

# Beneath the wings



Nearer to clouds afloat  
Above the land  
While the bird flaps  
Sunlit fields rest beneath  
Acres of lush green  
Many flowers unseen  
Hidden among fruition  
Rays speed in right  
Shadows never fall  
Rains touch the ground  
Clouds spread around  
Miles flying across  
Birds greet others' call  
Wings flutter up in the air  
Glide, swoop descend  
Catching their tiny prey  
Lands when wings stop  
Clipped like perch on ground.  
- *Miran Perera*

## Unrequited love

If you only know the heartache  
That you had caused me then,  
Those years have crumbled  
My tears have tumbled,  
When I think of you, I cry again.  
If only you had told me  
How much you loved me dear,  
No cause would have been for either  
To shed a single tear.  
We would have been so happy,  
Either here or where you are,  
Now both of us are nursing scars,  
That should not be there.  
For when I think of home,  
You come first to my mind,  
And all my other thoughts,  
Are strewn far behind.  
I could not write to you before,  
And tell you how I felt,  
I know how well you bore the pain,  
I long to sooth the welts.  
A quarter century or so,  
That you laid eyes on me,  
I long to see the changes that,  
No love has brought to thee,  
Though our love ne'er came to light,  
And the flame is almost gone,  
Let it not be said, though we did not wed,  
It was a night without a morn.  
- *George Eddie*



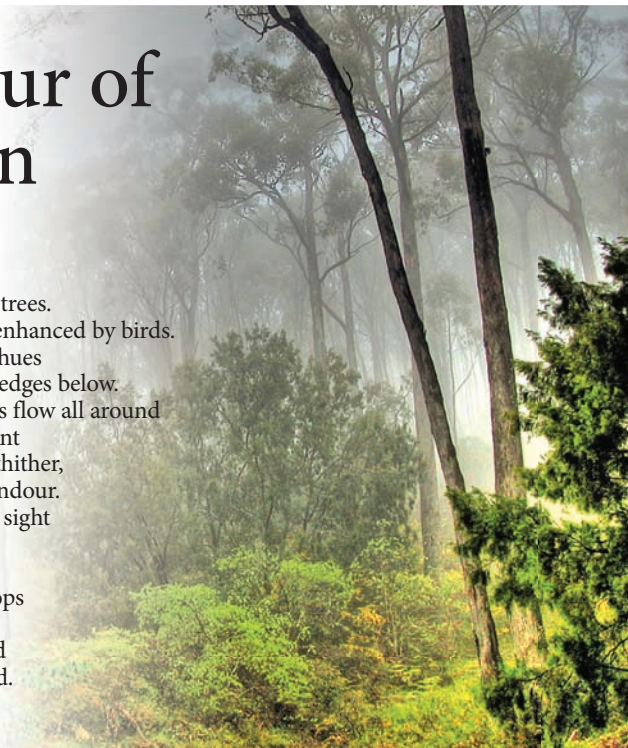
## Blooms

*There stands beside a little brook,  
Rows of white lilies which adorns a  
little bush;  
With their heads held high in  
esteemed pride,  
Awaiting longingly to be plucked  
sooner or later.  
When the breeze whistles in brushing  
their cheeks  
They light up with an endearing and  
radiant smile.  
When the waiting is too long they  
heave a deep sigh sorrowfully.  
Beauty blooms and freshness lingers  
for a limited time,  
The petals would asunder and wither  
rapidly.*

- *Yasmin Jaldin*

## Splendour of the morn

A beautiful dawn enfolds  
before me, as a whisper,  
of breeze slips through the trees.  
Splendour of this morn is enhanced by birds.  
Different species of varied hues  
Perched on tree tops and hedges below.  
Rhythmic melodies of birds flow all around  
As they display their brilliant  
Feathers flying hither and thither,  
Enjoying the morning splendour.  
Elated by this breathtaking sight  
Wished I had wings  
To join them in flight  
And soar over mountain tops  
above silvery clouds  
To a peaceful heavenly land  
Leaving all my cares behind.  
- *Nethmi Wijsekara*



## Bubbles of hope

Toddlers begin in step  
An unsteady gait  
A mother blows afresh  
The soap slippery breath  
Varied, gaining size  
Previous, transparent haze  
Bubbles, glassy like  
In colour secret shine  
Floating when grabbing hands  
Evade hope in flight  
Swims across seas of air  
Descends, gentle, perch  
Then burst anew, its touch  
Disperse, drops of soap  
The child starts again  
As cries disappoint the mind  
Fresh bubbles blow again.  
- *Miran Perera*

