

Poem

A happy thought

An age old custom
Feeding crows on a Saturday morning.
As though, by habit,
They perch on the electric wires outside.
A shrill 'caw caw',
To announce their arrival.
She places the milk rice
Shaped into little balls,
Atop the boundary wall.
They swoop down like eagles
devouring every bit.
She looks on,
Happy in the thought that,
Their hunger has been appeased
even for a short while.

- Rupa Wijesinghe

