

“ Thru’ the mist of a memory you  
wander back to me,  
Breathing my name with a sigh ”

- Mitchell Parish

## Stopped at the solitary Summer-hut

I stopped at the solitary summer-hut  
Beneath the large mango tree,  
And waited for my friend to come,  
My heart singing with glee.

With the soft rays of the morning sun peeping,  
I felt no great heat;  
Delighted was I over the thoughts of the friend,  
Whom I was now going to meet.

Fancy nursed my heart’s sweet hope,  
And set my passion ablaze;  
The sequestered summer-hut,  
being so pleasantly shaded,  
Was a splendid place.

Perched on a branch, I heard a bird sing,  
A melodious murmur of love;  
I asked myself over and over again,  
‘Why’re you getting late, my dove?’

Up the road I saw you come strolling,  
Beaming at me with such pleasure,  
That I felt my heart stop for a moment,  
With happiness beyond measure!

Jayashantha Jayawardhana

## Hundred Metres

Competitors kneel  
On the track,  
Backs arched,  
Muscles tensed,  
Waiting for the gun shot,  
Bang!!! The silence shatters  
Stretched-out legs,  
Gritted teeth,  
Shouts and boos,  
A rush of air,  
Blurred colour,  
The finishing line,  
The bright red ribbon  
Waiting . . .  
For one winner,  
To break through.  
The thud of running shoes  
Echo on the track, then,  
A winner breaks through.

Nillasi Liyanage

## Destination

I found a dead butterfly on the doorstep,  
A wonderful creation of Mother Nature,  
Beautiful wings formed a classy design  
Of black and white,  
Like an attire that suited a lovely princess,  
A naive butterfly you were once I guess  
Flying from flower to flower lively,  
But alas, you lie lifeless  
For you could not escape the reality  
How beautiful you were,  
Death is the destination  
That lies in the end of our journey,

Chanakya Liyanage

## Dancing on a String

Reflecting about us,  
Reflecting about the way,  
We humans live,  
Dancing on a string,  
The puppets that we really are;  
Day by day,  
Chasing all the goals,  
Chosen by us or by others;  
Forgetting that someone is,  
Forever pulling the string;  
Instead of doing the correct movement,  
In and out we go;  
Chasing all the goals,  
Chosen by us or by others;  
Forgetting the hand that pulls the string.

Shantini Rubawathy Vivekanathan

## Lost Revolutions

Fifty six  
One who knew politics  
With the power of ballot  
Lost no lives  
Enriched lives of many  
Southern revolutionaries  
Half-baked with politics  
Relied on bullet  
Only loss of life and property  
We did experience  
In the same manner  
Half baked Northerners  
brought no revolution,  
Annihilation of democrats  
As well as innocents  
Mayhem everywhere,  
Those who are unable  
To win ballots  
Become the agents  
Of marketeers of bullets.

D. K. Piyyarathna

## A Bohemian Rhapsody

I must confess  
That I never checked - up  
My destination  
Before the long winding - flight  
From - the world map  
Awaiting blissfully  
A smooth touch - down  
At the imposing air - port  
Of Lusaka  
Greeting me with hand - shakes  
By smiling Zambian officials  
Who took me  
As a spectator  
To witness a rare sight  
Of spectacular dance troupes  
Swaying erotically  
And in unison  
To the rhythmic  
African drum - beat  
And I was transformed  
Instantly  
Hugged and loved  
By enigmatic and fun loving  
African damsels  
To worship, jocularly  
Hitherto unknown  
God of Eros

Ranjan Amarasinghe

## A Dilemma

Love all beings  
No matter they harm you.  
Love conquers everything  
Hatred wins nothing.  
My mind is set,  
I bear no hatred  
Nor malice, nor enmity.

Love your country  
Protect it.  
Allow no enemy to conquer.  
Honour the war heroes,  
Past and present.  
You are duty-bound  
To destroy the enemy.

I'm searching  
For a way to kill  
Preserving love undamaged.  
Years and years passed  
I'm still searching  
I seek your help  
Please tell me  
Which way I should choose.

T. M. J. B. Tennakoon

## Prologue to Navyman’s Tale

I know that I may meet my fate  
Somewhere in this deep watery-grave,  
Death lurks everywhere thru day and night  
I hate those against whom I fight

Watchin in a Dvora-boat in the mid O’ the sea  
Acutely aware O’ duty, entrusted to me  
Keeping vigil over the sea, dawn or twilight,  
I hate those against whom I fight.

Powerful boats of enemies might,  
Make incursions, under cover O’ the night,  
We’re ready to pulverise’em on sight,  
I hate those against whom I fight.

I’ve not time for music, dance and tra-la-la  
Picnics and get-togethers and brouhaha  
Always mindful of attacks from enemy-side  
I hate those against whom I fight.

I’ve to be alert, in an atmosphere oppressive,  
Ever ready to confront an enemy aggressive,  
Braving heat, storms, rain, day and night,  
I hate those against whom I fight.

I know that I may meet my fate,  
Somewhere in this deep watery-grave.

S.G. Ratnayake

## Temptation

O! you wicked one  
How oft, did’st thou come into me  
In diverse fashion  
By day through night  
When loneliness settles upon me  
Yet, the aggressive nature,  
That abounds in me  
Make absolutely no room for thee.  
Thou, O wicked one,  
Depart thence from me.

Your antics indeed are loud and clear  
Like unto a cascading spring  
Which pours down in torrents unceasingly  
Dragging poor mortals to yourself.  
Depart thou, then into thy realm  
And leave poor earthlings,  
Their way to stay and live.  
O wicked one,  
Depart, depart then, forever.

J. I. Rosairo