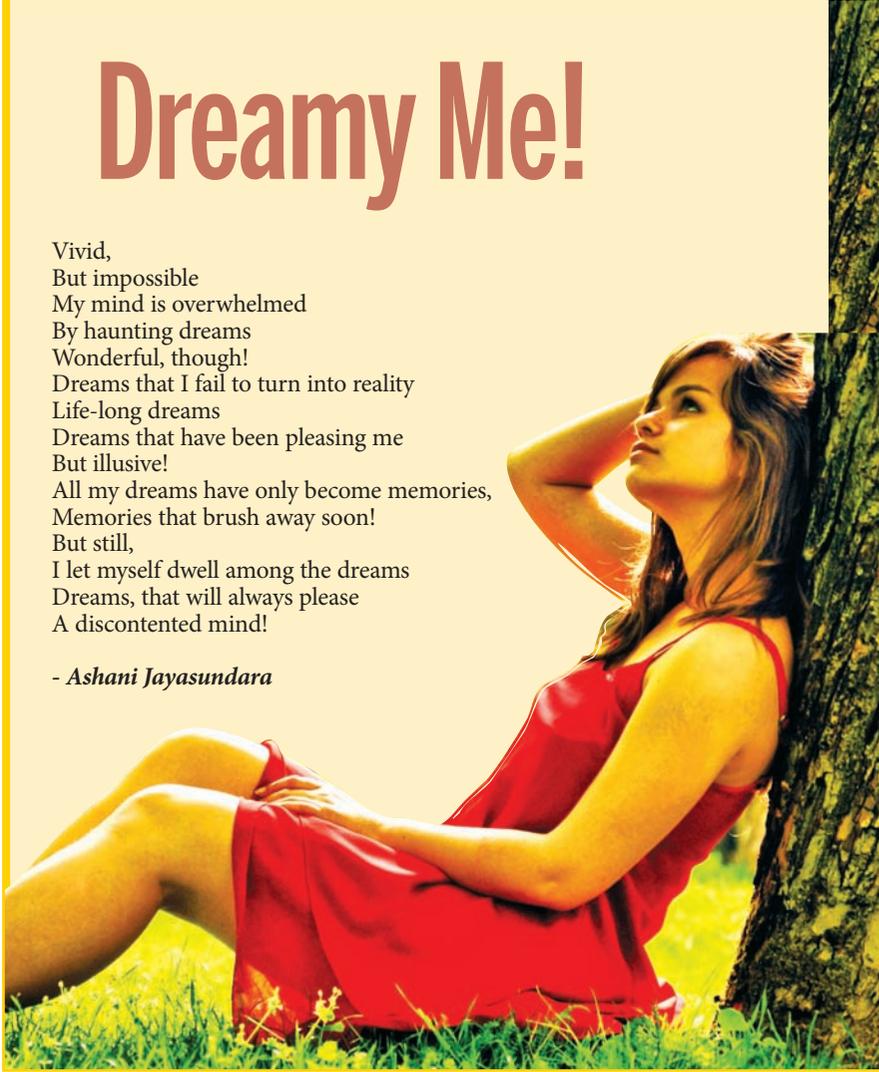


Dreamy Me!

Vivid,
But impossible
My mind is overwhelmed
By haunting dreams
Wonderful, though!
Dreams that I fail to turn into reality
Life-long dreams
Dreams that have been pleasing me
But illusive!
All my dreams have only become memories,
Memories that brush away soon!
But still,
I let myself dwell among the dreams
Dreams, that will always please
A discontented mind!

- *Ashani Jayasundara*



Forest dwelling

The road ascends,
The jungle from the heights reached the road,
Trees dip to an unseen depth,
The narrowing road winds its way
Through a maze of curves and bends.
We get off at the sign board,
Start to climb the rough pathway
Strewn with pebbles and stones
Coated with moss and mildew
Slippery after the constant rain.
We pause to ease our breathing,
The silence of jungle pervading,
Patches of sunlight seep through
The canopy of towering trees
Create patterns on the dark forest floor.
A lone bird utters a plaintive cry,
Then a solemn silence returns
We hear only the rapid beat of the heart;
Mother Nature's quiet splendour unfolds,
Away from the turmoil of man.
The slope now gets steeper,
A pond with crystal clear water
Nestles in a hollow of a rock.
Hidden in a thick grove
Roof of a humble dwelling appear.
Treading The path, the rest of his life,
Attempting to understand The Truth,
Following the steps of noble disciples
He lives in the forest abode
Encircled by the sylvan solitude.

- *Sunila Nanayakkara.*

