

Maya

Beat your feet in my direction
O! lissome lass
With the softness of your tread,
Remain poised before me
While I remain ramrod straight
Focus your gaze upon my eyes
Expelling the darkness in my heart
With the flashing glory
of your eyes, rendering
Sapphire dull.
Allow me, with the best of intentions
To caress, with tender softness
Your arms, soft and golden hued,
And cheeks bearing a rosiate glow.
Permit the soft breeze to play
With your silky and profusely dark
Tresses which would touch my face
With the softness of a feather
Sing to me a lyrical ode
With your titillating voice
Akin to a breath
In a seven holed reed.
Rendering birds to remain mute
Spellbound in wonderment
fascinated by the lyrical

Quality of the notes
Do so, I beseech of you
If such be your desire,
Before the first blossoms
Of the spring fades
For such gesture
of supreme magnanimity
Any quantum of wealth
Would be yours
The treasury remains open
The tumult being a prince
With the cumbersome weight
of the wealth is unbearable
And I need a deviation.
Let it be known O! charming Prince
What you perceive
Is Maya's shadow.
Hold on to such longings, albeit,
Without cleaving
For beauty lies
In whimsical thoughts
And not in reality.

- *Kamal Premadasa*

Her dream

In and out of water, the fingers are benumbed
Pre-maturely wrinkle covered,
Drains and cobwebs await to be cleaned,
Hours of toil in the kitchen to be spent
And food, on the table laid.
She drinks hot tea to keep alive,
Or chews betel, while cutting or frying;
Hundreds of tasks completed or need to be,
Yet....
Not a glance, a nod or a word
Of appreciation.
The unuttered words hang in the air
"You, woman, it's your duty; you have to..."
"I have a life of my own," her heart cries out.
But the words are lost in the wilderness.
"Let me stand and stare for a while,
Years are fleeing by,
Death beckons from the horizon.
Cannot I be free? Free of slavery
A frail woman caged and chained?"

- *Sunila Nanayakkara*

Montage
Poetry

