

Wrong cartoons

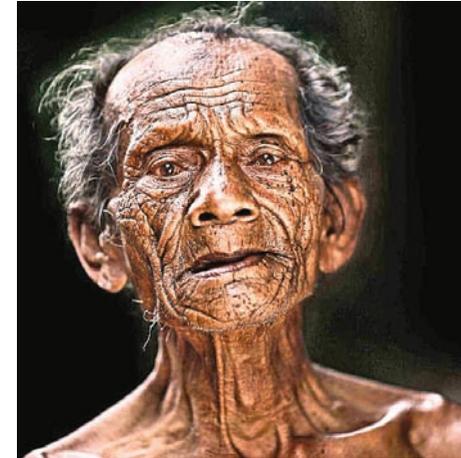


A child's continuous struggle I saw, to climb walls like "Spiderman"
Wearing a "Ben Ten" watch heard another talking all alone
Wishes another for powers of "Superman" to destroy many things
Confused I'm, are all these intentions child centered?
Spiderman, Superman, Ben Ten, Tom and Jerry
Why did you damage innocent minds so severely?
Being unreal forces you turned them into terrors of tomorrow
Didn't you feel any pity on our brats doing so?
Violent, disobedient and aggressive they are now
Imitating unacceptable behaviours of wrong cartoons
Oh children of today, you live in a world of unreality
Yet your little minds fail to perceive the fact, unfortunately
You say you are tired and get the long day's break to unwind
While your little ones live in a world of fantasy with cartoons
Oh dear ignorant parents, It's time to open your eyes
Do no make it the regret of tomorrow to weep over
It's a troubled world, so be mindful on your approaches
Make sure to give your child the right foundation dear parents
Nourish your little souls with good virtues to live by
So avoid wrong cartoons of cruelty and stupidity immediately
-*Finuza Farook Shazir*

Our last rendezvous

Sunset is sunrise in another
Dark corner of the world
"Farewell" is "welfare" to my life
Though that world is jumbled
you renounced all that possessed at your teenage
Then I guess that you must be in a nunnery
No matter wherever you stroll
you all to visit me at the dusk fall
our last rendezvous is God's acre
you come floating on a petal of flower
you don't bear any burden of bygone
because the petal will be sunk down
No...No...you are not to even sigh in deep
the norm of your life to be on keep
my heart is like a volcano
I feel like smouldering snow
But, no grumbling just likes an X-flower
That blooms in the lava of affected dale
You don't puff at ember of anguish like gale
You are like a she-penguin metaphorically
that deserted little one's just after delivery
you ascribed me to look after the rest
by sake of the our platonic love
far and far away you made move
I am really aware that before long
you will be back in a day
Tiptoeing on the promenade of my still heart
for the last tribute that you have to pay
the conch shell that flourishes in the fane
never make sound repeatedly in vain
so am I too not so much in sane
I won't harp the same string again.
-*Sarath Karunarathne*

Home for the aged



He watched the road
To see a familiar figure
But there was none
And without knowing
Tears rolled down his cheeks
Making him aware
Of the futility of watching.
Once he was young and active
He was somebody to so many
Now he is old and alone
Without anything to attract him
The realisation
That nothing is permanent
And no one is immune
From old age, sickness and death
Has come to him now
But the knowledge is too late
To give him any consolation
He is old and feeble
And his steps are uncertain
It was sad to watch him
Slowly turn around
And walk back
To the Home for the Aged.
- *T.M. Ariyawansa Rodrigo*

Lyrics from
my heart 

The glow in thy soul

.... Grippd me when I saw the first
Not in fear but with the glow in sanctity.
Thy wondrous searching eyes I saw reflect
Clear and gentle radiance
In loveliness beyond heavenly realm,
As uncut diamonds in mountain clefts.
.... Where were thee my gentle 'Lord'?
Until the sunset of my journey's end;
When free as a bird I flew across heavens
counting the stars on a balmy night
Awaiting the sparkle of morning sunrise
Outside my mist-covered window.
.... I do not count the stars anymore
Nor feel the warmth of the morning sun
Drench my pillow with o'ernight tears
When I recall thy smiling face
And do not know why the tears roll by
All I know is thou stole my heart.
.... Is it fair, tell me gentle 'Lord'
Why I should be chasing the shadows,
Beyond my reach and lose them in dreams.
Dashed against the rocks a heart needs repair
When the soul of man pathos can raise.
And remain unfair, thou needs to know, my 'lord'.
- *Princess*