

POEMS

A pursuit

In the buses I travel
On the street I walk

I see men and women
Without legs moving
Without hands eating and working
I see men and women
Without eyes looking and enjoying

All disables and blind begging from
Others Alas! I asked my religion
Why it is I am told that they suffer
because of the past

Deeds in their previous births.
Do they realise it? I asked.
It is not the case in issue
Yet it is the case where

You are born only to love everybody and everything
To become its master
Not to hate them to become its slave
So be kind and affectionate
Towards such destitute
She said.

Yes, I have my legs of my own to walk
I have my eyes of my own to feast
So, I am are fortunate
My knowledge is stopped at this point
As I feel.

- Ponniah Ganeshan

Illusion

Big black clouds were covering the sky
The sun is hiding behind.
Ashamed it is that the clouds are
Stronger than its rays.

Here and there lightning flashed.
Happy we were - tired of this unbearable heat.
The flora?
Of course, they too were rejoicing.

Weren't they yearning for a drop of water?
Wouldn't they be happy now
When heavy rains are approaching?
Watching the sky to see the silvery drops
Falling from above,
We waited, waited and waited.

Alas!
The big black clouds
That gave us hopes and happiness
Started slowly vanishing from the sky.
Along with them our hopes and happiness too.

The sun peeped through.
With all its glory 'twas mocking at us.
We had to endure the heat again.
What cannot be cured, has to be endured.
What else can we do!

- Lalitha Somathilaka

That first Easter morn

It was the First Day of the Week,
An unusually bright morn it was,
With the sun shining at it highest,
While the Son of Man, as foretold,
Rises from the Dead,
With Majesty and Splendour.
Proceeded by an earthquake, most violent,
Rolling the stone away, on its own
And bringing instant fear among those
that were there.
Mary of Magdela and the other Mary comes
running with great expectations,
Towards the now empty tomb,
Followed by Peter and the rest.
They find Him not.
'He has risen and shall see you in Galilee,'
So says the angels seated on the stone,
While guarding the newly hewn tomb as well.
While walking and talking with two of his disciples,
On their way to Emmaus, that evening,
But vanished when He was recognised at supper time,
In the Breaking of Bread.
And appearing to Thomas, eight days later,
The Lord showed His hands, feet and side,
To which exclaimed, Thomas, in sheer trepidation,
'My Lord and My God'.
The Lord replied; 'Thomas, you sure saw
and did believe,
But blessed are they who not having seen
Yet have believed.'

- J.I. Rosairo

