

By Rumesha Kumarihami

THE LITTLE LAMB

Beatings..
Shouting..
Strenuous routines..
Endless duties..
Exceeds the space in the tiny heart
of the little lamb..
Hence, with swollen eyes..
And an exhausted mind..
He rests under the shade of a tree..
Inviting the tears to lighten the
heavy little heart..
Praying for a way to escape from
hell.

Love..
Faith..
Loyalty..
Friendship..
All seems regardless in a world full of
broken promises..
Fortune favours the bold they say..
Forgetting the fate of the innocent
lamb..
With swollen eyes.
And exhausted limbs
He rests under the shade of a tree..
Inviting the tears to lighten the

heavy thoughts..
Praying not to see the daylight again..
Once upon a time..
He too dreamt of having a glamorous
life..
To love..
To hope..
And to see the stars with her..
All seemed like a forgotten dream
now..
Faded in the twilight within seconds..
Thus, with swollen eyes..
And an exhausted mind..
He rests under the shade of a tree..
Inviting tears to lighten the aching
little heart..
Praying God to release his parched
little soul....

