

## On freedom's way

May the gentle winds of peace caress  
our beloved land  
May the soft swishing waters that lap the  
golden sands  
Speak softly of the magic that had held  
us together for years  
Sinhala, Tamil, Muslim, Malay,  
Burgher – sans fears, sans tears  
And as we unfurl the Banner once again  
Methinks the early magic once more  
reverberates  
Hope undying Hope – a nation's innate  
ardent wish  
Surfaces once more as the flag aloft so rich  
In inspiration declares;  
Spurn not this heritage  
Of amity love and peace that has  
been thy image.  
A noble freedom won; maintain the  
nobility thereof  
One people under this Banner of  
freedom that flies aloft

- JEANNETTE CABRAAL

## Realize

Man has lost all his morality  
Searching for dollars with high collars,  
No time to spare for love or care,  
But to leisure him with counting the dare.  
He has lost his sleep and health,  
Running behind wealth..... wealth,  
All what he earns are spent on bills,  
Especially phone and medicine to fill.  
He doesn't realize the reality till end,  
His ideology doesn't work well,  
Working all day without any fun,  
Ending up as a really sick one.  
Its true money make money,  
But it's also true money doesn't  
make any honey,  
At last all the game is so funny,  
Man end up as a real nanny.  
Time has gone, he is so old,  
Days have flown, he is bald,  
He's feeble he can't be bold,  
There are no interesting stories to be told.  
All he have done, have lost all funs,  
Now no money, far away from sons,  
Nothing to recall, all just puns,  
Silently sitting in a corner regretting the once.  
Time lost is never to be found again,  
Once gone, then everything is in rain,  
Old age comes nothing to gain,  
Anything last, are full of pain.  
So man! Use your money enjoy the day,  
There'll be someone to think you in his pray,  
You'll get a heart full of satisfaction to say,  
When death comes you'll have a lot to take it in  
your way

- M N KAIYOOM

## Mother reaps

Love and care,  
Kindness and tolerance,  
Are most sublime,  
To a mother.  
But you did not bother.  
What were your arrangement to me?  
What were your treatment to me?  
You thought about your social life,  
You were also not a dutiful wife.  
I remember well my childhood.  
My good days were mostly,  
confined to a hostel.  
I lacked your affection.  
Your warmth, your benediction.  
Your highly valued cosmetics,  
Made your appearance fantastic.  
Then, your highly priced dresses,  
Your decorated tresses.  
Your dashing walks,  
Your hurting talks,  
Still appear like a film,  
On the screen.  
There is a proverb that goes,  
That one will reap what one sows,  
Now you have realized it.  
You are in the Elders' Home.  
You refused to hear me.  
You totally reclused me.  
Nature awarded you accordingly.  
Yet I grappled against it,  
In a possible way.  
Prevented you counting,  
Your repenting days,  
In an Orphanage,  
In your old age.  
May you not suffer,  
In your next birth.  
As the mental torment,  
In the Elders' Home,  
is well meant.  
I need not fall into your category.  
I will only pray for your glory.

- NAZLY CASSIM

## Predicament!

What can be more agonizing  
than the sting of a vicious insect  
hiding inside the CEO's pants  
during a board meeting?  
It would be positively boorish  
to wiggle in his executive chair  
hoping to smash the intruder.  
A smaller fry could excuse himself  
make a beeline to the toilet  
pull down his pants and zap the creature.  
But alas! The mighty CEO has no option.  
He has got to grin and bear the sting!

- CHITRA PREMARATNE-STUIVER

**Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made,  
and forgot to put a soul into.**

**- Henry Beecher, Life Thoughts, 1858**