Poetry Series

Sharika Hafeez
- poems -

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Our Fallen Heroes

a tale of

blood, bombs, and bullets,

of tragedy, terror and tears -

a tale of a people that lived,

a tale of a people that died...

a tale of thirty years.

beneath the earth they now lie,

buried in the land they once loved,

finally at peace.

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Our Fallen Heroes.

as the skies fell in on our dreams,

as the clouds wept for a bygone era,

as friends turned into bitter enemies,

and as innocents were massacred

they gave up their lives

took the bullets meant for us

made a stand for the land that was ours,

a land that belongs to us all, as one nation.

Our Fallen Heroes.

they are the legends we still revere,

leaving behind a legacy.

A legacy for all of Lanka to glorify,

to remember.

we barely survived one war -

we cannot survive another.

no more bloodshed, no more hatred,

no more falling into the traps of

selfish political agendas.

no more.

there is no place for terrorism,

no place for racism and supremacy.

there can be no place for injustice, for violence,

not in my country, not in my beloved Lanka.

we stand as one, twenty one million hearts,

beating together.

from the nightmares we are still waking

like an infant.

from the ruins we shall become

an empire.

if we remember... our fallen heroes.

Sharika Hafeez

Just A Bottle Of Ink

In my hands
I write my story,
And in my mind
I write memories.

In my heart
I write my pain,
But in my face
There is no crease.

Beyond these lands
I stalk the prairie,
And beyond my mind
I stalk the breeze.

Beyond the cart
I chase the rain,
But beyond this chase
There is no ease.

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On my eyes
There are words,
And on my thoughts
A light blink.

On my seat
Is hidden a pen,
And on my table
A papered link.

Beneath the sighs
I move forwards,
But beneath the clouds
I cannot think.

Beneath my feet
There is a glen,
But beneath my fingers
Not a bottle of ink.

Sharika Hafeez