



Fairytale unwritten

I wish the time would never end,
As I sit in the train and try to comprehend.
Once I reach today's end,
Back to reality, not a thing to pretend.
Life's unknown scary bend
I know is there, but don't lament.
The path's not laden with tar and cement,
In the quest for the next holy sacrament.
The heart? Well, I have given away,
But not accepted, got thrown away.
To crumble to dust, it wasn't clay,
Hence scarred and bruised, still bleeding today.
Memories aren't as tasteless as hay,
Even with time, MINE won't decay.
Forget the heart, Princess Sugar-Ray,
It's all fate, didn't you they say?
Pretty faced? Smash the mirror!
Standing tall? Doesn't make you a winner.
Educated? Threatens domination.
No pill invented to prevent frustration.
My Prince Charming, oh where has he gone?
A fairy-tale is not yet written for my form.
H.C. Anderson, could anyone phone
And ask to deliver my fairy-tale home?
G.C. Priyangwada Perera

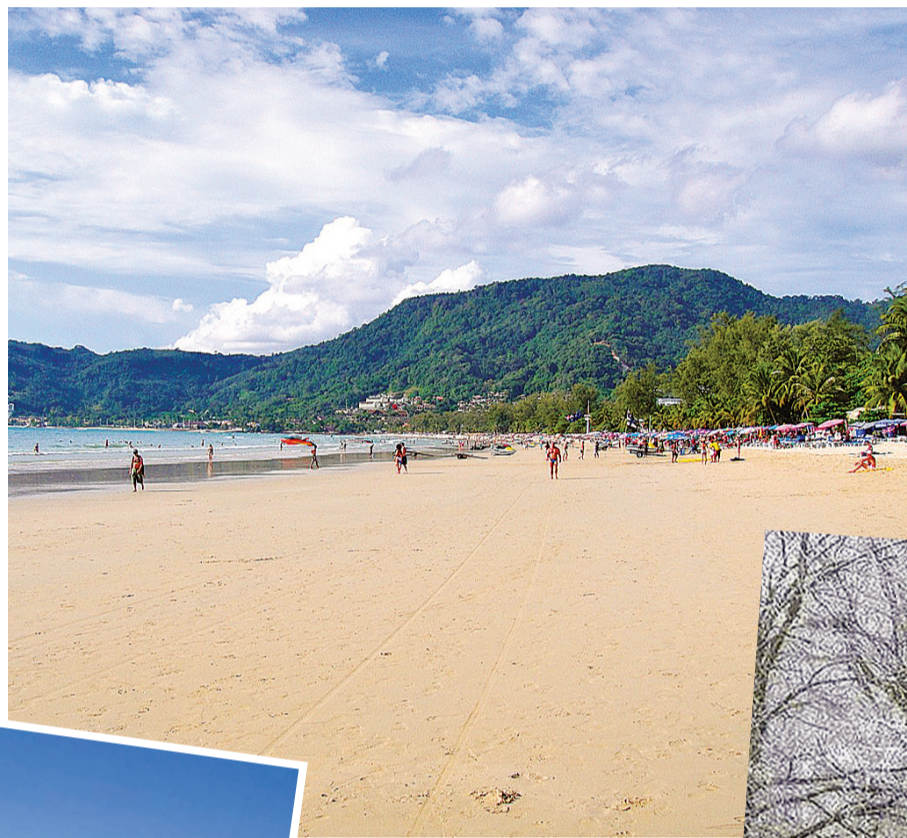


Life floats

With the wind that blows
from the end of the world
and I don't try to hold
I won't want to hold
so I let it float
after thousand of days and nights
after crossing seven seas to the right
life might find a star that bright
but will it be able to bring back lost light ?
may be it will find a place to feel like home
just like Juliet Caesar feels at Rome
wait and wait till a day comes
when i can say silently I reached my home
Umesh Moramudali

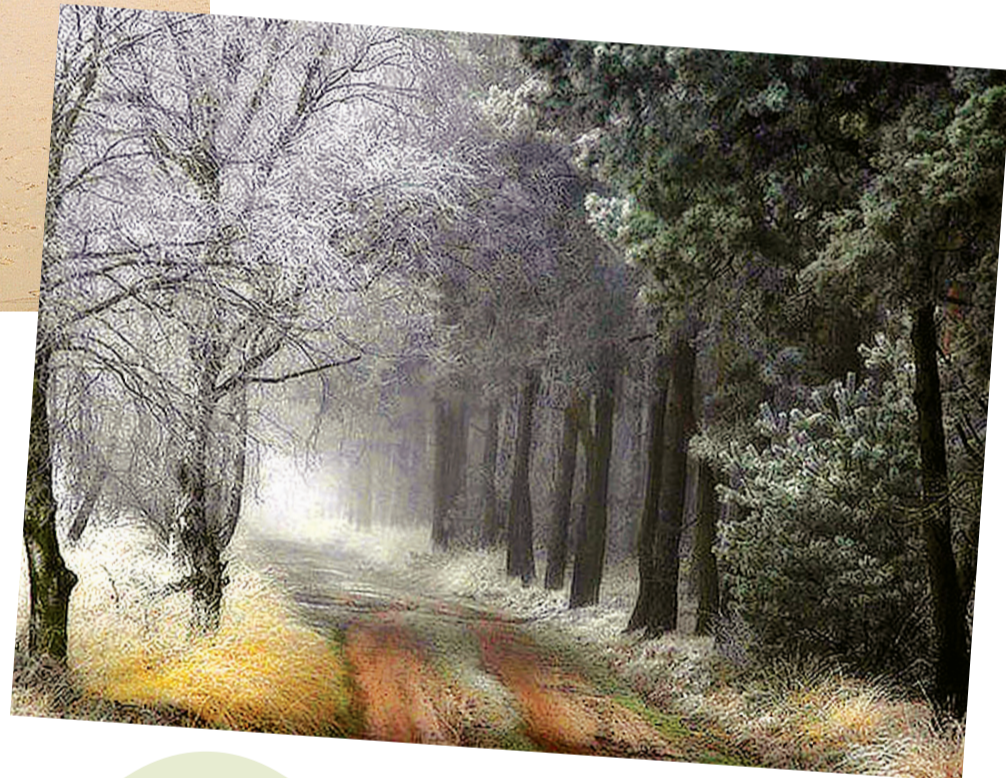
Afterwards

You would roll over and sleep
Sipping coffee would watch you sleep
Wondering along the room I would stumble over
memories Old keepsakes maybe of
the one you once loved Or Never
loved at all Poetry written on edges of
books newspapers and magazines-
Sipping coffee I would read them-
trying to reach you through your
poetry Warmth of the coffee sound
of turning pages you snoring like a
lullaby keeps me company over coffee
I read you. Morning has dawned
In your poetry I have found you
In you I have found me
Nisansala Dharmasena
Bertholameuze



Forever

A burden of thoughts
Drowned in the sand
Lost in a tide
Shunned away
For eternity's sunrise
- Amila Jayasinghe



Bridge

While you are settled in the North
I am living in the deep South
How is it different or far
And unlike or unfair
Under the sun we foil
the soil, till the moon waxes
and gather hardly our crop to share
Why this sorrow and suffering we bear
In your northern land blessed
even in my Southern ground
Immense count of young graduates
is upward into sky
begging bread and butter
Wealthy, healthy but savage
Men of stupidity and folly
bring the calamity and disaster
into my land without sympathy
Sorrow and suffering
Shedding fear and growing sign
are common to everyone
without caring their colour
There was hatred and bad blood
to burn my motherland
It was worse and wicked
Yet, we love and affection should
Water the fire first and
then remove cool hearts
to make hearts warm in brotherhood
and open the bridge of affection
to the land of unity
Denagama Siriwardena
Translated by H.D. Jayasooriya
The poem was recited by the veteran journalist Denagama Siriwardena at the get-together held on July 7 organised by the Sinhala and Tamil Speaking Writers' Association at the Sirisumana Godage auditorium, Colombo 10.

Fluent but not absurd

Fluent but not absurd
Cohesive fluency
rather without-absurdity
prematurely fluent
lifestyles- rather
unprecedented attainments.
Making a way out of
influence should be
tightly conditioned
and dependant.
Mainstream fluency
finalise outcomes of
absurdity that I
wish not so be.
Lyzahp Luthphy

Montage Poetry



A day is done

There are flashes from midnight to quell the dark
There's heaven with sun and moon to take their turns
The brood of stars doth twinkle and sparkle
Until the sunrays gently rise in the dawn
While the fading moon wax and wail in despair
Upon her silver beams losing their tails...
Then cometh the sullen morn to awake
The sleepy world to strife and work, to face
The birth of yet a day the Lord giveth
To behold his glories, fresh and pure
Where birds in their nests chirp and sing
As leaves and blooms rustle upon the bough...
I saw the birds of passage aflight
Across the heavens to the azure seas
They flew o'er the lonely boat, tossed about
That was empty and dark without the oars,
The waves around it was frothy with foam
As I saw a shark slither away, after its meal.
- 'Princess'

LYRICS FROM
MY HEART ...



Let me fly

Oh ! butterfly,
How beautiful you are
Flying from flower to flower !
Did you borrow colours
From the rainbow or
Who painted your wings ?
I am a prisoner dear,
In the cell of scholarship exam
My world is dark;
Neither the sun nor the moon
Do I see, but heavy work
Having no time even to breathe.
Oh! butterfly, take me away;
Take me away please;
And give me wings
To fly to fly
In the sky of childhood.
A. Jayalath Basnagoda

Misty morning

Soaring mist landed over the green canopy
Just like a broad white silken sari
Which swinging on the pressure of
Morning twilight
The tender twilight tried vivaciously
creep in to the heart of the jungle
to find throbbing melody
Spreading underneath the sleeping canopy
Sun slowly rose through the horizon
Looking at the vast green plain
Tender light sniffed the silken dress
worn by the forest canopy
Bit by bit the dress faded away
Nobody knows
Where it has gone!
Mind is restless
Eyes are wondering while
Ears too straggling to absorb
the sounds of awakening morning
I have witnessed day by day
And so long years the phenomenon
It's never ending
In my childhood
As a young playful lad
Being a young lover
And as a matured man, who has short spell
to departure this wonderful world!
Day broke up with fascinating twilight
And end up with sorrowful darkness
Life begin with crazy crying
And end up with full of pain,
Fear and tempting to survive
Even a little moment!
Just as the mist on the forest canopy

J. Weerakkody