

# The First Diwali

The people shed so many tears  
When Rama left for fourteen years.  
Fourteen years, in a forest deep  
Where he and Sita used to sleep.

Until Ravana spoiled his life  
By stealing Sita for a wife.  
He took her in his chariot high  
Over the sea and across the sky.

The Monkey King, called Hanuman  
Helped King Rama with a plan.  
He built a bridge across the sea  
So Rama could set Sita free.

Then, in a battle, fierce and long  
Rama showed how he was strong.  
Ravana killed, and Sita saved  
Rama was so bold and brave.

On his return to Ayodhya city  
The people made his journey pretty  
By lighting lamps along his way  
And so it was until this day

That diva lamps, like guiding lights  
Remind us all that good is right.  
And from the dark of ignorant ways  
Grants knowledge for our future days.

By Brenda Williams

# The Bridge of Floating Stones

Creeping, creeping, crept Ravana  
Into the forest where lived King Rama.  
Silently, silently to Sita's door  
Pretending he was old and poor.

But, when kind Sita stepped outside  
Ravana seized her for a ride  
Over the sea in his chariot high  
Over the clouds and through the sky.

In the forest for fourteen years  
King Rama could not hide his tears.  
'I fought Ravana,' a vulture cried  
'He wounded me. I almost died'.

But, where is Sita? Where is she?  
'Over the sea,' said the bird. 'Over the sea.'  
Then Hanuman the Monkey King  
Did a most amazing thing.

For King Rama, and him alone  
He built a bridge of floating stones.  
Then, in the battle, fierce and long.  
King Rama knew he must be strong.

At last Ravana fell down slain  
When Rama's arrow found its aim.  
So Sita was saved, the day was done,  
And good over evil once more won.

Then, back to their home in Ayodhya city  
Where people made their journey pretty  
With diva lamps to light their way  
And celebrate this special day.

By Brenda Williams