

The storm

Silver drops poured down from above
Heat was over; happy we were.
Birds chirped, hopped and played
Trees and bushes looked happy and smiling.

But alas, shortlived it was!
A boisterous fiend followed the rains
Shrieking, screaming, whistling and roaring
Whirling around and playing its tricks.
A rogue, a scoundrel entered the scene,
Scared and helpless we all were.

The trees were yielding, shaking and bending
Those who opposed were toppled on to the ground.
Leaves and branches were strewn around
Flabbergasted were the man and animal.
Some on their knees, to Gods they were praying
Some started running in search of a haven.

Only a few minutes, but how long they were!
A second was even longer than an hour.
What damage that brute, that beast had done
Was clearly visible, a battle zone it was.

- *Lalitha Somathilaka*



Birthdays

Birthdays – another stepping stone
To the years that lie ahead.
Three quarter century plus more,
Has so swiftly fled.

Showers of blessings from children dear,
A number of cards from far and near.
Roses red, flowers of different hue,
Sent with love and gratitude

For all she's done, and still do.
The birthday cake, no candles lit,
As there's no space
The exact age to depict!

Dinner out, her choice of food,
To the finest place to choose, they could.
Looking back she fondly recalls,
The birthdays of her offspring

When they were small,
In her days of young motherhood
Wanting them to enjoy in happy mood.
Cakes taking various shapes,

Merry-go-rounds and trains,
Wishing wells and aeroplanes.
The 'little girls' dressed in flouncy skirts,
The 'little boy' proud, his suit complete.
Games, balloons, fun and laughter,
Memories that linger forever after.

- *Rupa Wijesinghe*

