



## Snow queen

Heartfelt admiration,  
 Silent expectations  
 For the unseen, well- known  
 Dazzling charm of Snow Queen,  
 Controls North Wind  
 To enrich earth for Spring  
 As our Granny said,  
 You are the source of life.  
 But poor Granny  
 She is unlearned,  
 Amidst the mighty economists,  
 engineers and politicians.  
 However so far,  
 The earth is nurtured, of course,  
 We all survived of course!  
 But  
 Blinded with curiosity,  
 Intellectual planning  
 Placed a step beyond reality.  
 To appease craving eyes,  
 the mission started.  
 Snow is melting,  
 Dazzling snow beauty,  
 Don't be scared.  
 Snow walls, arches,  
 Floating snowflakes,  
 Freezing fog  
 Polar bear's lazy games  
 Certainly bid adieu soon.  
 Dear Queen,  
 Don't be scared  
 A fabulous, transparent cubicle  
 With AC and Snow,  
 Neatly arranged and amazingly cute,  
 Only for you,  
 to make you a real queen.  
 How marvelous it is?  
 Only for you,  
 Dazzling peace, inside  
 Our craving eyes, too  
 Rest in peace, outside.

Vidyani Wijethunga

Montage  
 Poetry



## Sensitive departure

Please listen to my heart  
 Can you hear how it hums  
 Flowers going to be wither  
 The sunshine has died  
 Darkness enclosed  
 Sky is ready for the rain  
 In my compound  
 I can see a red pomegranate  
 Though my innocent birdie  
 Is going to be a bride

W.M.S.R. Samaraweera

## Incantation

I am the darkness  
 In the moonless starless night  
 Be thou the Arundathi star  
 Emitting refulgence, far far away.  
 I am the infertile parched sandy waste  
 Remaining in an expansive stretch  
 Be thou the sparkling brook  
 Flowing through.  
 I am the rugged three  
 Exposed to summer's ravages,  
 With withered leaves blown away  
 By the blowing wind.  
 Be thou the unseasonal rain  
 Coming down in torrents.  
 I am the thorny plant  
 Remaining forlorn upon the hillock,  
 Silhouetted against the cerulean  
 Mid-day sky, bereft of blossoms  
 Be thou the blooming blossom  
 Replete with fragrance.  
 I am the loneliness  
 Flung into the vortex of desolation.  
 Be thou the director  
 Of the flashing glory  
 Of thy gazelle eyes in my direction.  
 How could I recompense O!  
 Such gesture of magnanimity  
 And gifts of incalculable value,  
 Rendered poor as I am, all that I've had  
 Having been taken away in stealth  
 By my providence, save the heart.  
 I shall offer thee in return  
 The chaste fullness of my heart  
 Which is not used to laughter  
 But to tears.

H. Kamal Premadasa



## Thoughts

Thoughtless thoughts  
 Hidden deep within  
 Whether deliberate  
 Or deluding  
 Non shall ever know

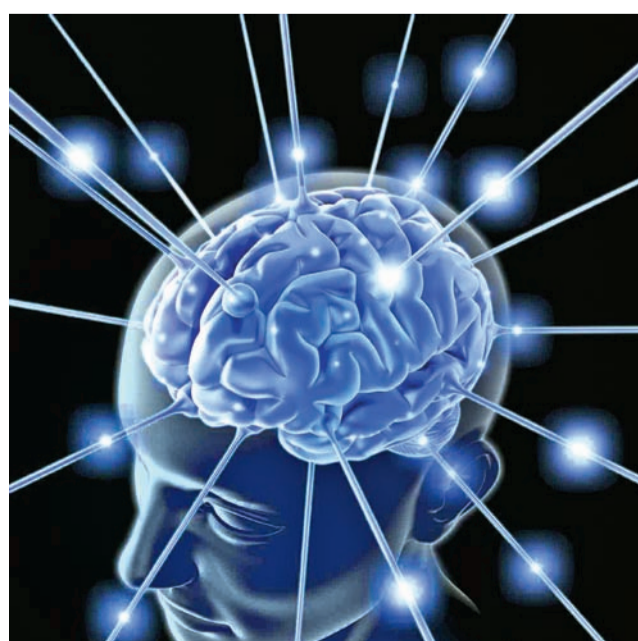
Human thoughts  
 Oh! so fragile  
 Like a broken glass  
 Fragments strewn  
 From side to side

Some thoughts emerge to flout  
 On another's emoted pain  
 While other's thoughts are penitent  
 Not wanting to cause disarray

The mind which  
 Controls good and bad  
 Rampage not and pry  
 On another's precious life

Conscious be ye thoughtless mind  
 On humans, beasts,  
 And nature alike  
 Conquer not this beautiful world  
 With an evil thought of thine  
 Maketh ye this opulent world  
 A better place for every precious human race

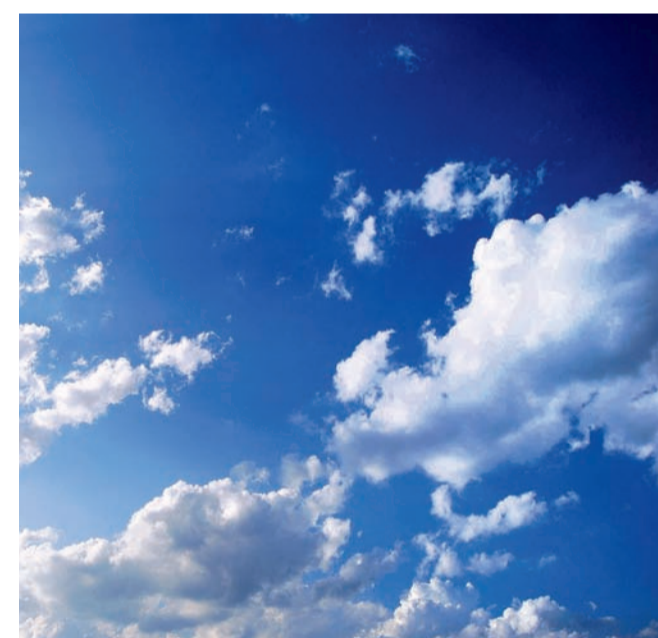
Dilrukshi De Silva



## Redemption

The whine of crickets in the night outside  
 And the hum of mourning  
 Sets the rhythm  
 For a single low flame  
 Which lights the vigil for the dead  
 Challenging the darkness of a power cut  
 Throwing shadow flicker images  
 On to the simple, cement floored  
 Thatched four walls  
 Surviving the gusty gurgle of  
 A generator being fixed  
 A moth unto the low-licking flame  
 In a drunken spiral  
 Upon the search of light  
 Spins closer  
 And closer to redemption  
 Finally, a moment of truth  
 Becoming one with the flame  
 Slowly feeding it  
 And wrinkling into a speck of ash  
 Whirling down the abyss of death  
 The connection made  
 CFLs light up again  
 And a symbol for the dead  
 Sinks into oblivion unnoticed  
 A comparison for the dead  
 Who looked for redemption  
 Down the mouth of a drinking well.

Nillasi Liyanage



## Residence on sky

Always when I think to live in the sky  
 I remember you  
 You tried  
 to go on the wall  
 Like a gecko  
 But you still holding a dark memory  
 which buried under  
 the harvest  
 By my legs in old place  
 You on the wall with me  
 Made a nest by nylon  
 If I think to give up you  
 I would become a tear falling from  
 Your eye  
 I remember  
 your smile  
 You eat some thing  
 I do something  
 Nothing to do for nothingness  
 Nothing prepares me  
 For love or happiness  
 I should hold sky  
 You will fly  
 Even  
 without wings  
 Then we will meet  
 Once again  
 Then we will stop  
 Our smile? Tear?  
 Not  
 our fear.

Impact we will live  
 In the sky one day.

Indika Thushara Gamage