

## O'Ports of Lanka - Resplendent Isle

Smiling Lanka Serendib to Arabs  
Later Seylan, Ceylan not for grabs  
Ports aplenty strategic location  
Comparable beauty no other nation  
Bruises tears heart aches & pain  
Surely she will her luster regain

Ports of Ophir gold was abundant  
Maritime business Isle Resplendent  
Mannar was Ovir Emporium Great  
Cosmas writes of ships and mate  
Thambapanni to some Taprobane  
Sadly her fortunes wax & wane

Brilliant Pearl of the Indian Ocean  
Land of battle and great commotion  
Land of Ravana & Ancient enterprises  
Valmiki narrates wonders surprises  
Endowed Generously by her Creator  
Isle beloved full of God's splendor

Ships of Solomon loaded with Cinnamon  
Apes Peacocks and spices cardamom  
Sandalwood, sapphires tuskers' ivory  
Shipped to portray monarch's victory  
Spices turned to incense and worship  
Renowned wisdom ancient scholarship

Ptolemy's Taprobane of large proportions  
Greeks or Arabs - trade with many nations  
Decimated they say by an ancient Tsunami  
During the times of the Vihara Maha Devi  
Gold coast lost and Lanka humbled  
Fortunes thru centuries ebbcd & tumbled

East met West in Lanka's Great Emporium  
Time is right for a grudge moratorium  
Races long severed united as brothers  
Father Forgive us - our many trespasses  
O' smiling Lanka your battle ceases  
Where every visual prospect pleases

Port of Galle - was it Eastern Tarshish  
Jonah fled vomited out by a great fish  
Sir William Tennant writes with erudition  
Ancient Ceylon's scholarly rendition  
Ports of Lanka yet a mighty attraction  
We shall soon be a much sought nation

Trincomalee largest natural harbour  
Bastion of British military arbour  
Eyed by many huge Oil Tankers  
Able to hide a fleet of destroyers  
City of Peace where three races merge  
Sinhala, Tamil, Muslim unity urge

Colombo Port's opportunity lost  
Singapore's wealth winning post  
Famous Port of the British Empire  
Many a famed ship found her lair  
O Colombo where's thy former fame  
We pray you back to honour and fame

Hambantota - President's wise choice  
Readyed to send forth a mighty voice  
Help from China fortune very near  
No more economic woe lack or fear  
Port of the World thriving & bustling  
South of Lanka prosperity beaming

Our dear Island, I wipe thy tears  
A bard for thee I comfort thy fears  
Bruises healed races well reconciled  
Thy sons return from painful domicile  
No more war, blood or terrorist wiles  
Revived Nation blossoms and smiles

- Dr Lalith Mendis

## I commune with Nature

Sometimes when I'm lonely  
I keep pondering  
Why I am lonely.  
The more I ponder over this  
The more lonely I feel.  
Then one day,  
I made up my mind  
To go out into the country  
and luxuriate the magic  
Nature has got to offer.  
I strolled along the bunds  
of the vast golden paddy fields  
admiring with fascination  
the mystique of  
Mother Nature..  
When the scent laden breeze  
that sweeps across these golden fields  
brushes against my face,  
I feel greatly enthralled.  
I listen with great delight  
to the bird songs  
and the music  
of the rustling reeds  
that grow beside  
the babbling brook.  
I move on,  
basking in the pinkish-yellow rays  
of the rising sun  
and gazing at the  
silvery drifting clouds,  
caressing the purplish  
mountain peaks,  
yonder...  
And herein lies  
the solution to my problem.  
I now commune with Nature  
And do not feel lonely  
Any more.

- Sunanda Mahawela

## Hell or Heaven

Truths to the heaven  
Lies to the hell  
Heaven is sweet  
Hell is bitter

Evil doers lie in hell  
Good souls board in heaven  
Road to heaven is thorny  
But to hell is clear  
Bitter truths  
Sweet lies

Vicious ones walk to hell  
Holy, pious float to heaven  
Do the good way to heaven  
Evil doers rush to hell  
Choose your way right  
Now hell or heaven  
That's your choice

- D. M. P. B. Dissanayake

## The Retiring Day

The sun behind the hill is low,  
Wearied with his diurnal task,  
Tiresome winds in sombre flow.  
All set for a closing day.

Withered leaves blow high and low,  
Flowers fail to toss their heads,  
Bubblers' last chain-song, sweetly pour,  
Now to their nests, they hop their way

Mynah-bird with its partner dear,  
Walk their final round in picking, food,  
Closing song, in a low note they twitter,  
And get home to roost, heading the dusk.

The weary farmers after a heavy fray,  
Half-ploughed fields they bear not to leave,  
But plot forth, thoughtful of another day.  
Driving their team homeward bound.

A few lonely beasts waddle down, gay  
With a good fill, to find a resting place.  
Boys late at play, with the fall of day  
Leave the ground, before the twilight-haze

Village dames who bartered round,  
Haste home through craggy foot-paths, long.  
The busy housewife with cares abound,  
Wait eagerly to see her size and children home.

Love and care denied from morn,  
Come back and complacency rules.  
Thoughts of warmth, affection linger on,  
When all meet at the sunset-vale.

- Dayaseeli Senaratne

## Sigiriya

Behold the wonderful Sigiriya rock!  
Where thousands of tourists flock,  
It stands abruptly to towering height  
Unfolding an inspiring sight.

This nature's gift has been beautified  
With a surrounding moat having it fortified  
King Kashyapa had built a grand palace on it  
With water ponds to enhance viewers' delight.

Sigiriya has won fame and renown  
For its ancient frescoes of damsel design  
They have been preserved through long history  
A proud heritage indeed, reminiscent  
of our cultural glory.

Travellers come from far and near  
And climb the mighty rock sans any fear  
They admire the rock paintings along the gallery  
And carry them away in fond memory

- Leslie Nanayakkara

## Jungle with mossy stones

Jungle with mossy stones  
That is where we met  
Stepping from stone to stone  
We bathed in the rain  
When the sun was setting down the coast  
We danced along the beach  
We kissed and we played  
As we were just kids

- Bertholamuze  
Nisansala Dharmasena

## Looming clouds of gloom

In the dewy morning,  
The tender buds in sun's warming,  
So much willingly hurries  
To enjoy the peers' merries.

The smiling faces in groups and races,  
Embrace the love, with freshness in dove,  
Gems of the nation, shine in patience  
The wander world of school, regains its motion.

Soggy with sweat, travelled in sloth,  
Battered by spouse, rents and debts  
Reaches the divine shrine of wisdom  
The lethargic "Guru" muddled with wrath.

Mechanical routine, lackadaisical and boring  
Unprepared mind with nothing of aptness  
Meets the prospering buds of the nation  
Far ahead the former with the talents that flash.

The long hand rests on the head  
In exchange for innocent expressions.  
Aim of the day is to bag the pay  
Step to the next, but not to play-

The role of the "guni", may diminish or vanish  
Yet, the spring of hope reigns in veins  
For the future years of the child I pray  
The dark clouds are looming and  
this is what I say.

- Piyadasa Rillagoda

## My little adopted SON

In my old age  
Living alone  
Being a bachelor  
I adopted a little fellow  
From the street  
To keep me company  
He is very fascinating  
Active and playful  
And keeps me entertained endlessly

When I see him playing  
It's like watching the Olympic Games  
He would run about jump up  
And play all sorts of games

When he is happy  
He will come and embrace me  
And kiss me and bite me without hurting  
If I am not well and lying down  
He will come and lie beside me  
And stroke my body with his little hands

He keeps himself very clean  
And is well-mannered  
If he wants to go out in the nights

He will wake me up gently  
To let him out  
For all this  
He is only a Kitten

- Arul