

A House of Misery



A child so grim,

Bottling up all his childish whim

And my heart aches for him.

Pain stacking up in a pile,

Yet he goes through misery with a smile.

There's so much left for him to see in the world,

Yet somehow, he seems to have seen it all.

Abusive words, accusations, for the simplest of wrongs,

Vanishes instantly, them innocent hopes.

His life's full of not ups but slopes,

To a house of misery, he belongs.



Silent Agony Amidst the Noise



Sounds of laughter and shouting,

Echo louder, harder in my ears.

The fire crackles, growing, no one doubting,

As hunger twists and gnaws, the silence sears.

The crackers fly deep into the black sky,

And boom in their high note,

Not higher than the little heart that cries,

Hiding his muzzle inside my coat.

I close his ears with hands worn from toil,

Watching them dance and shout with joy.

My heart is about to boil,

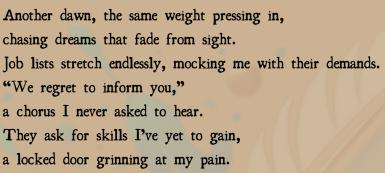
As their pleasure becomes my annoyance, oh boy.

Why can't they celebrate in silence,
When others suffer, endure, and strive?
In hunger, pain, and endless violence,
For our lives are tougher in struggle to survive.









Books pile high, whispering promises of knowledge, I turn the pages, but the words blur.

Success still lingers just out of reach,
a shadow I keep chasing.

And men-

They come like tides- rising, pulling back, never staying. "It's not that deep," they often say, but I am drowning in all they leave unspoken.

I plant resolve in barren ground, water it with echoes of hope.

The mirror does not promise answers, only proof that I have not disappeared.

Yet through the cracks, a whisper calls, the wind howls, and still, I stand.

Perhaps rock bottom is not the end, but the ground where healing begins.

Where the Broken Mend



A Single Star *

Eyes under the mist
Searching for the moon
Tell a story
What them both role
Is the only goal.....

Delicate clusters
Hide the moon
Possessiveness making curse
So, all eyes
Blind for searching moon
While single star
Where all alone.....

Curse of blind eyes

Miss me at shore

Bless with it

I saw a star

Make sparkles alone....

Efforts of night sky
Loss me in dark hole
Fade away with spark
Come from nowhere
But from single star
That what I looking for...



Swamped with dark
hiding with smile
no one knows
Inside abyss
Surrounded with deep breath...
How long can I hold this
Misery cloud..

How long should I Listen to this

Thundering
In my mind...
even my heart
Couldn't realize it
Until my eyes
Started that heavy rain..
the cruel Strom
Moving around
my soul
Shouting against
my will..

I do miss my
Old colorful garden
filled with joy blooms
filled with glamour laughter
filled with sweet talks..
But where were they hid?
Did they disappear
forever?...
How can I find those
Sparkling memories...
I need that genuine smile
Instead of this
Masked smile



The Breath of

e Strome

I need to fight against for this Strom that destroyed My colorful garden..

Though this hurricane Still bothering

upon,
digging myself for
Seek the path
to find joy blooms
dying underneath
In my soul.





Top off the roof at night, gazing at the stars,

With a slow melody, well, I could carry the tune.

Let my feet do the dance in the midnight,

Holding your hand like there's nothing else in the world that matters.

Then I would stargaze, not looking at the stars,

But looking at your eyes that beat the stars by a thousand miles.

Then I would smile to myself, thinking she's such a sight to see.

How did I become this lucky man, lucky enough to hold your hand?

I'll take it for a spin, whisper to myself, "There's nothing else I would want."

Then I'll suddenly realize that I have to let you go,

Because... just because.

In the moonlight, holding your hand tight,

Every moment feels like a dream.

I don't want to wake up from this night,

But reality breaks the seams.

Then I would stargaze, not looking at the stars,

But looking at your eyes that beat the stars by a thousand miles.

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Vidushan Assadduma



Me Vs Me

"I sit at edge of my bed,
Wondering why I end-up like this,
Question mark heavy in my head,
Replaying every choices I made,

Was it wrong? Was it all my fault?

The decisions I made, The breaths I waste,

Pages that I can't erase or forget,

Time isn't one to replace,

But if I had a chance to re-write my story,

I'd be the girl who sits in the corner,

No enemies, No friends,

Just lost in her own quite little world,

Happy or sad it would be me vs me,

Alone but happy,

No whispers, No pretending to be someone I'm not,

Just me finding my safe place to stay warm,

Cause now I'm surrounded by the faces,

Yet still feel the cold in these crowded places,

A facade they see, The pain they will never know,

The burden I carry, The pain I will never show,

And the only soul that will ever know me is Me"

My Canvas?

No no not that shade!! Are you blind, my child?!

Here, use this gray, see it looks so much better mild,

Red and yellow? Too flashy, NO, that's way too bright...

Girls should learn to be quite and follow what's right.

One stroke of my brush, is all I got on that page, Before their incessant drawings started scribbling in rage, A minute white corner-

Beyond the bounds of their grandest designs

I tried out my paint brush, sketched a few lines,

Looked back at the page, oh they were almost quite done

Crayons, markers, paint everything, all cramped and undone,

Spilled on that canvas an overlapping mess

I frowned at the colors, the shapes gave me stress.

Where is that white paint? Would it fix all these lines?

Tried to take back the canvas, but their grip was too tight.

Oh silly girl, give it back, don't even know color theory right,

Now now we can let you draw, if you don't put up a fight,

Here, draw a pretty cap, you know the graduation kind

And a nice handsome boy from a very very nice Buddhist family,

Draw a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer. No no not a teacher ...what?

Okay now three children putha, yes yes you have space, see ane all this empty space!

Just remove those silly doodles you added there, you can make space for the children!!

Oh look how beautiful it is now ah? So beautiful no?

I stared at my canvas, ripped in the fury of their vision Every line and stoke, drawn, under ordered precision, The markers now dry, the paint, all gone, The drawing is wailing a lamenting song, For all I can see- under the chaos that they drew, Are the graves of my colors that once handsomely grew.



e CANI?

Wind and rain give me a feel with goosebumps on my hands. I touch them, There are rises & falls, on my skin. When the sun comes, feel me a fun with its warm Again, I touch my hands no any spots skin gets flat. When I walk, after few steps I fell down with more pain. I asked from mom "Why all happen only to me?" with loud voice but she is still silent And I move, my little fingers on my mom's face. It's too wet around/her eyes but not cool. Finally, I asked from god "Please tell me, why is the world so silent For my questions? "

pushed me saying,
"GO AWAY BLIND CHILD"...

Hashanthika Senadheera

Just then someone

Water is clear
Shall we go?
Start the boat
Let's begin our journey...

Oh, my dear!
There is a slop
Will we be able to
Cross the gap...?

Our boat is strong
Our hope is strong
So this slop is
Just a little gap...

The sky is dark
Water is dark
Can we move
Towards yet...?

Even the sky is dark
Stars shows us the path
No need to go so far
Let's move slowly...

There are so many rocks
Will they block our path?
Can we survive
Through our journey?



Not only rocks

There are so many spaces

Our boat is strong

So our way is smooth...

We have come so far
But we have to go more
Can we will survive
In all those times?

Our boat is strong
Our hope is strong
So even in a hard time
Our path become smooth...

So even in the darkness

Our "Hope" will show us the light...



el felt you

Even the blowing wind,

Feels the chill of your touch,

It wishes to come, somewhere,

To find you.

Though I have not seen you,
But always, you are mine,
That love I felt
was woven into my heart.

When falling raindrops,

It feels me

rising mist

Is like your laughter.

In the dreams I see,
It is you who found me,
I wish to always stay
Close to you.

The most beautiful eyes

I have ever seen

They speak to me

When I see you my love....

The stars in the sky smiled,
I thought of your eyes,
In the cold I felt,
My heart found peace.

In the memory of your love,

I wrote it in my heart,

It cannot be erased,

I felt you my love.....a

Dinushi Rathnayaka A five-letter word, yet vast as the sea, Carrying the weight of all that is me. In silence, you stand, my closest friend, A love unbroken, a bond till the end.

Born with me in my mother's womb,
You walk beside me through joy and gloom.
Through fleeting hands and changing ties,
You remain, where others disguise.

Time is mine when you are near, In your embrace, my soul is clear. No whispers false, no hollow cheer, With you, I lose my every fear.

You are my guide, my whispered truth,

The force that shapes my inner youth.

Through you, I learn, through you, I grow,

Through you, my purpose starts to show.

Better alone than a love untrue, A heart betrayed; a sky turned blue. No shattered dreams, no empty lies, With you, my soul will always rise.

You teach me love, you teach me grace,

To find myself in a quiet place.

To walk alone, yet feel complete,

To hear my heart's own steady beat.

Loneliness is no bitter curse,

But a gift that deepens the universe.

It shapes my soul, it makes me strong,

It writes in silence life's best song.

The world may shift, the shadows bend, Yet you, my friend, will never end. Even when my steps are slow, You walk with me, where others go.

The Silent Strength of

Solitude.







The deep blue sea,
Glassy clear water,
But still, they called it Red.
And now I see, it's actually red.

Not the red that fills my heart,
But the red that breaks it.
Not the red that blushes my cheek,
But the red that bleeds my skin.
Not the red that touches my soul,
But the red that aches it.
Not the red that pleases my eyes,
But the red that brings tears to them.

Yeah, the name finally fits, The Red Sea—I see it red.

From which wound did this red flow? From which pain did this red rise? Who wept this hard, Staining all the blues in red?

At the heart of the world,
I see the skin of the earth,
Ripped open,
Shredded and scarred,
A Bleeding Strip,
Hardly pounding,
Wounded and bruised.
That's where it came from.

Blood of the innocent,
Spilled for joy and power,
For hatred and greed,
While prejudice whispers its poison,
Cruelty roars, oppression laughs,
Injustice bellows,
Malice spreads its wings,
And violence is celebrated,
Draped in lies,
And happy songs of conquest,
At the core of humanity,
Over the graves of the gone,
And the broken hearts left behind,
Orphaned and lost,
Still warm.

That's the Red Sea I see now,
Dreadful and haunting,
Painful and tearing,
No water, no waves,
No corals, no colours,
Only Red.





Lost in the middle of the labyrinth of existence

Betting on living or dying in this gamble of life

The fragile sentients masquerading as heroes and villains

With blood boiling and wild hearts caged by the generational burdens

Are we naive Bohemians...?

Half-awake beneath the moonlit nights, serenading the stars

Mumbling honey-dipped words on the verge of rejection

Feeding delusions to hungry monsters of the mind

Crafting tapestries of love painted by the colour of wounded hearts

Are we fading lovers...?

Sanguine lips sipping champagne like tomorrow doesn't exist

Envied by the Gods because we are mortal

Bound by the leaps of intimacy sinking in an ocean of tangled emotions

Hopeless romantics, strolling through the orchards of poisoned apples

Kissing under the amber-coloured skies on a romantic odyssey

Are we splendid sinners...?

Sowing the seeds of reality in sediments of lucid dreams

Floating across the valleys of melancholy covered in the haze of uncertainty

Wandering souls seek solace in the whispers of sea breeze and city lights

A quest for a meaning buried under abysmal emptiness

Are we mystic dreamers...?

The echoes of silenced hearts scheduled by calendars and timetables amid the rotten realities and ecstatic imaginations

Creating an oasis to quench thirst in a scorched land of monotony and solitude

The ultimatum of pouring melted souls into midnight poesies

Thousands of brush strokes scratch the empty canvases

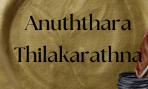
Are we drained artists...?

Trying to get through the strangling weights of norms and stereotypes

Dreams deferred during self-discovery

Breathing the raw odour of survival in this drudgery
we still hang on to the life which is lost between priorities and passions
In this numb elation of nostalgic reveries and eternal endeavours

Are we just broken children...?



Heartbeats of a Dream

She walks again, she endures again, On the same path, through the same pain...

Every time she steps away from home, There is no weariness, no sorrew-Not for her, nor for her mother. A tight embrace, a rain of kisses, Yet in that feeling moment, She never once saw her mother's eyes Without a veil of silent tears.

At the bus stop, Her father bids farewell with love, Wrapped in simple, quiet "Take care." Hold a universe of love unspoken... Though his lips do not utter much, His eyes whisper all the aches he hides.

She carries it all, knowingly-The weight of struggles, For the dreams she dares to chase.

Through storms of trials, They never left her-Never let her stand alone like a solitary tree She holds many dreams, yet her first, Her dearest, is him.

Among countless wishes, There is but one she truly seeks - him. Her dreams are not just desires, But a longing, a passion beyond measures.

Bearing that unyielding hunger, With her stands he, And with them, their loved once

Though her dreams may waver, They have never fallen.

Like the wind, she moves -Like a storm, she rises, Holding her dreams close as she runs...

"A mustard seed may be small, but its fire is fierce" they say.

> Her dreams know no bounds, Her wings ache to fly beyond limits.

Even from afar, love and voices guide her, And loneliness never finds her, For she is surrounded by hearts that carry her forward.

> She is no magic lamp's genie To grant all she wishes.

Yet to make her dreams real, She runs./. She lives... In dreams, With dreams,

Forever She walks her path, with her pain by her side...

> Fathima Fanoosa

For dreams...

Towards the hope

A little girl,
Trapped in the dark,
The shadows whisper,
In to her heart

She steps forward,

In a hope,

To find the light,

To make her life bright

One step, two steps,

She keeps moving,

The whisper of the shadows,

Becomes a screaming

She found a stick,
And some fire,
A little hope,
To lead her road

But then the wind blows,

To take away the hope,

Her hands envelopes,

To protect her hope

And the shadows, Scream out loud, To scare her soul, To make her stop

Through the hollow wind,
And the eerie screams,
She steps forward,
To see her hope



She sees a mirror,
Reflecting her soul,
But in a split,
It shattered to the floor

Her heart gets heavy,

But never fragile,

With the remaining little hope,

She keeps moving

Her toes started to bleed,

As she steps on,

The shattered pieces of mirror,

A little tear drops fall through her eyes

But at the end,
Her resilient soul,
Saw the dawn,
Guiding her to the hope





l am jealous

I watch them, lost in their laughter, surrounded by warmth that feels so far from me. They seem to move through life with such ease, as if nothing could ever weigh them down. Is it all real, or just a carefully crafted facade? A mask they've learned to wear so well.

I wear it too, when I need to, pretending that I belong, that I'm just like them. But deep down, I wonder—am I the only one who feels this way? Or is everyone hiding something behind their smiles? Do they cast off their doubts so effortlessly, or do they bury them beneath the surface, where no one else can see?

I tell myself it's just a passing thought, that I'm being unfair, but the truth is, I envy their connections, their closeness, the way they seem to fit together so naturally. I long for that ease, that comfort, that sense of belonging.

Yes, I am jealous.







Sing me sweet songs she said.....

Sing me sweet songs she said,

I'll try, but my voice is bit untuned.

Tell me you love me she said,

I'll try, but those words can cut like knives.

Write me a poem she said,

I'll try, but the words will forever be inked from my heart.

Give me your hand she said,

I'll will try, but please don't ever make me cry....





That Wednesday night by the slides,

Sitting under a sky full of stars.

A boy stripped his heart naked in her hands,

When he confessed: "I'm broken."

A quiet truth, a heart-rending cry for help.

An unspoken final option: take this chance.

You can leave if you want. I would not hate you.

The street lamp flickers, and the world goes still.

A boy with his heart on the edge of a cliff,

A girl with a heart full of love.

She shrugs, moves closer.

"I can try fixing," She says,

"My dad was a mechanic, he taught me a few things."

A quiet chuckle, a playful raised eyebrow.

"I don't think that's how it works."

She stands, walks over to the streetlamp,

Twirls herself around.

He watches her perfect move,

A ballerina on a music box,

Until he sees it,

The faint scars glowing beneath the universe of her eyes.

The tiny lights dancing on her skin,

The hope, agony, pain acceptance all squeezed into one tiny nook,

She seems to be bursting with all the emotions.

"I can do it," She says, "Cause whenever you break something,

There's always room for a new invention.

You break a watch,

Take it apart, And grab the spare parts,

And you repair your music box from that motor.

It always works!"

He sighs, "Human beings, we don't work like that."

I know, she says, her eyes so bright he feels the butterflies catching in his heart.

That's the beautiful part.

We're human.

We break to heal.

We live to survive.

We yearn for hope.

She grabs his hands, and he places his heart right on her palms.

"We break to heal, darling.

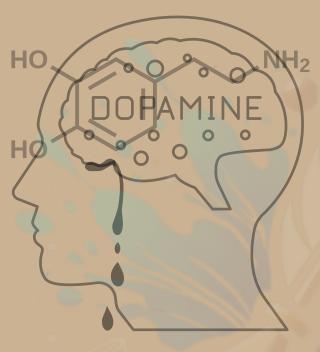
Because a heart that's not broken,

is a heart that's not loved."

We Break To Heal



Dophamine's Lamentation



Even though Dophamine lied down and looked away disappointingly,

There was a time he was buried in work. When the mind is troubled and unable to shake off the memories, Dophamine was the silent loser; No one noticed.

even though Dophamine lied down and looked away disappointingly,

There was a time he was buried in work.

When the mind is troubled
and unable to shake off the memories,

Dophamine was the silent loser;

No one noticed.

Dophamine devoted time,

Ruminating the transiency of life.

When the immature mind

couldn't catch what he said,

Looking at the dophamine

Oversensitive heart

Laghed wickedly!



Marigolds, coral bells and tulips swaying gently inviting bumblebees She'll love them, won't she? Oh! I forgot again I'll wait.

e l'Il Wait

Waves desperately trying to tickle our feet
the sun takes his daily dip in the sea
"Catch me if you can" she shouts
dashing across the sand
scaring away the plovers
"Get set, ready, go!" they shout
where's the whistle?
I know, I know
I'll wait.

Melodies of different cultures,
lyrics of different dialects,
voices of different artists,
but how come they are all about you?

Let me prove it
I'll sing every single one
but I still have to wait
until the harmony to my voice arrives.

I'll wait,
of course, I'll wait.
But just so you know
I just can't wait.

Sathmika Gunawardhana Above the meadows

The moon shines brightly

With no sorrows

The wind flows freely

On the prairie, it is a merrie.

To the girls who want the moon, What a surprise!

The men have it on their hands.

What a sight!

On the prairie, it is a merrie.









The night is cold as ice.

Yet the lanterns shine bright.

Hearts are warmer than the flame.

Glistening eyes held a captivating gleam.

On the prairie, it is a merrie.

One is stealing glances;
One is busy in their prayer;
One is making silent confessions
All are only for the lanterns to hear.

On the prairie, it is a merrie.

Grip loosen and the lanterns fly,
The sky kept a copy on the river.
Someone silently debates to know,
Whether stars or lanterns are brighter.

On the prairie, it is a merrie.



My last breath

A hushed hymn lingers in my final breath,
I encountered my self where echoes diminish,
Whispered by the winds within,
The powerful and knowledgeable mind that guards me,
In the face of unclear skies,
A compass regardless of the way the sky calls,
Who stars may rise,
How the moon may fall,
Standing there, unflappable, wild and alive,
Where the light is created and shadow bends,
The third eye in which I thrive,
Like a sky that aches for rain,
I chase you through the loss and gain,
My book is vast, its pages wide,
Yet one glows gold, My soul's pride,

When time's powerful breath slows and my name is craved beyond its depths,

Where dreams rise to go,

You'll be standing where dreams come true,
Light emerging from a whisper,

I use real hands to weave my dreams,

And chase for the unending blue skies,

Despite the road's steepness,

Hopes are in my heart, In hushed agony and silent weeping,

I rise, I stand, I fight,

Because when hearts are open,

Life is complete and every day my soul rises to rise,

A story never ends,

I am beginning, I am the end.





Speaking my caterpillar language

Counting stars yet
not knowing how many
Standing out when
It wasn't worth a penny
A pounding heart
who fights the vicinity
Denser the heart of
moral it could be
Knowing that no hand
will bear its reality

of
butterfly
people

That raised by wolves

Are to be howled at nights

A mark of question
of the eyes bloodlike

How unbound misery gets
quiet in lights

Just to see sighs get
buried in smiles

Eyes they adore

Not the vision it sees

Abandoning the gaze of

Ones held them dearly

Stitching of capillaries

Each time it gets teary

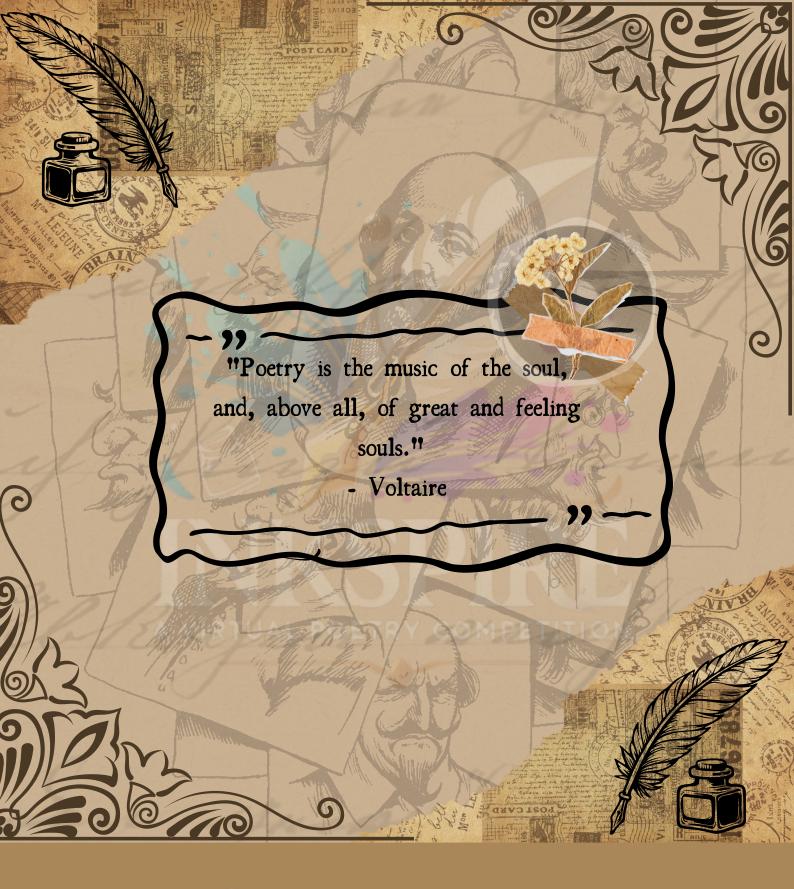
Maybe a needle could do better

To make it more witherly

Reflections are for mirrors
holding what it seems to be
Cocoons are to leave off
Ignoring what life is supposed to be
The caterpillar in me saw butterflies I know
Leaving their cocoon a long time ago
Pouring their hearts in molds of hope
The day sore hearts cried all long









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