



Friends

When the mansion is enormous and magnificent, and
 One is engulfed with wealth and prosperity,
 Many friends gather around to enjoy its fruits.
 When the dwelling is a shack and reduced to rubble,
 Then, one has nothing to offer, friends number few,
 Which spells deep trouble.

- Yasmin Jaldin

Come back, dear

Oh! Where are you?
 Such a welcoming song
 For the New Year's arrival!
 Your voice echoed everywhere
 And *Erabadu* flowers danced
 Adding more beauty and joy.
 Oh! Where are you?
 Silenced or migrated?
 Tell me please, for,
 Your sound of silence
 Has withered *Erabadu* buds
 And stolen the joy
 Of this festive season!

A. Jayalath Basnagoda

