

Elders home



The beginning of the end is near
 That's why we old timers are here,
 Be it women be it men
 We are aware that this is the end.
 We are worn and useless now;
 Some still straight and some are bowed.
 The best of us we gave away,
 Now we are old cast-a-ways.
 Up at sunrise some sleep not
 Listlessly we toss about.
 Ablutions done breakfast too,
 Time for moping till lunch is due.
 Some pick a chair or a sunny spot.
 Communication is seldom or not.
 We sit and gaze into thin air,
 Our bodies are weak our minds are bare.
 Great kindness is shown to us
 By the sisters of Christ Jesus
 In this home of the aged
 But we beings are more or less caged.
 We are inmates and in death row.
 Time's running out it may be tomorrow.
 The chapel is here the undertaker next door,
 Yon' graveyard is beckoning for more.

- George Eddie

Teem of floods

Overcast above
 Floating moving
 Foreboding cloud
 Dark grey sky
 Torrential rain
 Heavy storm drops
 Beating on
 Ravaging destroying
 Wild blowing wind
 Over flowing
 Muddy, stagnating
 Spilling river
 Spreading flood
 Marooned life
 Scarcities, diseases,
 Disappearances
 Deaths, drowned
 As teem of rain
 create the flood

- Miran Perera