

# A White Cane

Besides the City Mall he stands  
With a white cane in his hand  
While in his other outstretched hand  
Is a bowl sporting a few coins  
He wears a shirt and a pair of slacks  
To cover his frail and skinny form  
While on his head is a worn out cap  
And rubber slippers take care of his feet  
Now and then he shakes the bowl  
And the coins inside keep a beat  
To a melody he sings with feelings deep.  
Is he sad or what cares has he....  
Do the passers by pause to think  
As now and then a coin they drop?  
Do they hear the woeful notes and pain expressed  
Of one lost in darkness of a world unknown?

- Piyawathie Jayasuriya

# People in masks

Weird are people, riddles one cannot figure out  
Makes you walk for a treasure that's never meant to be found  
Wears a face each time they go out  
I am weary of holding this "I can see your mask inside out"  
People are weird I tell you....that is without a doubt  
Children have no time for parents but hours they tweet  
Parents not think twice to leave their own blood in streets  
World is round all right, hollow inside made of fooling element  
All trapped in a ridiculous tremendous bewitchment  
Men think blue eyes and silky hair is all that's there  
Women think six pack and gold coins are all men should spare  
I tell you people are weird. So blurred their vision but deny  
glasses to wear  
Pretend to be friends till there is something to take  
But never lets them know you are a fake  
When the time is right jabs a knife for their own sake  
You can't trust the world, it's twisted and fake  
Innocence is murdered... her blue eyes never to wake  
stop and think a minute for heaven's sake  
You run up the stairs of success, give a hand to one that  
deserve to climb a step  
Be honest for once, try being yourself this time, not anybody's rep  
You are victorious, be humble my dear.... you don't have to shout  
Haven't you heard, the empty vessels makes the most sound  
To those worthy of respect hesitate not to bend  
Remember the beginning, for without it there is no end  
Biggest trees have the most visible roots my friend  
People are weird I tell you, don't be one of them  
Coz at the end you will be alone and nothing be the same  
People are weird I tell you, trying hard not to let us figure them out  
I am weary of holding this "I can see your mask inside out"....

- Buddini Karawdeniya

