

Persistence

I wonder why I am so scared of a tree; a cancer-like, brain-like old oak, towering over the clock tower. Its pencil-sketched black hands squeeze the water in the creek below, and grease motion. It hexes the air and suppresses the prickly green. Its shadow softens and melts the centuries old stony building. It lets the clock cry ding dong time to time. At each cry of the clock, the pale sky scatters and falls on the deaf oak. From the vacuum, it sucks alphabets, sickles, fireballs, stars and comets, and stands lofty and lordly. Fainted ducks sit under it, hypnotized. Husky sea gulls brisk in speech, terrified. A soccer ball goes on a merry-go-round in a whirl and coils inward.

I want to kill its ego.

Tea time

on breezy evenings
a lazy hippopotamus
takes for a walk
my asparagus hand.

We cook our bodies on the grass
we drank stilled moments in the air
eyes burst with laughter.
Hearts swelled.
We laughed.
Pink mini-skirt tickled my legs
it was many moons ago.

Lofty wind comes whistling
two minds silently speaking
two spoiled kids
appear from a corner
of a dark room within;
filling our eyes.
Tiny little fingers grip our hands
as they were afraid
many moons ago.

Back in our lounge
red hemmed envelopes,
stamped picture postcards
wool socks
tiny hats
leap from the wall.
Hi mum! hi dad!

baby kisses on cheek
hide in yesterday
his eucalyptus lips
sweep my forehead today

the memory traces
a black and white photo
of a handsome man
'seeking a pen pal'

it was in the *Evening Star*
It was so many moons ago.

lemon puffs sink in
thick brown mugs
sun still shines
in the saffron sky

Solitary Evening

words
emerge
submerge
in dry air

spiral letters
smoke rings
tangle
in the space

silhouettes
appear
disappear
on eyelids

thoughts
travel
dissolve
in red wine

poems
bubble
evaporate
into the darkness

© Sriya Kumarasinghe

Sri Lankan born Sriya Kumarasinghe has been working as a senior lecturer at the University of Sri Jayewardenepura from where she graduated. After spending some time in Japan reading for her PhD, she moved to New Zealand in 1999 as a permanent resident. Thrilled by the natural beauty of Aotearoa, she started writing poems, song lyrics and short stories which have been published in many countries including Sri Lanka, Japan, Australia, Canada, the UK, and Cyprus. She teaches financial management at the department of Accountancy & Business Law at the University of Otago. Her research interests include cross-cultural issues on management and Japanese women writers.