

## Queen of the May

The beautiful month of May  
When Nature's bounty abounds  
Flowers of varying hues  
Spread their fragrance around  
Orange-tipped white *Sepalika*  
Jasmine, *Vathu Sudu*  
Cascading creamy *ehela*  
Velvety *Araliya* blooms.  
A month dedicated to a beautiful lady  
The Virgin Mother of God  
Our mediatrix who pleads for us  
Before the throne of God  
Then gather blossoms sweet and fragrant  
To place before her shrine  
Entwine wreaths and garlands  
To honour our Mother Divine  
Garlands of tri-coloured roses  
Those of the Rosary  
The crimson, the blood-red roses  
Of the sorrowful mysteries  
The white, shroud like-the glorious  
Reminiscent of triumph over death  
The yellow resplendent-the joyful  
Like the star over Bethlehem's shed.

- Jeannette Cabraal

Pic: Pensacola News Journal



## The Bugler

Placid environs  
A crowded cemetery  
Emotional silence  
Whispers, gestures  
Then the small trumpet  
An aching tone  
Bowed heads  
Agitated cries  
Many tearful faces  
The bugle blown  
Sharp deep, low-pitch  
A coffin lowers  
Bugler continues  
until the first sod  
Begins to seal  
The last rites.

- Miran Perera

## Spare me

You are here ... As you were...  
Capturing my heart  
Though I have anchored  
You and the salient memories of us  
to far deep depths of my heart,  
for you...  
Now...  
I am only  
a superficial minor bird  
How can I bear it  
When...  
Mesmerising but invisible  
episodes of us  
that straddled..  
only for a dozen and half months  
more than a half a dozen of years ago  
irritating me?  
Spare me...  
stop haunting after me  
AGAIN!

- Janani Subasingha