

But these are flowers that fly and all but sing:
And now from having ridden out desire
They lie closed over in the wind and cling
Where wheels have freshly sliced the April mire. ~Robert Frost, *Blue-Butterfly Day*
Picture by Saman Sri Wedage

The birds

I look at the birds that dwell on the sky
With happy songs fluttering with the breeze
With colorful feathers, eyes and beaks,
Oh! Have I ever thought they are the angels?
Who are said to be live in heaven
Well, logically not incorrect.
They are soft, light, and beautiful
And everlastingly cheerful
Moreover they live above us all
Flying high always mingled with
the sweet odors of the flowers and fruits that
hidden on tree tops of windy far away moun-
tains,
they have no limits, and boundaries to live
their limit is the sky
believe me that they are the real angels
most privileged and most fortunate..

- Palitha Ranatunge

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

Father, I envy you

Father, I envy you
I envy your heart filled with kindness
Turbulences come and let you down
The philosophies make you depressed
You have read too many philosophies
None of them brings you any peace
They could not shatter your kind heart either...
Give me that, O father
Your kindness
Your kind heart
Father, I envy you.
- Janath Balasuriya

Darkness

The match is in full swing
Lights go off
Curses loud and profane
A Glass is smashed
Someone trips
Trying to light a lamp
Disappointment all round
As darkness makes everyone sad
The Telephone rings
It is from a friend
Blind from birth
He listens to our lament
For him darkness has no meaning
Neither is light
He is happy to be alive
To dream of things
He hears about but never seen
- Padmasiri de Silva

I, black

When I born, I black
When I grow up, I black
When I go in Sun, I black
When I scared, I black
When I sick, I black
And when I die, I still black
And you white fellow
When you born, you pink
When you grow up, you
white
When you go in sun, you red
When you cold, you blue
When you scared, you yellow
When you sick, you green
And when you die, you gray
And you calling me colored?

- An African kid
This poem was nominated by the
UN as the best poem of 2006.

I've had enough

Her head is heavy;
Blown, from the water in this broken levee;
Praying that God keeps this water steady;...
But it flowed into the river of annoyance already;
Can't stand it, every day she puts me down;
The sounds, of pain echo the town;
And I hear it, Finally the wire broke,
When I wrote; the note;
That put a lump in my throat;
It read, dear friend,
You're callus and you're mean;
You do things I've never seen;
Claiming that your mien,
That you're royal like a queen;
That it's all in the genes;
Pacing walking to your theme;
Looking down on me it seems;
You say whatever your heart deems;
With no consequences from me;
But when I tell you to shut up;
It fills that empty cup;
Your emotions just erupt;
And now I've had enough;
Every word you misconstrue it;
And when I joke it's "no don't do it"
My friendly tone you just abuse it;
Don't forget that we're all earthly;
We all bleed and we get thirsty;
And I don't need someone that hurts me;
No more bowing, no more curtsy;
You're not worthy;
You overestimate your worth to me;
- Carlos Ramirez

Last farewell

The tragic victim of a road accident
my closest and dearest friend
lay dying on a cold hospital bed
eyes closed, inert, unresponsive
drifting in and out of consciousness.
I stood by her bedside
benumbed with grief.
Instinctively,
I began stroking her face gently
while I sang 'Last Farewell'
a song we both loved.
When she heard my low voice
singing the nostalgic tune
she opened her beautiful eyes
looked at me for an instant
before closing them again.
The flash of recognition in her look
and the tender smile playing on her lips
tempered the bitterness of an untimely loss
and helped to ease the sorrow of parting.
- Chitra Premaratne Stuiver