

Montage

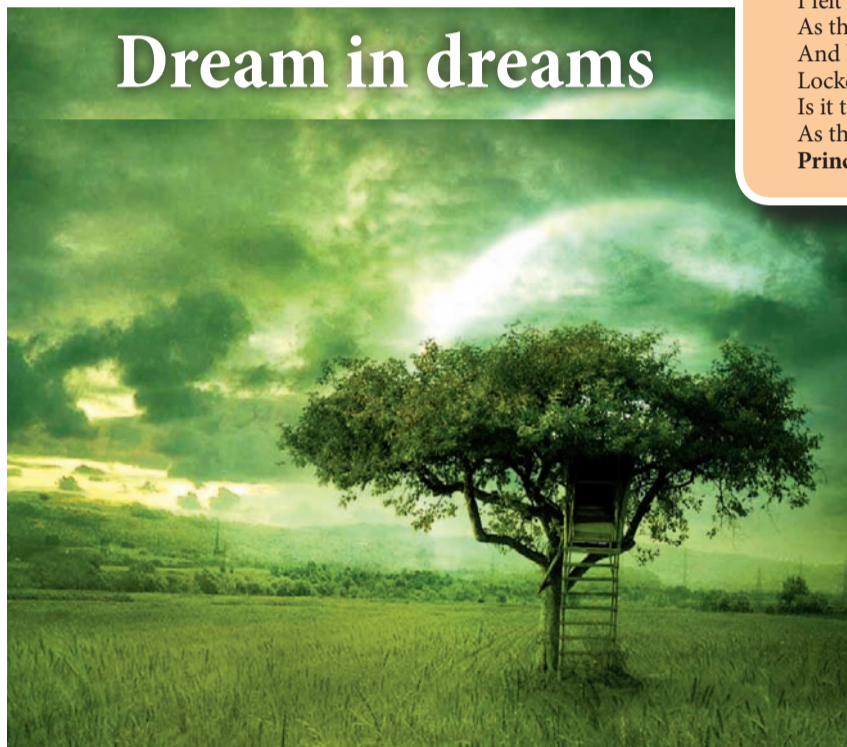


Swift

If I were a swift
I would fly to you in grey mists
Lift your heart that drifts
And heal this sad rift
Far away in a freezing clime
Oh! Where are you lover-of-mine?
Am I to pass the seven seas?
With a heart dying within me
That summer you were mine
Sweet dreams were waiting in the line
With the moon's pass and go
My soul is fainting Oh!
My words hurt you so
Still they haunt you true
But to head away a thousand mile
Tell me if this is my fine?
Thousands of 'forgive me's
And tear streaked 'I'm sorry's
I just threw in the air
Did the wind find you there?
Ashen hazes blur my way
Black black clouds go away!
With no sun even in the day
The swift has lost her way

Punya Samanthapali

Dream in dreams



This is my home

Surrounded by books
Lost in my own world
I read ,Rain makes music on the roof
This is my home
Nisansala Dharmasena Bertholamuze

We sleep not on our beds
But we dream our dreams
We try to get
harvest in
Before sunset and the night

We sleep not on our beds
But we dream
ours
We think it will happen
But it will not happen

It rains in our dreams
We will
wet in the rain
Rose petals will drop
They will flow in the water

Love and agony
will meet beauty
Cow will feed her cubs
We will allow them
Many dreams in our
life
But we sleep on one bed.

Indika Thushara Gamage

The soft red petal

A soft red petal, a rose petal.
With a sweet evoking fragrance.
A soft red petal resting on my palm,
With a sweet sensation.
A soft red petal held in my fingertips,
Knowing or unknowingly,
I rip it in middle, half way down.
With tenderness being my mentor.
A soft red petal now turns into a heart,
Resting on my palm.
Increasingly softer,
Softer like a newlywed bride.
Increasingly softer,
Like the breath of my lover.
A soft red petal a rose petal,
Rests on my palm closer to my flesh,
Another heart beating with my rhythm.
Udayangani Mawalagedera



LYRICS FROM
MY HEART ...

Thy name is humility

He gave thee wisdom and the strength
He made thee perfect in body and spirit
He picked the best amongst His flock
And made thee the Shepherd of the lost.
That thou will shield them with love and care
In humility...

As flowing water from a crystal fall
Like the gentle grazing deer at dawn;
With purity of the lamb in yonder field
And soft roll of the ebbing wave.
His wondrous love He spread on thee
With humility...

I felt anew, awesome when I saw thee first
As tho' I was in the presence of the Lord;
And bel'ived what I saw from out,
Locked within thy heart and spirit
Is it true or mirage, I shall know one day
As thy name is Humility...
Princess

Tell me

Now I know, it's the time to go,
To say goodbye and close the door.
Years of memories stuffed in a trunk,
To switch the lanes in the race I run.
"Change-that word I dread at times,
Though I am headed to a home that is mine.
Never to return as the person I am,
But a mere memory of a golden time.
When did I make such a solid strong bond,
With a land and people that were new found?
I started so well...said "No more bonds!"
Knowing I'd end up with tears to fill ponds.
But had to jump headless without a clue,
And drown in the deep dark waters new.
Drenched in a heavy rain of tears,
I plucked those water Lillies of love.
In case I take them out and above,
I fear that they would wilt and crouch.
Now the time has come, with the rain and sun...
But the lillies? Should I just leave them in the pond?

G.C.Priyangwada Perera



Ramzan

Ramzan, in the month of Ramazan,
Was fasting and feasting at night,
He was praying and reciting the Quran,
In gathering merits in greater height.
Ramzan, thought the month of Ramazan,
Would renew his life longer
His wealth and health
Would be with him forever
Ramzan, forgot the month of Ramazan,
Is mainly to help the needy.
The poor and the beggers,
To his house had no entry
Ramzan, in the month of Ramazan,
Did not realise the least,
That it is a holy month,
That makes us feel what hunger is
Ramzan, one day in the month of Ramazan,
Fell ill and knew his last days.
He requested his wife and children,
To feed the needy in possible ways.
Ramzan, in that month of Ramazan,
Wanted to influence God,
To save him from death.
But seven days after Ramazan,
He bid goodbye to all,
To answering the Almighty's call

Nazly Cassim



Watching the stars change course

Along the midnight skies
Watching you grow
Under my very eyes
Times have changed
Days have slipped
Now you're a man
But sitting back at home
Seeing you win the world
I can't help
Wishing
My little boy
Back again...

E.Farwin Rahuman



Night is not dead

Night is not dead
The red sun is fired,
and replaced moon embraces the town
with tender beams of light,
observing the passive strong movements
at night.
Roaming eyes penetrating darkness,
of a lady, waiting for her secret love,
are sharper than those looked forward for her beloved
a long time ago.
A hope for a life of few hours
is written in her dark eyes.
Again a lady
in gorgeous frock,
a determination for the life of next day
reigns her eyes, but nothing else.
Quick glances run across the street
to hunt men.
A gentleman, singing loudly,
walking in a zig zag style,
as if he is free again,
but untied tie is hanging around his sweated neck.
The moon still casts her feeble light.
only for them, only for them,
who looks for life in the darkness.

Vidyani Wijethunga