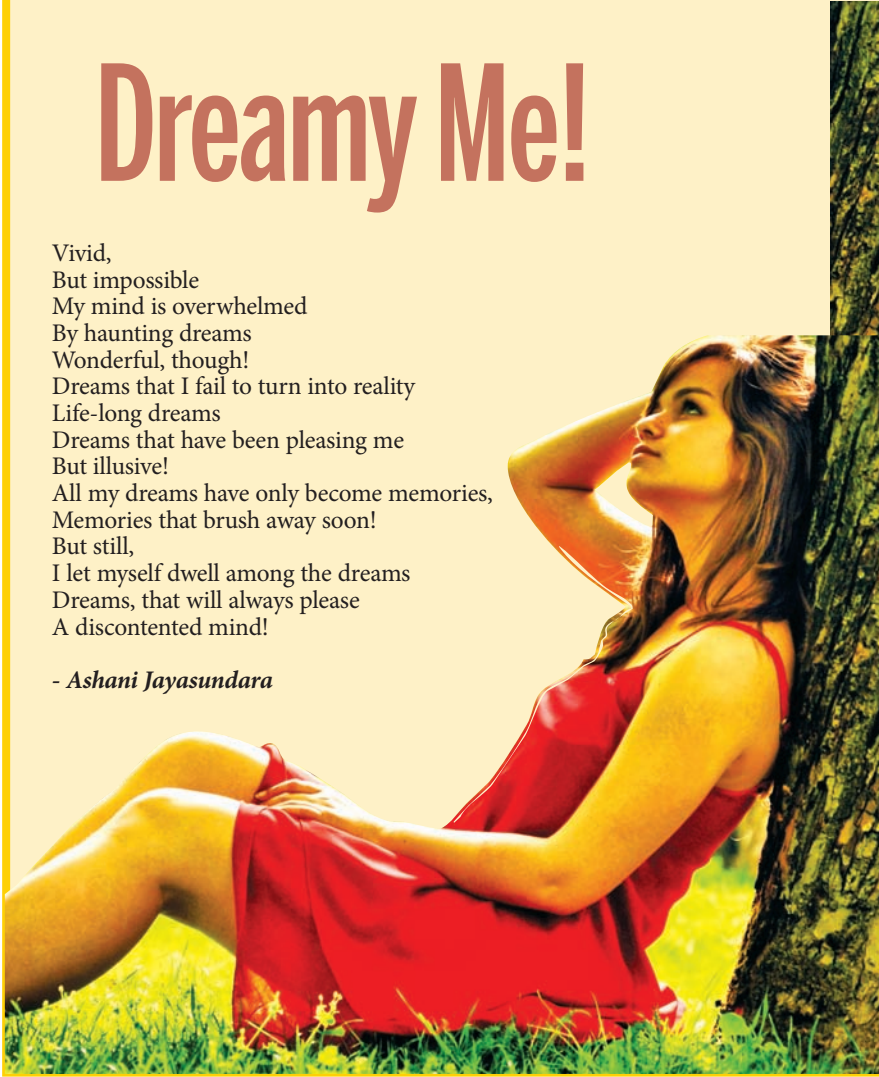


# Dreamy Me!

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.*

