

## LOVE

Is an explanation,  
To get from others,  
Feels you feel,  
This abstract combination.  
But it is not true,  
You expect from others,  
To make you feel,  
Loveable and valuable.  
You stand with ego,  
Thinking it as less status,  
If you express first,  
So wait for situations.  
To get others express it,  
So its only expectation,  
more than care or share,  
For your ultimate satisfaction.  
It's hard to believe,  
As no selfishness,  
Because one doesn't bother,  
If you hurt other.  
It's only a worldly desire,  
To gain impression,  
To make others mad,  
And watch with dignified expression.

- M N Kaiyoom

Freedom has its life in the hearts,  
the actions, the spirit of men and  
so it must be daily earned and  
refreshed - else like a flower cut  
from its life-giving roots, it will  
wither and die.

~ Dwight D. Eisenhower  
Picture by Lalith C Gamage

## Lost, and not found!

In these cascading tears  
I try to find a little part of your love  
which made me live  
and now makes me get lost..  
My cheeks were moisten  
by the memories of someone special  
Those little eyes I thought were innocent  
but they aren't  
She is no longer mine  
My soul is lost  
among the words you have written  
I can't find the place  
Where I belong...

- Umesh Moramudali

## Reminiscing

Linger in mind, he does  
Hold him or not, I know not.  
In my hand your hands entwined,  
Is what I see, night after night.  
I had you once and I let you go,  
You're back again, I shouldn't let you go.  
Give more time, my mind shouts,  
Take the chance, my heart screams out.

- Bhagya Senaratne

## Heaven can wait

The stars in the sky are less than  
The scars in my heart she makes  
Dark in the night is brighter than  
The mark, she left back with her absence  
Trees in the woods are less dense than  
The hairs of her that I preen with care  
Lightning may melt thousand candles  
But her smile is the only matchstick that melts me  
My heart beat sounds louder than thunder  
When she comes closer to me  
I can sense the heaven's license  
One and only in her silence  
Fate of the moon is to go around the world  
But since she is my world I am going around that moon  
Fate of the sun is to go blind in the night  
But since I am blind of love I never shun her out of my sight  
Dream may sometimes take me to heaven  
when I am sleeping  
But my dream girl can always take me to heaven  
when I am seeing her sleeping  
Death may put me to sleep  
And makes my life never  
Still my grave will be a cradle  
Where my love lives for her ever  
Let my love & me wait for her there  
Let the grasses on the grave grow in to trees  
Let her come and consecrate with her tears  
Till then, Heaven can wait with out fear

- Sivakumaran Godhandapani

## Silver grey hair

I saw on my head some silvery streaks  
Glistening here and there.  
What do they decipher? I asked myself  
Should I be happy or sad?  
Like King Makhadeva who denounced his throne  
Seeing a grey hair on his head  
Should I leave home and wear the robes  
Start to pray and meditate?  
Trembling I was for I heard the death knell  
I'm reaching the winter of my life.  
A voice within me calmed me down  
'Think more rationally,' it said.  
What you had seen, what you had learnt  
When journeying through your life.  
Had made you wise, had made you cultured  
Gray hairs are the symbols of them.  
The good you had done, the mistakes you had made  
The silver grey hairs would know  
As time goes on you'd find more streaks  
Never cry or fret.  
The silvery hair, a symbol of wisdom  
Do not feel shy and tint,  
Let them shine, proud you should be

- Lalitha Somathilake

## Do not stand at my grave and weep

Do not stand at my grave and weep,  
I am not there;  
I do not sleep.  
I am a thousand winds that blow,  
I am the diamond glints on snow,  
I am the sun on ripened grain,  
I am the gentle autumn rain.  
When you awaken in the morning's hush  
I am the swift uplifting rush  
Of quiet birds in circling flight.  
I am the soft star-shine at night.  
Do not stand at my grave and cry,  
I am not there;  
I did not die.

- Mary Elizabeth Frye

