

Voice

Used in soft and pleasing tone,
It can move a gathering into calmness.
Converted into high toned eloquence,
It can stir the gathering to un-rest.

Can be used for solicitation
With gainful results,
Used in tones of importunity
Can produce results un-gainful.

Used in gentle articulation,
It can generate amity.
Abusively used,
Can create enmity.

Used in erudite tone,
Would be appealing to the intelligentsia.
Used in un schooled manner
Would be welcome to nitwits.

Used in persuasive tone
It can move an assemblage into submission.
Authoritative tone
Would result in protest.

Produced with timbre with a touch of jest,
It can win bouquets.
Used in dull toned coarseness
Would result in cat calls.

Can be used for supplication
Before a deity, with naught results.
And for reciting the law of the Buddha,
Resulting in the purification of the mind.

Tuned into meditative silence
Would result in the evocation of enlightenment.

- H. Kamal Premadasa

I'm only Four

We sweet poor little things,
Like butterflies on the wings,
To huddle us all together,
To the warmth of your tiny nest
How difficult! mum says.
I am only four
I cannot understand.
But one thing I do know:
You love me and I love you!

- Sajendra Kumara

Stand on your Head!

Once upon a time
A friend did a crime
And fell in the hell
To whom should I tell?

Yama-the king of the hell
Ordered him to tell
The punishment he wish
To make his case finish.
Before entering the Yama's office
Friend had seen some eating toffees,
Waited for a bit
He peeped into a nearby pit.
A cesspit large with capital "L."

Some are taking soft drinks.
Some are taking cool drinks.
Some are making rhymes
While some are confessing crimes.
Some are chatting
While cricketers are batting.
On some cheeks fall down tears.
May be remembering of their nears.
Some are enjoying drinks illicit
Passed secretly from Yama's deposit.
All these were in the Yama's pit

Friend was mindful to request cesspool
punishment.
Since it is not painful than a banishment.
In a minute he heard a very rough voice
In which I meant "stop noise".
Immediately same commander again said,
Criminals, stand on your head!

- Bandula Gunarathne

"What is life? It is the flash of a firefly in the night.
It is the breath of a buffalo in the wintertime.
It is the little shadow which runs across
the grass and loses itself in the sunset."



Reuters

Contradiction

Whenever I tell you,
'Dear I have a poem to show you...'
I see your big brownish eyes,
Begin to gleam with boundless delight,
And a lovely smile leap to life on your lips,
Reflecting your deep fascination,
And your vicarious joy
Over my literary success.

I'm in turn enthralled,
By your insatiable desire for my poetry,
Mirroring my mad love for you,
Which compels me,
To think to myself,
'How's it possible that she loves
My literary works so much,
While she herself says she doesn't love me?'

How can you help loving the clouds
While you love the sky?
I'm puzzled at the contradiction,
How can you help loving the night
While you love the stars?

- Jayashantha Jayawardhana



AFP

Sacrileged Amulet

Grown in the forest
Brainwashed by the best
For the fulfilment of happiness
Of a blood - thirst leader
To be crowned a ruler
To satisfy the Sun God
Of a world of their own.

Tasting a diet
That lacked the goodness
of a wholesome food
Sedated by drugs
On the track to drag
The humans on their cadaverous brag
Sharing a menu of their choice
After a rigorous training device
With their finder of their path
That leads to the termination of a race.
A failed attempt to be ended
With the tablet hidden in an amulet
Of what the very purpose is impurified
The suicide cadre explodes!

- Piyadasa Riilagoda

Plant a Tree

The constant campaign is to plant a tree;
Sure, it is a potent plea;
For, trees of green foliage
Are our source of healthy heritage

The use of trees are many in number,
Countless service they do render
Trees lend timber, for your cradle
Your cricket bats, lounges and ladle.

From the blazing sun gives you shelter
A reigning sovereign, his glossy sceptre,
You fell trees, as if to avenge;
By becoming your coffin, how they revenge.

Stout old trees, with knurled barks;
Whether they be, in forests or parks;
Flamboyant flowers, as garlands wear,

A splendid sight to stand and stare
Glistening leaves of dappled green,
Barks that shine a silvery sheen,
Charming, in their mature splendor;
Venerable trees are a timeless wonder.

To plant tree is a worthy notion,
To prevent our own soil's erosion,
Bronzed leaves, that fall so often,
Blankets mother earth and moisten,

Fluttering in the gusty breeze,
A panorama of cherished dreams,
Palms and parks our emerald legacy,
To preserve the trees is our bounden duty.

The splendid avenues of mahogany,
The majestic trees of rare ebony,

- Nafeela Mukthar

Painters

Painters showed up
So early in the morning
With loads of hard work
Abstracts
Portraits
and some other
For the 'Market of Arts'
The title given by Hon. Minister
Who came so late
Flanked by his 'intellectual' entourage
'A painter is a treasure'
'Financial developments are
a must for a painter'
'Better prospects for painter's future'
Words, Terms, Jargons
Some understood. Some did not.
And all appreciated him
And his entourage.
Dusk had no hurry to settle in.
Intellectuals had no hurry to reach
The deluxe nests.
And seeing themselves on TV
Over just another bacon dinner.
Painters could not bring
any bacon home
But they are happy.
They are content.
The 'intellectual' words
Cast a spell on their dreaming senses.

- Sachitra Mahendra

The Beggar on the Street

He begs for food with his stretched palm
Very few attempt to make him calm
Once in a way a generous man
Gives him a cent as a balm

He was born to this earth as others
But destiny did not give him feathers
His parents in their wildest dream
Would not have thought he will beg and scream

The rich in their Prados and Rovers
Fly past him fast and in big uproars
He is a menace to these vile tycoons
Who hold silver spoons by vulgar means

He is blind and has one leg
He can't stand on his own frame
Some are kind to him and some are not
Thinking that he is not blind but only act

Whether he is genuine or only act
Is not a matter for a man with a heart
Because he has no other means
He begs from all with all his veins

- J. Nagodavithana

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Behind the curtain of globalisation
No time to learn the pattern of grass,
Trees and lovely birds and butterflies
With uncommon combination of colours
And doesn't know how raindrops touch the soil
Thus doesn't have feeling of human being
Even the very essence of life.

When the little one was asked
To paint water lilies and the blue sky
He left with desperate hopes
But there was a phony parent
to take care of the matter
And sign up to make few extra bucks
Created fake relationships
I wonder the hidden tragedy behind
Lost childhood
Now there is someone to pose as a mom
With worst blessings of globalisation

My child,
Digital era cannot create heavenly mysteries
Learn balance of colours of the nature

- Janadari Kapugama

Triumph

For days I watched him
This little child
His efforts to walk was a sight
Two tentative steps
Towards his mother he would take
Before he got cold feet and baulk
Dejected and sore
He would plop on the floor
Bawling in fright or frustration
Or may be both

Then one day
This little child
Took six tiny steps
To everyone's surprise
Gurgling and clapping
He drew himself up
First one step then another
All teetering six steps
He took towards his mother
Little hero what a success
He did triumph.

- Khalida Lebbe