in despair. Both realize the imaginations And dreams about the fairy tale; Marriage is only a bond of understanding; Compromising and scarifies. People learn this in the latter part; Most wedding dreams vanish; With the wedding fading the days to come; With loads of responsibilities; And man live life as proclaimed as husband and wife. - M N Kaiyoom