

All along the untrodden paths of the future, I can see the footprints of an unseen hand. Boyle Roche Picture by Lalith C Gamage

Threads

Here I am! Seated
On my cosy armchair
Setting free the tangled
Threads of my life
While going down the
Past pathway of life
Here I see the vibrant
Blue of the lake water
Where I paddled
As a child
The white uniform
With the tie and badge
Of my carefree schooldays
This silvery sequined
Gown of my first
Dance as a teenager
The glossy gold of
my wedding saree
The florid red of
My going away saree
The pastel shades of
Pink and blue
Of the baby suits of
My children as babies
The numerous cushion
Covers and pillow cases
Embroidered with
Multicoloured flowers
Birds and animals
Thus I go down the
past setting free
The tangled threads
- Indrani Karandawala Wijesinghe



The only wish

I never wished to be
a lonely sparrow
that lives in a luxurious
golden cage
I never wished to be
a strong eagle
that flies across the
clear blue sky

I never wished to be
a brawny lion
that reigns the kingdom
of wild animals
I never wished to be
the sunshine
that has lost its
lustrous glow

I never wished to be
a high mountain
that has no beautiful
pelting cascades
I never wished to be
the deep blue sea
that has no precious
pearls at its bottom

I never wished to be
the morning dew
that spills away from
a dangling rose
I never wished to be
the silver tears
that fall from your
sparkling eyes

I only wished to be
a golden memory
that always remains
in your mind...
- Hemakumar Nanayakkara

Envyng poets

Poets who parade as great thinkers
Frequenting five star hotels
They never trudge long-distance
Giving tuition to wealthy students,
As they are assured of a cosy life
They need not seek jobs
For their sustenance
Oh! poets you are having a gala time
Some pay handsomely
for your evocative poems
They do not wait till poets die
To evaluate their true worth
I am simply envying great poets
Who can easily pay their dues
And live in their dream-world
Surely they do not have
"Occupations"
In this lively world
Where graft and craft
Go hand in hand
Oh! poets am I seeing
A tear drop in your eyes
Surely it must be my own imagination
Because poets
Who immortalize the beauty
of this world
Simply won't cry
In contrast they always
Have a good time
I wish I too can be a poet
And live a cosy life.

- Ranjan Amarasinghe

GOLDEN DAYS

Just with books;
Friends and games;
No worries, no blames;
Sings as a Nightingale;
Runs as a deer;
Sleeps as a hedgehog;
Day and night the same;
Mom dad by the side;
Siblings to laugh and fight;
School, college, around the clock;
joyous weekends at home and out;
Friends and relations visit on and off.
At eighteen love crept in;
Sleepless nights, fairy thoughts;
Far away from reality;
An imaginary life so fine;
Heart blooms, and blooms;
Enjoying every bit so warm.
Twenties marriage came;
Children born, day so short;
No time for thoughts;
Busy weekends of work;
Worries piles throughout;
Heart burns and burns;
Darker days falls in quiet

- M N KAIYOOM