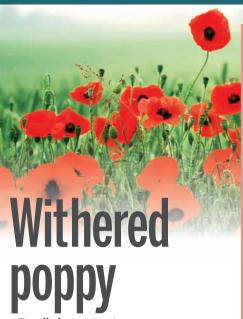
Poems



Recalled to review in passionate vision. Thy soul combat with emotion Never to find solution ... Where aimless soul equipped with horror I need deriation -Oh! Pardon me dear do reveal what charming fathom You preserve, the fantasy whimsical Nature conquered to rule my heart Please let me, tree of lunatic illusory dream in my battered life. Nevertheless, yes! I pray you dear... glory on this earth, in all aspects, My prayers will remain with me and inspire you with compassionate love My early times

I can still remember my early times They were like lullabies full of sweet rhymes I was the youngest in a family of seven And was happy as an angel in heaven. We used to run up and down the beach Though others chased I was out of reach We were lulled by the cooling breeze And I babyishly called my father gone overseas. I still feel that I was a lucky one on my birthday I got a toy gun To test it I shot Maggie on her fleshy back As a punishment I had to keep it in the pack. When Maggie cried I felt sad and sorry Laughing through tears she asked me not to worry I was angry and refused to cut the cake But had to do it for my darling mother's sake. I can still remember my first day in college which was two miles away from my native village I went with my father in our family cart Driven by our carter Charlie tall and smart. I had to kneel down and worship the teachers And was taken up with their welcome features In my new suit I looked like an alien from the Mars But was warmly welcomed by the boys in the class. Now I am old and thinking of my life's early part And feel a great pain in my withering heart But still I long to be handsome and smart And like our Charlie to drive a racing cart.

- Davidson Goonetilleke

Rainy days again

Blue sky's change Climate never strange White clouds shift Ouick and swift Edges run lightning Silver threads frightening Grav hue overcast Rain comes torrent fast Light fades to gloom Wilting many a bloom Lifeless they droop Rain the climates scoop Large drops of dew Make leaves in groove Poured, drip in droplets Elixir in the goblets Floods can ravage Make many a change Rain comes again Changing weather the same Miran Peres

- Sanoja Sandeera