



**A dreamer is one who can only find
his way by moonlight, and his punishment
is that he sees the dawn before
the rest of the world.**

- Oscar Wilde

Silent heart

You've become the reason
For me to start a day
I've got no other person
Who makes me feel this way

Even though you got somebody
It doesn't stop my heart from loving you anyway
I'm just a nobody...to you
Cuz you don't even know my name or face
This love is just one way....

The day I laid my eyes on you...
Something happened to me just seconds after
I tried to handle myself the way I usually do...
But your presence just took me over...

I wonder why I can't seem to sleep
Ever after knowing you're someone's sweet
I want to sleep and not weep
My mind is going weak
Each time I don't hear that beep

I want to tell you three words
Straight from my heart...but
Something inside tells me that
Those three words could be the
Last words I'll ever share with you...

I don't want to lose you...
But my heart can't take the pain...
I turn around ... you're with her...
I just can't figure it out...
Why I just can't walk away...

- DEMI HEWAMANNA

A POPPY

November eleventh reminds us,
To wear a poppy, contribute to a cause,
Long before it was a symbol of myths,
Of sleep, death and eternal peace.
Sleep, the drowsiness as extracted from opium,
Death- the blood colour of the red poppy,
Peace-used on tombstones symbolize eternal peace.
Even man believed the bright scarlet signifies
a promise of resurrection.
But today we wear a poppy,
To remember the Flanders fields,
The most deadliest and bloodiest fighting
of the First World War,
Where Belgium was a complete devastation.
Buildings, roads, bridges and trees,
And nature simply disappeared,
Once homes and farms were,
Remained only the graves of dead in uncountable.
Only living thing that survived that destruction,
Was the eye catching poppies in acres,
Fluttering and gazing the barren European lands,
Covered with a carpet of flesh and blood.
So just spare a few coins these days,
And wear a poppy to remind the valuable lives,
That were sacrificed by the sons and daughters
for World Peace,
Which you and me enjoy today,
tomorrow and everyday.

- M N KAIYOOM

Growth

The seed to grow inside
The first strand begins to weave,
By day it is enlarged and strengthened
Safe and cosy
It won't stop at the end of nine months
It struggles hard day and night
With warmth and compassion
This is the most efficient craftsman-found
In this universe
The web of life is woven
With such care and commitment
Your offspring.

KUMARI WEERASOORIYA