

Dawn of a new era

I hear the peals of the temple bells and the gong of the church bell yonder hill,
Everyone is contemplating to usher in Two Thousand and Thirteen, the New Year;
I am seated here under the fig tree reminiscing the last events of yester year.
Two Thousand and Twelve was a mixture of happiness and sorrow,
Some rejoiced, some had woes and pain whilst some hoped for a better tomorrow.
The world was agog fearing a doomsday; Nay!, predictions were mistaken,
The world would evolve a further thousand years.
Tis' only another ten minutes to go, the curtain would fall, another year gone,
Goodbye old year and a dawn of a New Year.

- YASMIN JALDIN

Lice and lies

Hardly there will be
A woman without lice
Rarely there will be
A person who speaks not lies.
The life of the lice
Will always be short.
So will be that of the lies.
There 'generation' will continue.
Openly move about the lice
But attack only a singly person.
Secretly live everywhere the lies
And ruin the life of everyone

- NAZLY CASSIM

My fragrant Hamlet

You my ever-young and beautiful Hamlet,
Provided me with a lying-in-home
Not like a modern maternity home
But a homely home,
Serenity of your amazing nature-surroundings
Bestowed on me with kindness motherly embraced
Dilation of rows of plants, circled you
Transplanted in me the energy fartherly gathered
Mildness of the wind in the sky above you
Enriched me with strength and self confidence
Your bubbly springs and fountains infiltrated
Its lucid spirit into me as fresh blood
Your tranquil and statuesque temples
Build me in-faith into my religion
Your magnificent and mighty mountain
Showed me my path and route,
No I'm away from you unfortunately
After a long journey, really a heavy marathon
And lodged in an uncertain attic in – a polluted town
Yet, breathing and smelling
Of your far-flung fragrance; it's my lifeblood.

- H D JAYASOORIYA

I love your hills and
I love your dales,
And I love your flocks a-bleating;
but oh, on the heather to lie together,
With both our hearts a-beating!

- John Keats