

Myself or many selves?

I never gave it much thought before
because I never really counted the score
and then I suddenly realised
that even consciousness has many planes
and I may know of losses and gains
on a basic earthy level, incised
upon my mind...but surely must my Self
operate on a top and bottom shelf
and on some higher level
there are things that I know somewhere
In the depths of some subconscious lair
of future or primal.

Is it that I use my Lesser Self to do
the ordinary and the mundane...to brew
a pot of tea, to build a wall,
to go to market, post a letter, mind the store,
then call on my Higher Self to explore
other realities that glow and pull?
Now I know that I am not imprisoned
into what I am, not confined or caged
in what I am with no release,
nothing is set or static, this life process is change
and there is an even loftier Self, the power to
range
beyond my path with ease.

Now I know! I'm more complex than I thought
and true reality is even more complex! I'm caught
between worlds that reach
even beyond my present understanding
all within each other, fusing and melding
and all aspire to teach
in their different ways how I could accept
the source of their existence - be an adept,
know of the energy fields
that course within me, the Self that is conditioned
through lifetimes of metaphor, symbols unques-
tioned.

Legends any mythic shields...
Now I know that my Self can reach higher still!
I must be an amplifier and learn the skill
of reaching for selectivity,
that vibration...and come to understand that this
Earth
cannot be the one and only medium of my birth,
for the crystalline city
of imagination, its profiles and pathways
lie deep in the older, deeper, forgotten days
of other lifetimes,
waiting for me to filter, to focus, to give me new
ripples of interpretation and understanding - to
strew
newer petals in newer climes..

for surely there is more to me than I can grasp,
and I must search, and tell my mind to clasp
these more precious flowers
of mental development and creation
of a more brilliant mastery, a swelling jubilation
of other worlds, other towers
Have I turned over one page too many...
Or have I written one page too few?

- Carl Muller

Buththala blast

We witnessed, collective in our horror,
Distraught with grief,
The carnage and destruction,
Wrought by the claymore mine,
That exploded the bus,
Carrying unarmed, innocent civilians
-Men, women and children
Who had been travelling sans a clue,
About the cruel trick,
The foul fate was to play,
Upon their hapless lives,
Abetted clandestinely,
By the cruel, callow, cowardly, conspirators,
The ghoulis agents of death,
Guided by the sadistic impulses,
And feeding upon the sufferings,
Of the victims killed, maimed and wounded,
And the countless sighs, sobs and tears,
Of their dearest ones...
O, Sanguinary ministers of death,
Sinful, ghoulis servants,
Of Satan
When will you ever learn to cease,
Your senseless violence
And love your brethren!

- Jayashantha Jayawardhana

A minor bird

I heard a voice
Oh! Absolutely it's a noise
No one likes to hear it
And no one to bear it
It became louder and louder
What a terrible noise it was
I was searching it further
It is a wicked crew of course

I gave a throw with a stone
To stop its horrible tone
It flew away with a moan
And it sat a tree branch upon

I thought I shouldn't be cruel to poor
If it was a man I would talk to him sure
If I be a good person to a poor creature
God will give us good pleasure
I won't trouble any creature
Because we all are part of the nature

- A. R. Hanoos Shareef

Splendour of summer morn

Cool and calm evanion
With soft breezes frawn
Filtered rays of the morning sun
Tickling the boughs and leaves they run
Sweet scented colourful flowers
Just opened in their bowers,
Sway in the company of trees,
Bringing joy to swarms of bees.

Music of the birds that ply,
Enthralls the passers - by
Their varied hues enchant the eyes
Freshness of the morn, serenely lies.

Frolicking squirrels among the trees,
Picking berries at ease
Delightful surroundings they make
Mingling with birds, together, partake.

Cooing and fluttering they scurry
animating the scene with flurry,
Rendering a thought of amiable unity
There lies perfect tranquillity

- Dayaseeli Senaratne

Winds of war

The world stood as if on the nimbus of a cloud
When on a day in March 2003
The nightmare of Gulf War II emerged
Casting pictures of horrendous encounters,
Terror and death
In the theatre of war, armoured vehicles rolled by
Soldiers concealed within gun turrets
Stealth fighters, sea launches
Land and air-borne, assault targeted cities
Tomahawk missiles fired, strikes sorties,
Frightening fireballs engulfed towns
And enclaves surrounded with walls of fire
Smoke in weird patterns billowed, mushroomed
upwards
The battle plunged people into cauldrons of death.
If only we consider the human factor
Soldiers, victims, disillusioned prisoners
We wouldn't surrender to cruel vibrations of war
But lie in peace with one another.

- Caryl Nugara

Loneliness

As dusk falls and shadows flee across the sky
I sit alone and think of the happy days gone by
Only dear God knows the sorrow in my heart
I watch the birds flying fast to their loved ones in the nests
Then I hear a gentle voice saying smile, keep smiling and carry on.

- M.P. Edirisinghe

Picture by Dushmantha Mayadunne

Victor Navorsky

A man came to NY JFK Airport
From a distant land of Krakozhia
He carried two bags and a tin can
They called him Victor Navorsky

When the entry visa was denied
Navorsky was stranded at the airport
He had no friends or nest of kin
Became solitary among thousands of people

Now he is many miles away from home
Could not return home due to heavy fighting
Had no salvage what so ever
Until he met a flight attendant from the
United Airlines

Navorsky was waiting
So as the flight attendant Amelia
In the long run
Everybody is waiting

The Republic of Krakozhia
may be a fictitious land
Or victor Navorsky never lived
But one thing is sure
Life is waiting

- Dr. Ruwan M. Jayatunge

Value forgotten

He and I then together lived:
With close intimacy laughed, cried,
Though I enjoy in my cottage
Away is he now from the village.

Rolled a decade and a half:
Closeness stood a silent dwarf.

Happened to tread, long to see
The dear one, once lived with me
And to share the breaking news
Of one sibling's untimely demise

I approached, myself, I introduced
To the guard, by the gate, stood.

"Know not of such a one".
Floated slightly into ear mine
When at once sprung a threat
"Do get out - Do get out."

- P.N.P. Deraniyagala

Birds in flight

Most of the birds
have already begun their flight
when the climate here
was found intolerable.
All the able bodied,
the young and the strong
and the mindful
are fleeing for better airs.
They take flight
for a haven,
where there is no scant of food
and there is no hunting.
Every bird loves peace
and unburdened living.

- Ivan Kiriella

