

By Kalani Kulasooriya

My Kandy Nilame

*Drum beating warming my bosom
Jingle of "pada salng" announcing the arrival
Here I stand in my bridal attire
Flanked by parents and relatives
Awaiting the sight I long to see,
"it's time, It's time" I hear the whispers
going around, though I stand with my eyes
glued to the entrance longing for the sight.
Red and white red and white , one by one,
They dance, and somersault in a trance,
Into the hall where I stand counting minutes
My eyes run through the crevices and voids and
Spaces through the drums and dancers
Longing to see,
My heart beating faster,
Fingers trembling, yes, yes, yes,
Its, time, Oh my God! This is the sight I longed to see,
My crowned prince
With a cascading beard, and glistening garment
Walking into my arms, Oh, come, come my Kandy Nilame
This is the sight I longed to see!*

