



My debt to you, Belovèd,
Is one I cannot pay
In any coin of any realm
On any reckoning day.

~ Jessie B. Rittenhouse

A change of heart

If this is just a crush,
So tell me how come it causes the pain,
If this is just a crush,
So tell me why your smile,
Still lives in my memory.

And....
When you had to choose
Between me and her,
You chose me to suffer,
You chose me to cry,
You chose me to break my heart.
Even this is just a crush
You finally,
Showed me what I really
meant to you!

- A K

Nostalgic retentions

Incandescent were my eyes, as 'lures' did arise,
Within my soul, remained outright surprise,
Maiden approaches, long, yearning for delight,
As 'stardust' entangled my burgeoning young life,
When 'you' touched my heart, it's deepest place inside,
Those "Nostalgic Retentions" – now, I adore with delight.

A 'carnival' in school, seemed a spectacular sight,
For, back then, we were yet to be exposed to better delight,
Sneaking out seemed to be a much greater fight,
So, this podium in school, seemed the best reachable right,
The plinth where "you" followed me, then your one-sided fight,
As the decades have passed – now, I yearn for that mere sight.

'Prefects', we were predictable specimens for the 'docile',
As juniors were soon to follow our trail, with all smiles,
Romances and dances seemed distant sunshine,
"Four eyes" met, and spoke, and played 'descants' – yet, with fright,
That's when you left a 'love note', in a book, alongside,
Where my mates and I displayed the 'human cell', we built with delight,
As freshmen in college, we structured this sequence, so bright,
An "exhibition" by day, that turned to a "fair" by night,
For a week we ran the show, to our mentor's great delight,
As funds did stream in, towards an auditorium alright,
Your glances and gestures sparked fires deep inside,
Yet, my restrained emotions, built a distance of harsh heights.

Lurking in the sky, time held its breath for you and I,
Followed those first meetings, some unwelcome long sighs,
You followed me each day, from the morning till night,
As I watched through your lenses, how 'love-struck' and uptight,
A young Medical Pupil, you forewent many a cry,
And my eyes flamed luxurious, in our soundless 'love plight',
My heart now sings louder, a song of 'benight'
For, "Nostalgic Retentions", smile with aching delight.

Time seemed to have flown in the blink of an eye,
We have travelled separate ways, built bridges, and tinted the skies,
Years elongated, where we forgot our once ties,
Distance erected discrete worlds for you and I,
Yet we both have now arrived, in a dreamlike junction in life,
Where old flames have begun to spur a flash in disguise,
You have refreshed, repeated and expressed your 'quixotic plight',
As the old poems you mailed, conveying love's magical light,
Though decades have passed, they bring back sparkling delight,
As each stanza of your's , still engrossed deep in my mind,
Pouring 'stardust', in my longing, to one day reunite,
As "Nostalgic Retentions" seem to burden my mind.

- Sunalie Ratnayake