

Poetry Series

Deva De Silva
- poems -

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Deva De Silva()

* A Distant Path

When it was wild, as times were
Embraced, you and I
Entwined, soared, and swarmed
Shun the light, moonlit skies, and stars
Let there be no cowards

Deva De Silva

* A Dragon Fly

My hopes and dreams
A dazzling dragonfly
With transparent wings
So delicate and bright

Deva De Silva

* A Farewell

A lake and mountains afar
In melancholic sorrow
Yearn for a living soul
To explore, to discover

Deva De Silva

* A Girl-Child

Crossing a pebbled pathway
Bare feet flinching in pain
A flowered cotton gown
Flapping around my knees
Flimsy hair tangled, unkept
Nodding in the wind

Revelling at the novelty of pain
Squinting at the sunrays blinding
Raising on tiptoes,
Opening the door
I must have been a child,
Aged four or so

Driven by an urgency
To be with you alone
I searched for you in our home,
Threatening, it had suddenly become

Roaming the rooms of olden years
Unspoken secrets that spooked
Dark corners that swarmed
Shadows on walls loomed

Dust collected under bamboo chairs
Cobwebs stuck on wood-framed doors
Of onions and herbs, reeked the air
A wooden plank shrieked, to repeated blows

In our kitchen amidst raised voices – shrill
Strange smells, and known strangers hostile
Sensing that you were there among
A mass of relatives old and young

I side-stepped, crept through, and bounced
Hauling myself on you, in delight
To wrap around your waist with might
Knowing well how much I am loved

Burrying my face in your soft belly
Inhaling your sweet scent in mine
Straining my head backwards to see
Your eyes trailing down to lock with mine
To embrace me whole-heartedly
To erase my fears of uncertainty

Standing deaf to all else
But your tender smile,
Recalling how I pinned
For your affection undivided
I relive your girl-child amma,
Deep within me still!

Deva De Silva

* A Humbling Sight

A mountain hovers coyly,
Veiled by brittle grasses
From where I lay.

A ripple erases
Sky reflected on
Murky waters of lake.

A cool wind blows
Drying sweat drops
Budding on my face.

A bee hums in tune
With swaying branches
Of a cyprus landscape.

Sun rises majestic
A humbling sight
In a sheer ball of orange!

Deva De Silva

* A Joy!

It's a joy smelling to high heavens
At day's end, tending my garden
Dressed in mud
Kissed by the sun

It's a joy singing old tunes
Alone, in a crowd
Loosing the key midway
Pulling it off anyways

It's a joy dancing naked
Before my most feared critic
Peeking at myself in a
Horror-struck vanity mirror

It's a joy being silent
When all else profound
A frog, yellow bellied
Dozing off on a lotus leaf

It's a joy being loud
When the world dumbfounds
A crow rising at dawn
Training its vocal muscle

It's a joy, letting fingers roam
Whenever they insist on
As I inscribe in earnest
My holy viewpoint

Oh joy!
I can write
When all else
Cease to exist

Deva De Silva

* A Legacy

Sitting close to you so that
I could reach out and touch
A rare treat to be that
Center of attention for once
These are the memories of
You teaching me to write

Unwatched I watched
Your sun browned skin
Your wavy black hair
Your broad nose flared
Tobacco scented breath
Fanning on my cheeks

Your face tensed
Head bent down deep
Glasses balanced on your nose
Lips grimaced when you speak
Veins on your hands
Protruded when you print

Tracing your letters reverently
Along the fine inscribing
Straining to master the strokes
To write like you neatly
As a child following a path
Led along with such care
I watched unwatched
When you guided me there

Treasured over the years
Ridden in times left behind
Traces of your writing
Still embedded in mine
Comfort me endless
When I yearn for your love
When I feel your presence
When I write
A legacy that I carry

In my pen

Deva De Silva

* A Love By Default

I remember
How we danced on a bridge
One magical morning
Saturday night still hovering in the air
Hesitant to take its leave
Seized in tenderness, in love
Swaying to the music of sea waves
Whipping on the maimed rocks
Deafening us

You wore ivory horns
Bewitching my fleshy ears
Their strength clogging my senses
I wore my heart on my sleeve
Your dreams grew hairs on my bald scalp
A full head of black hair that glistened
A willing prey to your charms
I only dreamt of being yours

Steaming cheeks resting on a screaming heart
I remember looking far into the dark
Shivering in happiness, uncertainty, and fear
How you avowed your love, undying
How you announced to plunge in
To swim the black water's depth to prove it.

We belonged, that we did
I was yours
You were barely mine
Do you recall?
Our love by default

Deva De Silva

* A Maple Leaf

An autumn maple leaf
Red, orange, and yellow streaked
Half emerged in grey waters
Enclosed in mossy green

Tell-telling of living beings
Flourishing deep underneath
Air bubbles peaking atop
Rupture in greeting

The force of their journey
Rippling in flawless rings
Shoot fireworks around the leaf
Yet, being mindful of its peace

The sky reflects on grey waters
Pebbled basin echoes in green
Surrounded by bronze pennies
Glowing in the sun beam

An old bark of a tree
Floats hovering within reach
Ferns shooting from it straining
To caress the maple leaf

Rest in peace
Weary maple leaf
In a wishing well
Filled with human dreams!

Deva De Silva

* A Rescue

The stonewall and the brook
A disfigured snow mound
Reborn in my thoughts!

Moss covered rocky beds
Garland the silent stream
A black stroke of an artist's brush!

A sparrow shrugs off snowflakes
Perched on its basin
Of a snow cone birdbath!

Daffodil and tulip bulbs
Yearning to shoot their leaf buds
Await the winter's passing!

Trees, bushes, and all life forms
Erased by snow whitening
Sunrays to the rescue!

Deva De Silva

* A Robin

Oh, silly robin!
Worms squirm merrily
Beneath three snow feet.

Sharpen your beak
Get in there digging
They flourish indeed
Beneath three snow feet.

Fluff up your feathers
Brace the cold weather
They're naive of your presence
Beneath three snow feet.

Deva De Silva

* A Safe Place On Earth!

A lean black horse
Dressed in red
Turns its head crossly
Towards its itchy rear
Stained teeth bared
Dribbling saliva streaks
Snorting loudly
Spraying angry snot
Convulsing its supple
Facial muscles
Shrugging a slithery fur
One hoof up in air
Whips its tail in ire!

An impish fly
A grey blur with wings
Wringing its arms and legs
In blatant mischief!
Fluttering its wings
A dozen a second
Dodging the whipping
Shooting from one spot
To another, leaping high
Grabs on the horsetail
Swinging to its pace
Cheering itself
For lodging on
The weapon raised
To squash it!
Safest place on earth.
'Phew! ' It mutters under its breath.

Deva De Silva

* A Slumber

Convulsing and quivering
Tide rise 'n ebb at no end
Taming its fierce waves
A torso in harmony with self
Pouring out, unashamed
From a bottomless abyss
Pungent air strain an escape
A mouth wide agape, shrieks
A blood curdling uproar
A fierce growling of a dingo
A man's peaceful slumber!

Deva De Silva

* A Treat!

Sitting on my rooftop one eve
In the scorching tropical heat
The sun glare, blinding me
Braving its passionate beat
Throwing open my arms wide
To trap the thirsty wind
Drying out my throat `n nostrils
Clogging them with dusty specks
Tugging at my hair wildly and
Flapping around my shirt to flee

Hovering at my reach
They tempt me wildly
The ripe guava fruits
Of my beloved tree,
My ladder on a journey
Up a rooftop getaway
Where I hide from the world
Where I find my peace

The sea waves crashing
Amidst the seagull squeals
A train whistling by
In a thunderous roar
Human voices humming below
Going about their daily chores
All oblivious to my being!

Sinking my teeth
In plump yellow skin
Guavas plucked eagerly
With keen fingertips
With a divine crunch
The cool juices dribble
Splattering on my lips
Seeping down my gullet
What a luscious treat
Earned at my day's end!

Relishing all sounds of living
Sitting on my roof top one eve
In the scorching tropical heat
Braving its passionate beat
How I savoured the guava feast
The heavenliest of them Treats!

Deva De Silva

* A Waiting

A green patch of growth
Raved in Dandelion yellow
Sway to the rhythm of wind
Under an old willow

Out of place it lurks
A muddy pond man-made
Where a lone duck sun bathes
In its weed laden banks-narrow

A concrete wall cage them in
A smiling face splattered on it
Black eyed and red lipped
Outside my window

At my honey oak desk I sit
Surrounded by paper rustling
Wallowing it all, idling
Impatiently, waiting till four!

Deva De Silva

* Birds!

Inspired by the poem 'Birds' by Poemhunter's very own poet Barry A. Lanier!

Drizzling spring rain.
Their feathers still crispy dry,
Blue birds defy!

Warming the spring air,
Two Blue Jays in harmony.
What a lively dialogue!

A row of pines,
Soldiers, bracing cold enemy lines.
I'm alone among them.

I can sense,
Through the whispering hazy mist,
The cypress swamp.

Wild owls in spring,
Converse hidden in dense foliage.
My ears strain towards them.

Through the cypress folds,
Eager eyes feast on,
A fuming water stream.

Morning dew glistens.
A blue heron statuesque, listens,
To the stillness surrounding it.

Veiled by the corn field,
Hundreds of cows ramble on.
A cloud of clear disharmony!

Tall grasses sway,
Tickling the twitching nostrils,
As spring approaches.

Patches of mud puddles,
Splatter the narrow walking trails.
Mini frozen glaciers!

The air is spring cold.
Fluttering wings hum above, as I walk.
A calm silence within myself.

Deva De Silva

* Far And Beyond!

Smell me in the air
For I fly everywhere

Catch a quick glimpse of me
Soaring to an edge of a peak

Watch me leap over
Riding the wind rover

Amidst sea waves' hiss
I rise above the mist

See me in the clouds
As I glide up above

Kiss the glaring sun
And be back on the run

Catch me downpour
In a burly rainfall

Gather my uproar
In a gentle palm

Lay me down on a petal
See me form to a puddle

Touch the lips to a stream
Feel me come into being

Hear me in the rustle
Of the leaves' bustle

Set me apart from known
Look far and beyond

For I yearn to be reborn
In any and every form

To be near you...

Deva De Silva

* Following The Lead

A ray of sunlight.
Smoke rise from lake waters
A fish darts away

A gust of wind
Sweeps dry leaves off ground
An ant scurries away

A rain drop
Trails an aster petal
A bee dashes away

A tamed sun
Hovers behind clouds
A nightingale wails

To Hurry home
Following their lead
I propel from where I lay

Deva De Silva

* Forgive Me!

Shooting leave buds
You lay forlorn, yet
In new hopes of being
Discovered in time
To be nursed back
To live a long life
To be loved like
You were loved once!

Scooping you up
Placing you gently
In a hole dug deep
Twice the circumference of
And thrice your rood height
I ask for forgiveness
For unearthing you
In sheer cold blood!

Casting you aside
And treating you like
An unwanted root
A common garden thief
An invading weed when
Your ash tinted branches
Your tiny green leaves
Your eagerness to live
Did not belong there
In an worthless pile
To garnish the green bin

Now I groom you tenderly
For the lilac blossoms
Throughout summer
That you'd bloom!

Deva De Silva

* In Solitude

A glass of red wine spent
Recalling life's events
Crowded in my skin
In Solitude

Relishing a melody of lament
Drifting through my window
Gliding in uninvited
In solitude

Last night I cried out loud
Just to hear a sound
Though I did not hear me
In solitude

Drowning in my naked fear of
Living a life unseen
Yearning to belong
In solitude

I woke up in the evening
Read a book out loud
My voice wavering
In solitude

As the heroine yearned
In crowded isolation
To be loved
In solitude

I walked naked
In my new home
My skin in flames
In solitude

Every molecule of air
Brushing against me
Impaired my being

In solitude

It was raining that morn
When I came to life
My throat stinging
In solitude

I mourn not waking up
Next to my beloved
To warm my frozen hind
In solitude

I see no soul
I hear no breathing
I smell no skin
In solitude

I carry your imprint
Buried deep within me
And life goes on
In solitude

Deva De Silva

* Kind Words

Kind words are more than a tune

It's fresh air to a choking lung

Kind words echoing, truth genuine

I hear on your lips, eternally sung

A gift you extend to everyone!

Deva De Silva

* Mute

Brittle hair prickling my nose
Breathing in my ear, deep
Resting a left leg on my hip
You lay lost to the world

Questions that hounded me
Through out the day at no end
Gone mute strangely
As still as your limbs

The swallows gone hoarse
Falling rains paused
Creeks drained running
Winds ceased humming

The moon hovers closely
Looking through the pane
Longing to be in a brave
Dream that you weave

Ratchet and Clank, the star
Canoeing in a spring of larva
Destroying alien warships
Gaining extra weapon points

Reaching through gold curtains
The moonlight paints your face
Resting in the crook of my arm
A smile curling on your cheeks

The tree branches in discreet
Knocking on window panels
Had my heart leap for a second
From your glowing presence

Goodnight my son, Kyle...

Deva De Silva

* They Say

Eyes closed
Limbs at peace
You lay asleep
Deaf to my pleas
I lay beside you
As I always did

I rest my cheeks
On your warm breast
My tears smear
Your blue cotton dress
You feel like home
As you always did

I kiss your cheeks
Your chest and arms
Bury my head
In your soft belly
You smell the same
Like you always did

I call your name
I touch your face
Hugging you tenderly
Crushing you to me
You do not respond
But you always did

You don't see my tears
You don't hear my cries
you don't feel my touch
Your body lay warm
With no beating heart
I cannot let you go
But you've already left

They say you died
But I cannot live it

****a Note In Blue**

Standing under a sun mellowed
My feet stood still
Pausing at will
Relishing the sand's
Sheer wanton silk
Recalling footprints
Erased long ago
By an unruly wind
It was fate's inevitable wand
Indeed!

Squinting my eyes narrow
Raking through a wild burrow
A weed growth of memoirs
Blurred with time
Paying no heed
To the wind bellow
Watching me fearfully
Chasing a note
Kiting in the wind
With your phone number
Printed in blue
It was you roaring
In ill-mannered glee!

Deva De Silva

****dear Sue**

A tribute to my teacher:

Dear Sue,

From your golden curly hair
To three-inch, pretty shoes
From the glint in your eyes
To the spring in your step
From your luminous smile
To the vivacious air
I watched in awe
For six whole weeks
How you lit up a room
When you waltzed in!

You preached us daily
To surround ourselves
With good virtues
And personal values
You taught us earnestly
To be enthused
Even when faced
With tedious chores
You guided us patiently
To fearlessly pursue
Career goals in galore
And some more!

At the end of this journey
I stand alone – Reborn
Ready to take on
New challenges and trials
With a glint in my eyes
And a spring in my step
For I carry you in my heart
As a secret shield!

I solemnly swear to remember, Sue
What you said about good attitude

Thank you for being in every ounce
The phenomenal woman that you exude!

Deva De Silva

***a Cherry Tree!**

A cherry tree in blossom,
Hidden at night from my sight.
Majestic, all the same!

A cherry tree in bloom.
A swing sway in the wind.
I will not fly today!

Deva De Silva

*a Cottage By The Lake

Away from everyday chaos
Where time flew in a blur
From mundane endeavours
Caging our souls
We took a trip to the lake
That Easter weekend

Lake waters frozen for miles
Stood in silence summoning
Bold feet to jump in
Through a hole in ice

Spirited minds, young
Played soccer on
Last year's grass
Stones thrown in
Murky waters for fun
Released a stench of
Decompose all around

Slouching through walking trails
Slipping in mud frozen glaciers
For them kids, all abound
A universal playground!

A chair swung in the wind
Hanging from a Cyprus limb
As birds flew above
As spring settled in

In far horizon at night
Lights sparkled and blink
Seemingly another planet
To the straining eyes

Spicy lamb curry,
A taste divine
Chicken wings, pork ribs
At supper we dined

Even juicy strawberries squirt
Echoed joys spurred within

Perhaps, most valued
My hour of soul was
The night spent sitting
By the old fireplace

Conversing our thoughts
Sharing views that brought
Friendships closer
Like minds merger

As the day erased
Till small hours, awake
Raking through themes
That we relate to, best
Screams of merriment reeked
In that cottage by the lake

Deva De Silva

*a Glare

Shoved towards a wisdom
Hailing from a rack full of dust
Preaching from books of rules
Feigned as devinely a must

Group unfit behavior,
Rough play, and their cause
Crushing tender spirits
Even before they root
Caging their thinking
To the ways of their own

Breathing class rules
In scorching dragon fires
Assigning a distinct spot
To park soggy boots
If overlooked,
So help me god!

Molding an average soul
Tamed in a three-piece suit
Who cannot speak his mind,
Curse out loud, or be rude
Taught never to swear
Taunted to smile his glare

Deva De Silva

*a Home

Hours of roaming aimlessly
Through streets deserted and mute
Sorrows piercing my ears
Tears flowing in pitiful streaks
Mutilated and displaced by wind
Drying in tribute, frozen on cheeks
A feeling of liberation it beckoned

As the sky grew gold and the day turned old
Warm feet turned cold, heart ceased being bold
Head held high nestled lower and lower,
Disappearing into the neck.
Along with the spring in my step

Yet, the old spirit sang young
With each tired stride taken
Towards ones I cherished,
A sense of tenderness soared within

Inhaling burning air on a cold January night
Exhaling a frosty manner smoldering inside
I summoned up my courage
To turn back and gait
To where they awaited
For my return

My sanity returning in glee
Defying all doubts timid
Blistered feet scurried
Towards an asylum
That I call my home

Deva De Silva

*a Lantern

A sparkling starry night!
Turning her back firmly to the moonlight,
A woman lights a lantern.

Deva De Silva

***a Slide!**

Snow mounds loom,
dwarfing the girl in blue.
What a groovy slide!

Deva De Silva

*a Stone Birdbath!

A stone birdbath overflowing with snow,
Under an arch of ivy vine
Bright green leaves are long gone
A stone birdbath overflowing with snow!
A bemused bird hovering over-not know
It used to take its fill – devine
A stone birdbath overflowing with snow
Under an arch of ivy branches!

Deva De Silva

*acres

A bare tree-line,
Cages meagre acres solemnly.
What a frivolous endeavour!

Deva De Silva

***are You Happy Now?**

Scattered beneath
A grey headstone
You lay on
Auburn ground
As I walk on
The new grasses
Sprouting above
Unreserved
Did I release your memory?
Have I freed your soul?
Are you happy mother
That I no longer cry?
I lied...

Deva De Silva

*chami And I

I sang to you
From a long list of
My favourite songs
Until you dozed off

Telling stories about bunny trails
Tracing my ear with your fingernails
We shared dreams in our young days
For long hours we stayed awake
Talking deep into nights
In a single bed compact tight
With no room even to wiggle a toe
Though we were to sleep alone

Every night we'd put up a fight
For it was heartbreaking to part
Even for a little while
Let alone many hours
Until the morning comes!

I'd lie on top of you
Pulling a sheet over us
Flattening you to bed
As if we were one
When it was time for thatta
To say goodnight
Making sure that
Everything's alright
He would scan the room
Tuck in the mosquito net
And turn off the lights
Not knowing our trick

I'd close my eyes
You'd brave my weight
We'd pretend to be
That it was only me
Smothering our giggles

Buried deep within us
Feigning such innocence
My sister, Chami and I!

Deva De Silva

*crow

Sun dip in lake waters.
Silently and reverently, head bowed deep,
A lone crow meditates.

Deva De Silva

*hyacinth

Among the rocks,
Violet hyacinths dazzle in bloom.
Spring settles down.

Deva De Silva

*moon

Watching the moon,
Lighting up the snow bank,
I lay bare of my thoughts.

Deva De Silva

*night Sky

Brilliant night sky!
As I drag myself to bed
Wooden stairs creek.

Deva De Silva

*peonies

Pink peonies petals scattered
They Lay forlorn, felled by spring rain
How closely-knit they seemed yesterday!

Deva De Silva

***purple Masquerade**

Peel off your purple masquerade
That smirks and smears pain
To hide the truth, you fail
I see through your sheer veil

You are no outcast bailed
No lost soul packed and sealed
Let's go ahead and strike a deal
For I have my own Achilles' heel

Remember it's not allowed
In this life we share as one
Take off your lilac front
Stand tall in your own skin
Scrap your flimsy doubts
Loose your mask for now

On all I hold dear, I swear
Of all people, you should be aware
Need none of that mask you wear
When I clearly sense your despair

Smile when you are glad
Grin away from cloud nine
Roar when you fume
To your moods I'm immune!

Slouch when you are slow
Grouch if about to blow
Sound it off at full volume
If you want to be left alone

Simply speaking my love,
As I ranted-on above;
When you are bored,
I want you to yawn!
When you are sad,
I want you to bawl!

I am on aboard freely
To save you from yourself
I can handle it, no sweat
With no bow or fancy wrapping
So love me if you do
Or don't if you don't
I only hound the real deal
Minus the purple masquerade!

Deva De Silva

*sage

Silver sage herbs,
An Albino peacock among greens.
What a humbling sight!

Deva De Silva

*snow

Beneath the young sky,
sound of water gushing roars.
Yesterday's snow!

Deva De Silva

A Banishment

Be gone indifference!
Be gone pessimism!
Be gone mediocre!
Be gone self-doubt!
Be gone standoffish!
Be gone monkey mind!
From my heart;
From my thoughts;
From my entrails'
From my blood;
From under my skin;
I banish thee from my life;
Till the next time!

Deva De Silva

A Changed World

A black furry squirrel busily
Nibbling at my window frame
Gathering twigs, soggy wood specks
Making a bed for its offsprings

Fluttering wings, spattering water rain
A Robin in a birdbath, waltzing merrily
Feet in unison, twisting and turning
Making swirls in a moss coloured basin

Swaying to the melody of wind
A cherry tree happily swings
Sprinkled with juicy red fruits
Summoning swarms of life forms

An occasional seed thudding on deck
Its sweet maroon juices sucked dry
Spat out from an eager bird's beak
Already reaching for a new treat

Waking up to the morning sounds
Bustling pure energy - them all
Outside my window abound
My world seems serene and whole

Then I remember, you are no more
A pang in my chest uncoils raw sorrow...

Perched on a cement statue of divinity
Angle of Death waltzing every morning
Grotesque feet pulsating and twitching
Making a mockery of the joys of living

A black soul nibbling at my heart
Gathering failed dreams in glee
From jaws of a serpent fluttering in me
Pulsating grief dribble through my veins

Loneliness thudding

On the deck of conscience
Spat out carelessly
From a leering mouth
Succulent juices
sucked dry and readily
Reaching for a new prey

Despair rustling in the winds of fate
Waking up to a day forever changed
Realizing that you are no more
My whole world seems bare in vain!

Deva De Silva

A Double Triolet: Denial!

Why do you deny my basic nature?
Of which you know so well by now.
Time after time, I've signed my signature.
Why do you deny my basic nature?
You mocked them all my attempted ventures.
You definitely do know how!
Oh, why do you deny my basic nature?
Of which you know so well by now!

You scowl upon my sense of adventure.
I wish you would stop as of now!
My heart aches on verge of rupture.
When you scowl upon my sense of adventure
A glimpse of hatred in your eyes I capture.
Show me your affection avowed!
You scowl upon my sense of adventure.
I wish you would stop as of now!

Deva De Silva

A Friend

You are sent my way, a gift from far away
Where unknown forces, amaze me ceaseless.
Many reasons explain why you feel like home.
This exquisite being, closest to my heart,
My best friend. You.

I trust you to know my dreams,
Deepest of secrets, core of my distress.
I have faith in you to be mindful.
To get me right every time I`m off-beam.
You don't turn away, nor take your eyes off,
You don't question, not even for a second
What I value in you the most
Is for witnessing me, no matter what.

It is you I think of in times of low,
Days of gloom, nights of lone
It is you I turn to in times of thin,
Days of ruin, in nights of storm
A lingering image of you,
I hide in my heart.
To give me might, to give me sight,
To shove me towards the light,
In menacing dark.

You give me hope when I see none.
You give me laughs when I drown in dread.
You give me courage when I hide from my shadow.
You give me myself when I am on the run.
A self, tender,
A self, brave,
A self, to love

You are my ears listening tireless.
You are my garden crowding in blooms.
You are my pen scribbling dazzling prose.
You are my breathing hole
I swim towards to surface.

When you decided to linger
With good reason: So you say!
You walked me when I lagged behind
With no qualms: You saved my day!
You carried me when I dragged my feet
About to quit, and forever you may.

I owe it to you, a dear thing I own,
Our friendship sworn to last a lifetime.
Warmth it brings swells within,
Keeping me sane
When world make no sense,
When words make no sense,
When I make no sense.

I swear to remember
Our stories, our laughs.
The time invested in us
Will soar in ten-fold
I swear to take thee as my friend,
Closest to my heart, dearest to me.
My forever friend,
That you are to me.

Deva De Silva

A Mourning

I was raised with no cold steel at my hind
Nudging me to be straight backed
Bread not broken at religious tables
Wine not slurped in silver goblets
Women were not fair and light
Men were not strong and wise

I had the freedom
Of galloping horses
Set free by feared mothers
Roaming the land
Surging unleashed
Running free

World was mine to graze
With my confidence ablazed
At my fingertips swayed
My right to dream
With no surcharge or fee
To follow my destiny
As it was seen deemed
By none other than me

Free to wander in meadows
Valleys untouched by Coke cans
Led to trust in a fleeing deer's instinct
Haunted by a pack of wolf snarls
warned to believe in a Scorpio's sting,
Cause and effect that follow us to the end

Deva De Silva

A Woman In Love

She sits in shadow; in semi-dark
Her face reflecting calmness
As she meditates silently
In unwavering mindfulness

Her eyes attuned and glazed
A spirited moth destined for greatness
Dancing in the bright light of a lamp
Relentless and confident of its feat

She feels his presence so distinctly
Though far off, in another world
She yearns for his presence deeply
Untouched by times that passed since

A world lost that doesn't exist
Immersed in dark waters deep
To her it's only a stone's throw away
Where she can reach out and touch

Masterful and precise in the art
She weaves her perfect world
Where broken dreams restore
Broken hearts mend as you go

He stands dazzling, smiling
She loves stirring and reverently
In a world turned mute, alive, nostalgic
In a perfect world alongside him

She is no more present
Immersed in everyday
His face played and replayed
Each instant brighter
And urgent than afore
In her pining heart
Weaving a perfect world
She sits in the dark
In unwavering mindfulness.

Deva De Silva

A Woman Stoned To Death

Gasping for air, lungs drowning in fear
She's drenched in anguished tears
Hidden behind a burka with peep holes
She sees the world fading in blurred eyes
Hands, arms bound tightly behind her back
Buried deep in a pit, man-made
Trembling from head to toe
She awaits her death alone
Far away from her homeland
Aching for her loved ones
Praying for another reality
Where she didn't have to depart
The dust rises up in air
As rocks hurled at her head, torso
Savagely and unjustly
Bounce off to lay forlorn
Bloodied, dispirited, and shamed
Piling up around her by the second
Paying no heed to blood-curdling pleas
Pouring out of her tortured body
The crazed feet shrieking blatant abuse
Swirling, twisting, and hurling
Dancing brazenly to her dying heartbeat
Running back and forth for more weapons
A feverish chanting fills the air
"In the name of God! " "God is great! "
Last words that she hears spat out with venom
To justify the sadistic, savagery against women
Now she lays unflinching, spent
With sporadic tremors, which follows
Yet, another shower of murderous rocks
The world deadpanned and mocked
Once she graced, a proud daughter of earth
Refined as the "male-entitlement" from birth
Defined as the guardian of "virtues"
Burdened with the cross of "purity"
Now, a mere blood-smear on sand
Through my tears, I shield her gently
Her tortured body held close to my heart

And whisper in her ears
"You are at peace now, at last! "

Deva De Silva

Deva De Silva

Air In You

Laying awake at night
Your hand resting on my skin
Your breath fanning on my face
Savoring your being
Inhaling a pocket of air
That has been in you
My eyes sting as
An emptiness spread within
As I glimpse a life without you

You are mine to snuggle up
On a winter's bunk
When my body fails me in cold
You are my hearth
Warmth my cold toes reach for
Lips that sense my being

You are my shadow
With footsteps that wonder
The echo I hear
That never disappear

You are sheer sand
My toes bury in
Shielding me from peril
Following me where I trail

As a gentle slope
You gave me hope
As a trickling creek
You gave me a beginning
As a dense tree
devouring the glaring sun
You gave me a blessed end
You are the air that I breathe in.

Deva De Silva

Alive, Mute

A scurrying ant trace my nose
A gust of air stroke my belly
Sand covered lips colorless
Feet lay together unmoving
Cold and eternally grey

Riverbank I sprawl on
Form ripples abound me
Sun glows. Sky yawns. Clouds stroll
A new dawn awakens
With me. Without me.

Once I was a deafening roar
A crow haggling over scrap
Tensed. Abrupt. Failing to relate
A lone wolf in combat
Greed. Corruption.

Hidden under a colorless mask
A rock collecting idle moss
I lay dead. Alive. Mute
Unearthed. Vague. I lie.

Waters I never swam
Peaks I never soared
Seas I failed to cross
Souls I never touched

When did I forget to live?

Deva De Silva

Alone

A lone bird feeder:
Swing away in the breeze
Hanging from my cherry tree!

Deva De Silva

Aloof And Forgotten

A blue carbon pen,
Confined in an oak box,
Consoled itself

A CD of Steward Little,
Dangling on a cliff edge,
Poised on its case

A maroon crayon stick,
abandoned beside
A sketch of a car it created.

A yellow stout mug,
Parched coffee staining its rim,
Perched on window sill.

Yesterday's Toronto Star,
Leering at me yelled,
'Read me- now at least! '.

A red covered novel,
Its pages ripped off,
Stared sullenly upwards.

Aloof and forgotten,
Calling for attention,
They summon me mute.

Deva De Silva

Amma's Eyes

Urging spirited feet to jump higher
A pitchy voice counts 'One, two, three' on TV;
A treasure box opens with a groan.
'What is in there? '
Pennies, odd-shaped stones,
A bunch of dead leaves
And one more thing:
My mother's kind eyes.

It's full of riches
Only a five-year-old could gather,
Valued spoils that gave him joy.
'Do you have loonies in there? '
A vigorous shake of the head.
'No! All mine! '
Amma's eyes smile:
'He is precious! '
They say.

A whiff of an air-freshener
Disguising the musty odour
Coughs out its last breaths in foams
As a plump thumb squeezes its can
A flowery scent I've come to detest
Fills the room, choking me.
'Put that down! One- Two- Three! '
Amma's eyes probe mine:
'Be gentle! '
They say.

A soda can, kicked with an eager foot
Rolls tinkling to the wall
Where it halts in defeat
Leaving a trail of pink.
A glitter of mischief in my son's eyes
'I won! ' He squeals.
A chanting in the air
As my two-year-old joins in
'We are winners! ' They sing

My mother's eyes smile:

"They are precious! "

They say.

Watching over me,

Sensing my loneliness

Among my worldly riches,

Loving her grandsons

She'd never met

My mother's gentle eyes smile:

"It's true, they are winners! "

We agree.

Deva De Silva

An Empty World

Mountains far off hidden
Erased by a misty morning
Gentle shadows slither
A world, empty of people

A dozen or so boats heading home
Their lanterns futile in the morning sky
Waves playing against the wooden hulls
Moon's still hovering above

Blessed dusk creeps in again
Lights glimmer brighter
Soaking up the day's energy
And the soaring distant waves

A world empty of people
Erased by a misty morning
Gentle shadows slither
Sharpening by the second

Deva De Silva

An Escape

Angry blood gushing in my veins
Spent emotions swirling in my brain
In a split of a second my mind wailed
That it wanted out, again

Green shirt with golden syrup stains
Fluttering on my belly in defense
Its sweet scent clogging my senses
Wailing for sympathy. Never again!

Choking my breath wind blew in
Zipper resisted to glide in
Thousand needles pricked me
At strangest of places
My knees and elbows
My nostrils and jaws

As eager lovers upbeat
Clinging onto one another
With a buzz it sank in
Two rows of zipper teeth
Taking its cue,
My body uncurled
Defying the bitter wind

Naked feet burrowed in yellow Reeboks
Refusing such cruelty yelled
'Where are the socks? '
They urged in shock
'Go Back! Get them! '
Yet, my feet won't dare
Step back into where
It stepped out from

Turning a deaf ear
To howled words wavering in fear
Turning a blind eye
To faces smeared with tears
Shrugging off,

Tiny pleading hands
Turned robust - sheer
In a haste, I escaped the harshness
That represented my home

Deva De Silva

Awe Me!

[Written and sung to the beat of 'Kiss' by Prince]

You don't have to be rich to be my girl
You don't have to bewitch to have me reel
Ain't no particular thing that you have to stir in
Just be yourself girl, you had me at your grin

You don't have to be a beauty queen to awe me now
You don't have to get paper thin to have me howl
Ain't no reason why, you've to prowl in the dark
Just be yourself girl, you'll have me bow

You don't have to be a journalist to lead me on
You don't have to slurp academia to the bone
Ain't no doubt in my mind that you're the smartest thing alive
Just be yourself girl from dusk to dawn

You don't have to be contemporary to turn me on
You don't have to be ultra-trendy, so come on
Ain't no particular thing that you've got to adorn
Just be yourself girl, I'm yours alone

You don't have to be exceptional to rule my world
You needn't have to kick the ball, in my court
Ain't no purpose in, trying to swoon me in
Just be yourself girl and accept your regime

You don't have to be genius to blow my mind
You don't have to try hard to oust my doubts
Ain't no question 'bout it, you've got me locked in
Just be yourself girl, you're great 'as is'"

Deva De Silva

Beware

A cross between an orangutan and a cow
He exudes a fragile masculinity that drowns
His legendary hair summon hideous boos
Words he speaks of sound like a racist "Moo!"
His insecurity calls for a constant guarantee
Of supremacy, triumph, and dollars in currency
An egocentric child in an adult's lavish attire
A shriveled mind, pickled in self-centered satire
A crabby irritable bowel syndrome of a man
Worthless human dung, worth many billions
A shameless charade of opulence in galore
A glorification of gaudy materialism, hollow
A bellow of worshiping his and himself
A colossal bully, slandering everyone else
A trained primate with a vocabulary of bile
A god given gift to comedians world-wide
An appalling taunt to silence the powerless
An outrageous disgrace to his country of origin
An epitome of budding dictatorship, at present
Beware he could end up being your next president!

Deva De Silva

Blissful Melody

A blissful melody
Tingle within me
Spreading from my essence
To the least of me
Urging me to ride its waves
Guiding me through
A niche untried
A land unmarked
A cove unscathed
Summoning me
To engrave it on stone
To capture it eternally
To tell the world
To revel in
This exquisite being
To thee I yield
Myself unrestrained

Deva De Silva

Brave Heart

As skies lighten, and clouds glow
Every morning she wakes up
With a spirited heart
Be it dragging herself off, or
Springing up, on her cat's paws
Busying herself with unfamiliar
Now, familiar daily chores
Without breaking a sweat, or
Missing a quarter of a beat
In her capable pace, she races through
A long list of Things-to-Do
She's got to-
Keep a zillion clinic appointments
Smile through blood transfusions
Let her caregivers know
That she's super fine
She's got to-
Write on her blog
On a myriad of topics
On Hope, Pause, and Focus
To inspire her readers
She's got to-
Sing at the mosque
In her divine voice
Simple wisdom in her words
To touch others hearts
She's got to-
Place herself, second
Her loved ones, first
To ensure them, always
That she is super fabulous!
She's got to-
Device ways to stay focused
Burning a think candle
Late into nights
Yet, keeping a cool brow
At all times!
She is the
Smile that warms the coldest of hearts

Attitude that clears the darkest of skies
Heart that defies the odds that exist
Soldier standing proud
Marching head on
Towards the enemy lines
Armed with a robust belief
In her god's graciousness
As I watch her from a distant
My heart heavy with awe
I send her strength, courage
And my deepest of love
That I summon in every form:
Breeze caressing her face
Raindrops tracing her hair
Golden leaves flying in her garden
Dancing trees in the wind tunes
Snowflakes glistening on branches
Stars lighting up her skies
Moonlight guiding her to sleep
As she rests until the daybreak

Deva De Silva

Cast Off

My mother didn't eat the mango
That grew in my father's garden
Yet, she peels it for me
Skinning it with a steel peeler
Red peels float around me
Swimming with me
Swirling in the water
Pulling at my skin
Grazing my hair
Threatening to carry my body with it
I cup my hands
Making a ball of wrinkly flesh
To save them
To save us
To save myself
They smirk and disappear
My mother doesn't see
She offers me a slice of the mango
The bigger slice
Sweet juices sweating on its skin
Why doesn't she taste it?
I seize its citrus smell in my nostrils
Stinging its way in
Never wanting to let go
I forget to savour the sweetness

I am struggling to mime a cork
To stay afloat
Been in the water for too long
Balancing myself on a slimy rock
I curl my toes around a slimy water crest
It clutches at me to steady itself
Vanishing in a flash
I'm hurled head down drowning
Who abandoned me in anguish?
Not my mother
She still hovers around me

I long to fly

I am on a wooden swing
World blurred around me
Trees fly and the birds lie in the mud
Ropes threaten to tie knots around my ankles
I hear the clink of steel loops
They mean to imprison me
I scream in silence
A hideous sound escapes within me
'No! not my ankles! '
I shout out, hoping to be heard
I don't want to swing anymore
I want to be back on earth again
Skipping along on a gravel road

My father is resting
In his mahogany armchair
With its broken footrest
His gleaming eyes turned sad
A sticky black cigar
Dangling from the corner of his mouth
Chewing on it and twitching his eyebrows at me
Stench of tobacco spew in the air
Where is my mother?
Why can't I write English letters properly?
They slant to the left
With awkward gaps in between
I cannot do anything right
My letters, words, and even my thoughts disown me

Deva De Silva

Change

Endless sky,
Supreme ruler
Icy blue sea,
A willing ally
Colonize the earth
Repressing its zeal
As a bird in its cage
A glorified claim
A blue collar around its neck
As a slave in bondage
Striped of its glamour
Chained to a cold stone pillar
Ruffling the monotony
Of the dazzling space
Its timid presence
Hidden by a cloudy haze
Grazing at the horizon
A green patch of growth,
Shies away in a corner
Searching for its soul
A tree line
Against the sky,
Feign a gentle breeze
Blowing in the wind
In a mellowed spring
To claim the nearing summer
Against the frosty waters
Its novelty presents
First green sprouts
of spring bulbs
Bobbing their heads out
To greet its creator
Are we blessed with power?
Are we cursed at birth?
They seem to ask
From the sky,
From the sea
Ignoring the others,
The Islands of the Sea

Radiating its zest
Sky extends
Far beyond the reach
Of the others
No walls divide
The sea and the sky
A mysterious eternity
Towering over all else
Sea is sky
Sky is water
One flowing into the other
Ceaseless
Joined together
Standing entwined
Dwarfed islands
Upright and proud
Stirring the souls
Rousing the numbed
Rivaling the might
Of the blue mammoth,
Hailing for their right to be free!

Deva De Silva

Colourful Umbrellas

I draped on my mother walking to school
My rightful place as her little girl
My fingers buried in her soft elbow
In the crook of her arm where sweat buds pooled

Her sari blowing in the wind
Flapping at the back of my head
Its silkiness caressing my skin
Wrapping me with a wholeness
Assumed as my sole privilege
Skipping along to keep up with her pace
My head touching her waist
Walking by her side, feeling safe

Amma held the umbrella, our haven, our shade
Shielding me from prying eyes, sun rays, monsoon rains
Our treasured ritual where she was the shepherd
And I was the obedient sheep that tailed

Every few months our umbrella changed
From new to shabby with time
Plain black to colourful designs
Violet flowers in a green background
Bold yellow tones and red checked lines
Yet, the arm hoisting it up purposefully
Remained the same

As I reached her forearm, as tall as her
Time passed by, our gait matched in rhythm
Then came the time I grew taller than she
Six inches in all, beating her in strength
Yet, nothing changed as she still strained
Guiding me, hoisting the umbrella over me

I cannot recall when the hand holding it swapped
From hers to mine in a silent pact
She was petite, I was robust and tall
Tangled as one, walking to school
I still held on to her and she led me!

One sunny day we happened by
Known eyes that stopped in surprise
I still remember the concerned probe
'Is your mother alright?' in a shrilly voice

As the realization dawned it made us smile
We chuckled silently, bursting out together
My eyes tearing, her bloomed middle squirming
Walking beside me she looked wan and sickly
Clinging on to me, unable to walk on her own
Instead of her being my power, my rock in life
To the world it appeared as if she was fragile

Outgrown my rightful place as her little girl
It felt awkward to drape on her from then on!

Deva De Silva

Come Back!

Come to my door, call my name
Come to my bed, shake me awake
When morning sky yawns
When birds chirp away
As you've done
A countless times before
Stand still, please don't leave
Let me have my fill of your face

Lay down with me in troubled nights
Your body resting in line with mine
Being there only for my sake
As moon glistens on unruly waves
As sand absorbs salty dampen trails
You never left me forsaken
When I drown in self pity
When I tremble in pain
Lay still, please don't stir
Let me be born in your embrace

Speak to me in your melodic voice;
Tender words - overwhelming sheer
As spring rain tapping on my roof
As a gentle breeze caressing trees
Speak your mind, unreserved
Speak red, piercing my ears
Speak slowly, please don't pause
Let me absorb fully, your presence

Denied senses tirelessly strain
To breathe in your familiar scent
To hear your nimble footsteps
To see laughs quivering your belly
Please fill my eyes with your sight
Quench my thirst for your voice
Feel my yearnings for your love
Dry my sorrows and cheeks, moist

Come back to me in a memory

Be there alive in my dreams
Come with a blissful smile, merry
Even in wretchedness of pain

Come to share my triumphs
Come to ease my letdowns
Come to witness my being
Come back to me my mother
Come back in any form that you may!

Deva De Silva

Comradeship

A man wearing a cotton white cloak
Flowing down to his bare feet
Leads a horse raved in velvet blue
His face brimming with delight absolute
He travels a narrow mountain path
With his master sitting on horseback
Cloaked in thick black layers
Wrinkled and soiled as deemed
Scorched under the dying sun rays
Face swollen and reddened
With merriment of wine
Consumed plentiful, last night
His body slumped over to better reach
The manservant's profound views
The unlikely pair seems to revel
An attuned comradeship - new found!
As the sun arch softened
And the parched wind blew
A gorged cactus witnessed
The foot imprints of man and horse
Disappearing into the golden sand
As if they had never been!

Deva De Silva

Confused

Meager acres of land cradle a winding gravel road
Along which I hurry towards the unknown.
On a steep cement flight
Twirling towards heaven
I rest my forehead and taste the earth.
I long to pick dead leaves
Separate pebbles from sand
But my fingers are frozen
Damned!
I see red stiletto heels, platforms,
And white sneakers passing by
On their way to heaven
Squeaking and trotting, shrieking abuse at me
I wish to be invisible to their toes,
Non-existence to their souls
My fingers falter greedily
looking for more than what eyes meet
I don't find any sapphires,
Not even a shiny piece of glass
To trap the bloody sunrays
Seeing only the sand
Stretched out for miles
I turn around and backtrack
In defeat.
I am falling weightless
Into an abyss merciless
I plunge through the air,
Without fighting back
My body flinching at the cold
At the fury of a roaring stream
My nose sting and eyes dim
Scarlet sunrays becomes a mere memory
I become one with stream
Ears balk out the rest of the world
Surging bubbles of a pop can
Rising up in vigor
Only to burst at the surface
Its force raises me up
My limbs twisting in all directions

Threatening to abandon my torso
Reason swimming away from me
A life short lived, to die in silence,
I resist, half-heartedly

Deva De Silva

Destination

Sun grows calm in the crimson sky
Softly caressing the arched back
A lone man sitting semi-upright
On a scarred wooden bench
Decaying wood planks
Peeling soggy paint
Discoloured and marked with time
Embraces a tall lean frame
A gust of spring air blows
Parting thick grey hair
Baring a scalp of pale white
My fingers hover in air
A torso hunched trembles
Old hands clasped on lap
Purposely and gracefully
Hugs the arms criss-crossed
Squinting brown eyes gaze
A place in horizon
Only he can sense,
Only he can grasp,
Which I long to see...

Deva De Silva

Except For May Be:

My seemingly unclaimed self
Indifferent to indifference itself
An empty vessel drifting
In a river flowing endless

A frivolous vase with a daunting leakage
Failing to restrain water in its bosom
Feeding to their qualms of my use – in bloom
Failing to nourish a bouquet of blue mums

I have no dreams that sound sound – whatsoever
I have no replicas of me replicated in honour
I have no mass of trophies amassed to show
I have no adoring audience to bow low
I have no pictures of me picturesque
I have no nothing about me unique

Except for may be:
My love for my own and unknown,
My love for creating art in all forms,
My love for nature and its amazing zeal,
And my undying love for life itself.

Deva De Silva

Final Union

Gods receive no praise at your final earthly union
People you loved visibly marked
Pained and holed
Reluctant to let you go.
You are loved in your kindness
Treasured in the stories told
Your strength drawn from a memory immortal
A flowing river of lives you have marked...
The rising dust and the hustling wind
Veil your presence from my sight
When you are laid to rest silently
In a sunny patch of the burial grounds
No stars shooting out of cannons
No guns blazing or shiny swords held high
No angels descending from heavens to sing
Just the whispered hum of your loved ones
Greying statues and decaying headstones
Stand against the brittle grass rising tall
An old Bodhi tree gracing its shade
The backdrop of your eternal home
Your spirit left behind, hovers among us
Consoling, reluctant to leave yet
Your scent, laughs, and the loving embraces
To gain strength from - time after time
 It is about accepting life's end,
 It is depleted being replenished,
 It is letting life run its course
Witnessing your goodness at its best
I let you go at this destined place
A nonexistent, whimsical god will not be hailed,
Or be praised when you are laid to rest
All my praise and prayers go to you
My lifeless goddess and guardian angel
Rest in peace my gentle mother
As light as you have lived in this world

Deva De Silva

Free

Earth in brown mounds
Its sandy beaches house
Live forms that flourish
In abundance
That squirm, crawl, and walk
In its bosom,
The void is swamped
as a beehive filled with bees
An icy draught
For my burning thoughts
Longing to see a change,
Yearning to see the power
Tamed of its gist
Striped of its glamour
Its flames smothered
Last domineering breath
Squeezed out
As water is poured on a burning fire.
A film of fluffy clouds
Stuck to the horizon,
In my eyes,
A bellow of smoke.
Rising from the dying flames,
Stemming from a thin streak
Ending in a woollen ball
Burning wood smell is choking me
The dying blaze,
A new origin,
A change at last!

Deva De Silva

Gaze

Your gaze stirs in me
Poetic emotions of love
When your sun rays follow me
I shin, reveling in its intensity
When they avert my presence
I freeze, withering in its absence

Deva De Silva

I Am

I am a Hip Hop song with curse words
Speaking out righteously
I am a foreign menu in a chic restaurant
Extenuating its authenticity
I am a yellow lawn of dandelions
Lavishly native to the landscape
I refuse to censor pieces of myself
Existing within your comfort zone

Deva De Silva

I Will

I will cherish you;
If you echo my heart to my best tempo
Be the first in, last out on a dance floor
Sway with me on your blistered feet
All that jazz and most importantly
When you only have eyes for me

I will follow you;
If I can lay beside you quietly
Feel the grass cooling my scorching body
Watch a silvery lake making endless ripples
Listen to the winds hustling the fallen leaves
When you feel one with me in silence

I will love you;
If you get my train of thought easily
Without too many follow-up queries
Mirroring my feelings with your views
Elevating its meaning to a higher place
When your existence validate my being

Deva De Silva

If Only

Resting my fingers on your soft palm
Grasping its warmth reviving my heart
Straining to be heard above the living
I whisper in a frail voice, wavering
'If only I had a better choice! '

I wish I lived brave, freed myself of bondage
Denying versions of me that smothered
Rules I obeyed, roles I played
Living a life endorsed by others
If only I had fearlessly strayed...

Shriveled fingers, coarse, yellowed nails
Summon a yearning to feel alive again
Dreams unrealized lay forlorn
Peaks never reached, leer beyond
If only I had the courage to soar...

I wish I sang my voice hoarse
Danced my happy feet sore
Penned every inspired verse
Soaked in scents, rhythms, and colours
If only I paraded my heart to dazzle...

A flimsy body resting on white sheets
My withered skin against your youthful sheen
I yearn to hold family, friends long gone
Claim their hearts, hear their laughs
If only I had returned home more often...

Deva De Silva

Liberate Me!

In a dream hollow
I lay bare, in a haze
I am no believer
Of rosy veils
So beware
Tread on gently
Stop breathing
End your feat
To own my heart
Do not whisper
In my sore ear
Do not present
Your raw vision
I lay awake,
Just in case
If you choose
To let go
I implore you
Do not hesitate
Do not linger
Do not delay
Say farewell and
Liberate me now
From your embrace

Deva De Silva

Love: Betrayed

The days of an eternal woman in drab and in dread
Each moment, each second multiplied into an eternity
Where there's no escape routes or Plan B's devised for worst cases
In her squirming heart, bloody trails of pain hardened by the second
A thick black crust hiding the warm red smears trickling underneath
Sadness dims her vision, chokes rationality to flee far
Where the eye cannot see

At un-godly hours, confronted with the most unlikely events
Days lay bare to the nights closing in vengeance, smacking its lips
She gasped in pain, excruciatingly familiar that ran down her spine
She gasped with the unknown that reels her over to the edge;
Straddling with strategies to end its fate; amicably or otherwise
Her ultimate actions don't discriminate among hers, his, and theirs

A pain born of a love untrue, betrayed, and distrustful
In the dark, her loneliness turns into helplessness deemed
Oh the wakeful dreams that haunt, and the haunting dreams that sprawl
She doesn't complain, the eternal woman in drab walks by in dread
Instead I weep, my tear streaks plug my ears, blocking out the world
Instead, I device ways to erase her tears, bring her sanity back
She says; bring me solace, bring me regret, bring me doom
I say; break the bonds, free of guilt, flee at the first chance

Her spirit is captivated in an unconditional and nonexistent past
The once hope of living the dream, been holed and discarded over time
It leaves her empty with a grief, a deep guilt she willingly summoned
Ask of life what you want of this moment! Don't look back.
Will she reach out and end her unending anguish?
Ask of unknown powers for unwavering strength! Don't give in.
Will the silent void of darkness vanish
The reply may sound undistinguished
Meaning weighing heavier than her mere existence

'Why? ' you may ask 'Do we let others unworthy of us pray on us? '
I say, because deep in our heart we believe that's what we deserve!
No more. No less.

My Valentine

I wake up with a usual pang of guilt
My sons are on screens and I overslept
Wait, what's that smell? Burnt honey?
Can someone turn down that clatter of pans?
It's past 9 a.m. and I am still buried in pillows
I bellow "Study or else!" in my morning breath
Kyle's to lose his Valentine's date at Dimitri's, I yelp
Ryan's to lose his laptop for a week, I squeal
Shuddering in goosebumps, I reach for warmth
There's not a warm limb under the covers. Come back!
Where's Sanath gone on a Sunday morn for heaven's sake?
I hear footsteps approaching me on the staircase
Blurred vision sharpen in my hazy eyes slowly
To find my Kyle's smiling face hovering above me
In each of his hands he carries a plate
One with warm honey
One with three heart-shaped pancakes
He leans over and kisses my face
"Happy Valentine's Day mom!" he says
A pang of guilt hits me again, harder
I am sorry for howling at you, my love
I get infinite hall pass for being your mom
He watches me swoop in, slurp, and savour
Every drop of honey with plump pancake pieces
I tell him to find his Valentine's gift in a green bag
Looking excited he swaggers towards the window
To where I've hidden the three gifts. Did he know?
He wears the sweatshirt and seems unimpressed
It's a powder blue long sleeved, zipped at the neck
He tilts his head to a side and stares in the mirror more
He pulls the zipper down and sleeves up to his elbows
"Now it looks good on me!" he declares with a grin
For the zillionth time I'm struck by his youthful splendour
You are gorgeous my son, and I made you somehow

Deva De Silva

Ness

Creasing her forehead,
Scowling sparse eyebrows,
Curled upwards.

Hidden in plump lids,
Determined black eyes,
Stares far-off.

Shining a healthy gleam,
A broad graceful nose
Seemingly majestic.

Pouting unhappy mouth,
Wrinkled at corners,
Stretched to the limit.

Reduced to a thin line,
A pair of spouting lips
Pressed together tight

Drooping around the chin,
Rounded ample cheeks;
Entice us.

Sprinkled random freckles,
Rosy glowing skin,
Velvet to the touch.

Clutching at her father's thumb,
Tiny fingers gripping
With all her might.

Peering at the camera,
Ness endures
Her very first photo shoot!

Deva De Silva

One Sunny Day

"Wait, I must tell you this."
The greying old man in shades,
Hurriedly crossed the road to say
"I am 70 and you motivate me every day! "
Thanks, this is great to hear- I say
"Oh, you've already started! " the young woman exclaims
"Can't wait to see it! ' she says smiling, swaying away
Me neither- loving her words I say
"This is our favourite route for walks" the couple claims
"We enjoy exploring your garden." they linger to explain
I will not disappoint this year either- I say
"Is it 3 yards? " a man asks eyeing my soil hill on display
No,5 cubic yards, and I'm already done with 2- I say
"If only I was younger" another man contemplates
You are young at heart and that's what counts- I say
"Where's your help? " a woman hollers from her driveway
They've got lost on their way to the garden, I say
"You'll be at it all summer! " Another man yelps away
I'll be done in 3 days. Watch me! I say
"It is a tough job! " a neighbourly grandpa adds his two cents
Not for me- gloatingly I say
"Should I get my soil delivered? " another man debates
You should! It's the easiest way- I say
"You should buy a wheelbarrow, only \$40 at most." he trails
I think I will- I say
"You'll wreck your back." A woman watching me grates
No worries, my back is already gone- I say
"Can I have your dead leaves for cows' bedding? "
What? That was a first I'd say!
"You are doing an amazing job! " they all agree and play the blame
game
"How hopeless your previous home-owner used to be at it! " they say
I am grateful to him for designing it for me- I say
Head bent, losing myself in the soil, I wait for the next hearsay

Deva De Silva

Sweaty Toes

Cold snowy day
A densed forest of snowflakes
Tingling sweaty toes!

Deva De Silva

The King And Woman

A woman hailed from a historic land
Avowed: "No humans lived on earth"
Leaning on a wood stick she claimed of
Shattered dreams, gasping in defeat

Ruins of a weary life frowned on
Uprooted traditions. Wasted lives
Wrinkled hands clawed enraged
At tears that trailed unstrained

A scarred face covered in ashes
A survivor, when unborn died young
Walking among lifeless souls she
Moaned aloud, eyes livid, heart grave

On a podium graced a powerful king
His words spoke of wealth and peace
'I, your King the mightiest of kings' he said
'Bow at my feet, I will endure your pain! '

She halted beside the commanding figure
Head bowed: reminisced a forgotten era
Where traditions lived, and heroes hailed
'Nothing but decay remained! ' she wailed

Teeth barred. Lips wrinkled. Despair roared
Shrieking abuse, pierced kingly ears
Hatred poured saliva from dribbling jaws
Hauled her walking stick, aimed at the King

Spent. Doomed. She fell onto the ground
Crawling on her hands and knees
'Colossal wreck of my land' she lisped
'Burnt bare by an inhuman King! '

Resisting in anguish, an end prolonged
The old spirit fought gasping for air
Her last breath cried out wronged
Refusing a death on the soil born!

Deva De Silva

Timeless

Sunlight glowing on the little limbs
Encircling my neck, my life
His plump body, this delight,
Warm and forceful, as the sun itself
I whisper in his ear,
'You are mine alone! '

Wincing as he tugs at my hair
I reproach him firmly
Crushing my face in his bosom
He plants a tender kiss, pleading patience
'Why do you like to play with my hair so? '

Swarmed by his unique scent
I only see, breathe, and feel
My three-year old son, Ryan
A cake sitting in an oven for hours,
A pool of Vanilla ice cream heaven,
Citrus scents of mango and pineapple
'You are as sweet and sticky as them! '

Sucking on his lower lip
Lashes fanning his cheeks in blinks
Four dimples framing his lips dance
As he gazes at me mischievously
Through his father's eyes
My father's stout nose twitches as he gazes
My mother's chin houses a diamond shaped stain
My grandpa's earlobes frame his face
Rooted within him, my origins speak
He is I, and I am him
'You are timeless! '

Tracing a finger on his chin,
Chest, and along his ribs,
Watching as his body quiver
Tickling tears of mirth
Spreading through his being
Reeking out in screams

'You are so irresistible! '

I bury my face in his silky skin
My nose squashed in his belly
Inhaling him in me and exhaling
Failing to hold it in any longer
To inhale once again
'I could never stop kissing you! '

Buried in every inch of him
His fingers, toes, and limbs
I see the little man in him
He'd gaze at me always
Dimples dancing happily
Through his father's eyes
'I love you my son! '

'I love you my son,
For all our ancestors
Riding on you and
I cherish you for you! '

Deva De Silva

We Belong

A rope twisted in anger
uncoils its heavenly knots
In the silence of an April night
a woman's husky tone
crawling over the wire
breaks the monotone
making a liar of my being
'He belongs to me! '
A brittle straw
in the scorching sun
turned defiant
A dying rice plant
shed of its seeds,
to be replaced
with tender crop
Concealing a sob
I plead with veins in my toes
to contain my finger tips
I plead with reason
to be merciful, in vain
What does it all mean?
A rat drenched in grime
in a sewage pipe
drags its body out
from a hole in my stomach
leaving its soggy trail behind
on its journey towards
A new thatch.
My eyes follow its cussed fate
Now in the dark,
A coarse tongue grates my ear.
A strange fem voice
Does it sedate yours?
Your face claws at
The core of my bloody guts
Ripping them apart
To uproot a bond so deep
Should I let you go?
Should I let her in?

My heart weeps, your name
You are mine

Deva De Silva

Wild Berries

I remember...

Wild berries plucked
During afternoon strolls
Tiring hours spent on
Gathering them up
In your frilled dress
Till you empty them:
All trees and tiny fruits they bore

Monkeying though branches
Grazing your skin
On coarse tree barks
On dead spiky twigs
Yet, gleaming proudly
You marched up to me
To spread them before me
To take my pick of the harvest!

White tetron-cotton dress
With its three box pleats
Arranged precisely and neatly
On the bed in unision
Smoothing out its creases
Gently, and painstakingly
You ironed my school uniforms
In the mornings

When father disciplined me
As you perceived,
Unjustly and harshly
You cried in my place
Shedding blatant tears
Standing up for my ideals
In some instances even
Taking blame for my wrongs
I remember...

Deva De Silva

You Bring Me Home

You set me free
to claim the land of unclaimed
to feel or not to feel, at my will
without pulling on any reigns
for you want me to be
crazy happy within

You bring me home
Carry me along
Being my stepping stone
To where my heart belongs

You love me
with or without my laughs
with or without my wounds
stick by me in my gloom
being that comfy chair, I reach for
in times of despair

You bring me home
carry me along
being my stepping stone
to where my heart belongs

You get in my way
when I'm going down
when I'm in self-doubt
to lug me ashore
gasping and trembling
breathing life back to me

You bring me home
carry me along
being my stepping stone
to where my heart belongs

Deva De Silva