

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
I 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 to eat

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