

The mourning tree

The margosa tree with its bright green leaves
 Gave colour to our front lawn.
 Every evening a yellow bird
 With another couple of birds
 Chirped and flew among its branches
 Biting its tiny fruits.
 What a lovely music they gave!
 My pet little squirrel ran up and down,
 Chasing the intruders, shouting at them.
 "Hey, they are mine, not yours," he shouted
 Running like a rocket at them.
 They flew away, but came back again.
 The chase went on
 Until the evening wore out.
 This all changed when my little pet
 'Tintin' vanished one day.
 Did it become prey to the big grass snake
 Who often visited my garden?
 Or to the big tom cat
 Who used to jump over our wall?
 No trace was found of the little "bushy tail."
 Sad we all were!
 Neither the yellow bird nor the other birds
 Visit the margosa tree anymore.
 With many leaves blown away by the wind
 The rest too looking pale and withered
 It looks a mourning, I soliloquised.

With no chirping birds, no chasing squirrel
 How it stands today!

- Lalitha Somathilaka

Valentine

Very early Romans celebrated in
 February on the 15th day
 A feast called 'Lupercalia', so the
 Encyclopedias say.
 Lovers or not, one by one
 boys took their turn
 Eagerly to draw names of girls
 from a love-urn.
 News of this was taken by the Romans
 to the English in England,
 The date from 14th February to 15th
 February they transferred,
 In order to adapt to Christianity
 Feast day of St. Valentine.
 Now, no more Christian values. Commercial
 market is minting money and doing fine.
 Everyone of you rise and shine,
 all of you are my Valentine.

- Emilda S. Douglas

Flying fish

Huge mouth opens
 With the huge body behind
 No way to escape
 It might be trapped
 Just in one second
 Finds a place to rest for ever
 In this huge stomach
 The innocent small fish
 Takes off onto the air at once
 Goes far and far
 And lands hundred metres over even then
 Huge mouth opens again
 Takes off the small fish again
 Lands again
 Huge mouth opens again
 The hurdle race goes on
 At the end the third party comes
 A sea Gull
 Not to mediate the both parties
 But to catch the weak party
 Small fish was dragged with the beak

- Wijerathne Dahigamuwa
 (Based on a TV telecast on Feb 3, 2016)

