



The long wait is over

From the grey sky, to the waiting earth
Like a messenger of hope and goodwill
The drops cruise down, unhindered
As the clouds emanate the condensed vapour.
The parched earth drinks its fill,
Till it quenches its insatiable thirst
Releases its sacred incense
Man and beast inhale the ordour,
The so-called "Navum" smell.
Tress, shrubs and grass are cleansed,
The roots absorb their blood.
The dead springs to life,
The wilted rejuvenates.
A flash of lightening, a peal of thunder,
The drizzle turns to a storm,
A sheet of sparkling liquid gold
Transforms the earth to a unique planet.
- *Sunila Nanayakkara*

Change

The happy days of my life
The blissful hours
I spent with you
Dear mother SLSM...
You gave me everything
More than what I expected,
Every day I spent with you
Was magic....
I learnt... I laughed
I had the time of my life
Being with you and
Your sons and daughters,
"Living among the beautifuls"
You taught me many things in life,
More than what I learnt from
Books and exams;
It made a real difference in me...
I love you dear mother SLSM
For all of your energy and courage
Given to me;
Now I feel
You've become
The meaning of my life...
- *Anjalie Chandima Silva*
Sri Lankan School Muscat

Feelings

If you want to tell something
Then you will tell it
If you want to describe an incident
You can tell it briefly
But, someone may ask, how you
Describe it briefly
A poem is a creation
A beautiful creation of literature
It includes rich and beautiful words
A poem tells your feelings
The way you like it.
It is the beauty of language
That creates a poem
It is all about
Your feelings.
- *James Sanjeewa Jayasinghe*

Hummingbird



Om Sathya Sai Baba

Om Sathya Sai Baba
The Prince of Emancipation
Thy life sacrificed
For salvation of the mankind
In the contemporary universe
God-being in human form
Brought parity in all religious thoughts and beliefs
With thy intellectualism linked with spiritualism
Made the suffering masses spell bound
Through thy compassion and serenity
Be born again
and enlighten
The human with thy powers divine.
- *A.K.W. Perera*

Rays, morning light
Golden beams on flowering shrubs
Soft, gentle, fragrance
The breeze brings it all
See the bird hover
Over the fresh bloom
Long curved dark beak
Get the better of a flower
Still, silent, afloat, on air
Swift, small flapping wings
In speed unabled
To see it flutter on air
Squeaks continuously
Crest, lifted in pride
Helpless, lifeless flower
In silence bear arrogance
Await a victory
As the bird conquers
Swoops down, given up
A flower let be fleeced
Swindled by a bird
- *Miran Perera*