

MY KITTEN, SO ADORABLE AND VIVACIOUS AND OTHER POEMS

By Indunil Madhusankha

Whenever I step on the backyard
for my habitual evening walks in the garden
I can see his beady eyes popping swiftly
amidst the greenish leaves of a bush
Or his big brown tail
wagging quite hastily beneath the hedge
while getting his guts ready
with his usual stalking postures
to cling onto my leg

Then, he would rush to me
very fast, as if in a flash,
and would gently bite my toes
So, I can feel the teasing touch
of his milky white teeth
As I get my foot away,
he would abruptly lay down on the path
with his furred limbs pointing upwards
while sweeping the sands with his
restless tail, almost like a fan

But all his valour falls apart
at sudden unexpected encounters
with the neighbourhood dogs passing by
What a funny and laughable scene,

to see his furry tail blooming into
goose bumps like a fire cracker

Oh, I love him so much,
for all the lavish delight
that he bestows me with
My kitten, so adorable and vivacious.

AT THE QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE CONTRIBUTORS

That day, I had to accompany my mother
to the quarterly meeting of the contributors' society
of the village temple

The assembly hall, though spacious,
was packed with the folks
Only the last couple of rows were vacant
So, we grabbed a seat there

In a short while, the chief monk arrived in
and he commenced the meeting
After some two or three speeches
by the members of the organizing committee,
the chief monk announced a call for subscriptions
for the construction of a gold fence
around the Bodhi tree in the temple yard

The gathering that had remained silent so far,

started blabbering all of a sudden
Also, I couldn't help overhearing some
men and women in the nearby rows
whispering to each other

One lady jabbered to her husband,
“Hey, this time, we need to contribute some more,
You know, I mean, than earlier.
The more we give, the more we can gain, right.
Even the chief monk would admire us...”
Then, with the slightest agreement of the man,
she stood up diligently and got the treasurer
to write a slip of Rs. 10 000 in her name
Meanwhile, her face had blossomed with a pompous look

Then, there was this other lady in the back row
She seemed a bit nervous and irritated
And, she murmured to her husband,
“Did you see her? Oh, she pooled Rs. 10 000.
Isn't that worth being commended?
Now all the credit would go to her.
I feel like I am nobody. Oh, I feel ashamed,
why don't you do something?
Shall we subscribe more? Please...”

Even before she finished her dialogue, I heard
another woman attempting to convince her man
But, I didn't bother to listen to her

because I got a message on my cellphone.

Bio

Indunil Madhusankha is currently an undergraduate reading for a BSc Special Degree in Mathematics at the Faculty of Science of the University of Colombo. Even though he is academically involved with the subjects of Mathematics and Statistics, he also pursues a successful career in the field of English language and literature as a budding young researcher, reviewer, poet and content writer. Basically, he explores the miscellaneous complications of the human existence through his poetry by focussing on the burning issues in the contemporary society. Moreover, Indunil's works have been featured in several international anthologies, magazines and journals.