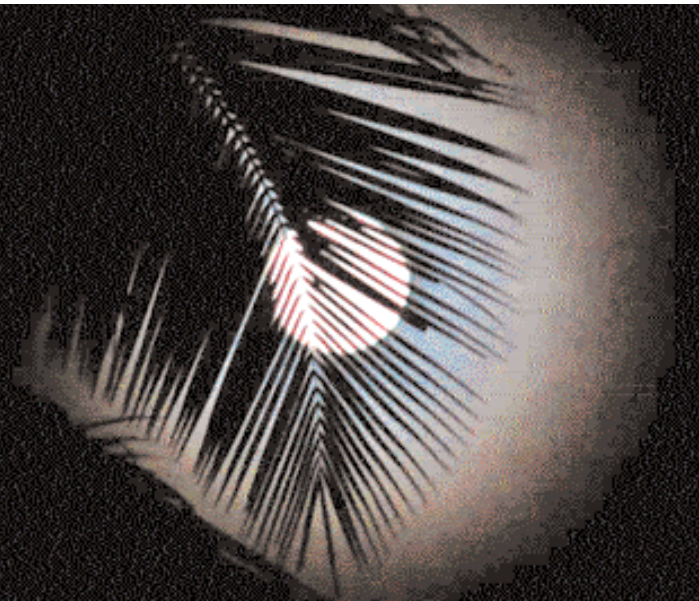


It was truly fascinating

The night was calm and silent
and the moon with all its glory
was peering over the hills yonder.
The glorious Kumudu lilies
that unfolds its petals in the moon light
were in full bloom
in the enchanting lake
beneath the hills.
The silvery rays of the smiling moon
were kissing the petals of the Kumudu lilies,
that danced in the cool gentle breeze,
while the humming bees
hovered over them
flapping their wings with glee.
The snow white fleecy clouds
that floats up above the
star-studded velvet sky
reflected on the sparkling waves,
that danced on the surface
of the lake.
Seated on a rock,
beside the lake
I was admiring the scenic splendour
of this magnificent spectacle,
while the chilly scented breeze
that blows across the lake
offered me uncontrollable joy.
I was truly fascinated
at the spell-binding magic
of nature's diverse captivating
forms and patterns.

- Sunanda Mahawela



Picture by Chinthana Wassala

I haven't given up My Attempt

Born to an ill-reputed parental line,
Had to bear a hundredfold grievance
Throughout the school days.
The vacuity created by deprived patrimony
Affected a whole life span.
However the struggles were carried out
The hardships made things worsen
Every passing minute in this lonely world.
Occasionally not one but many
Offered their helping hand
To overcome the continuous hardships, though
Destiny brought one after the other.
Having had no hopes to storm the world
By my writing, nor but in reaching the highest
Not becoming the most popular of the era in the field.
Luxurious residence, modes of transport, perhaps,
I am deprived of forever.
A simple anticipation, yet, far above reach
To feed and take care of my mentally retarded sister
As an individual with perpetual roots,
Prosperity and stability.
I have not given up my attempt!
For God's temptation frequents me
Yet, thus I air my lamentation from which
I suffer endlessly...

- A.S.Jayawardene

Sound of Silence

Have you listened to the silence
When the power goes off at night?
When the hum of technology is stilled
And darkness envelopes the electric light.

We sit in the candles' restful dim glow
Barely seeing each other's faces.
In silence we listen to the night sounds,
For in the darkness the urge to speak ceases.

No music on the radio:
Only the crickets' song -
In harmony with the dancing shadows
Cast by candle light on the walls.

In the inky black sky the stars
Twinkle, shining brighter.
Out in the garden the fireflies
Dart about, their bodies a - glitters.

A peaceful, silence fills the air,
Memories long hidden, and dreams, surface;
You enter a realm you do not share
And time seems to stand still.

- Erandinie Mallika Rodrigo de Silva

One Season in my Life

You came to my little world
And,
Skill I can remember the day I met you
Third November 2006
Day by day we drew closer to each other
Now,
Days, weeks, months and years have passed
You are my life
You are my world
And always
You're in my heart and soul
Nobody can't change it
Believe me
Without you, a moment is a life time for me
Be mine forever.....

- Ishi

“The stars, that nature hung in heaven,
And filled their lamps with everlasting oil,
Give due light to the misled and lonely traveller”

- John Milton

Monaragala Mountain

A boy stood pondering, on his school compound
His searching eyes began to look around
He saw the vanishing morning mist
and the unveiling Monaragala mount.

Top of the mountain is a pointed rock
very much resembling the bird, pea-cock
It is indeed, a spectacular sight
with the rising sun spreading its light

The mountain becomes clearly visible,
after a short distance from Pussellawa town
Passing travellers admire the imposing scene
until it goes unseen.

It would be a joy to climb the mountain
wisely, on a day when there is no rain
The track is rough, but through known terrain
There would neither be risk, nor strain

What is best is the Monaragala summit
For sight-lovers, it is a vantage point
All round would be splendid scenery
which will last long in climbers memory

- Leslie Nanayakkara

A Sad Tale

A handsome young dog
sporting a black and white coat
is running along the road in a mighty hurry
as if he is late for work.

But alas! He has no office to report to;
no home to guard; no family to protect.
He has no kind humans to care for him;
no name of his own to answer to.
His bare collar-less neck
tells a sad tale of an unloved stray
cast adrift in a pitiless world
homeless, hungry, and utterly alone.

Will he meet with an untimely death
knocked down by a callous young human
speeding in his glitzy car?
Or, will he survive to spawn more strays
and live long enough to die
a hairless, mangy, emaciated old wretch ?

- Chitra Premaratne-Stuiver

Hunting Butterflies

Have you ever hunted a butterfly?

You may say no
May be you don't remember
But.....
I am sure you have
At least once in your lifetime
Especially if you are a hunter !
Butterflies are everywhere
In different colours.... sizes and breeds
They are innocent ... fragile and delicate
You call them some other names !
"The thing", "That One",
"Piece" or may be "The Item".....

No matter who they are
Or how they are related to you
You hunt them often intentionally or unintentionally
At home... in the bus.... train and may be in office
Using very cruel modes
Why ?
Please
Stop hunting butterflies now
Stop violence against women !
Don't wait
Until you become a father of a pretty daughter
Just like a butterfly!

- Nadira Gunatilleke

The Last Poem

My precious leaf,
What I composed upon you
have been with me
throughout the days of glory.
That was yesterday,
and today it seems to me
my affectionate lines are leaving me behind
slow but steady.
"Don't take him seriously
He doesn't have that flair anymore."
Young man
mumbles into his mobile's mouthpiece
his voice so crispy, unaltered.
"... really serves him right
... the stupid stick-in-the-mud
thinking about resting on past
madness, huh..."
Clatter of wine glasses
falling on my aging ears.
"The poem is ok,
but I am not sure
if we can go ahead
... don't know..."
I know.
The world doesn't need
my writing anymore.
I have become over-the-hill,
my writing is long overdue.
I shall not write anymore,
I will write down this last thought.

It was the third watch of the night.
The poet replaced the pen in the inkwell
With his trembling hand.
Breeze peeped in at length
through the tattered window
and took "The Last Poem" away.
Old man took a quiet breath and rose
to watch his last thought
Vanishing into the faraway darkness.

- Sachitra Mahendra

The Lone Pigeon and I

She lingered a moment there, beaming sweetly at me,
And mutely watched us converse.
A gleam of love, I was sure, I caught in her eyes,
Which, as it were, prompted many a romantic verse.

A huge temple tree, ablom, stood over us,
With a bark like a monitor's back;
Surmises and thoughts and my feelings were all diffuse,
Like scattered cards of a pack.

Scouring the lawn for grains, there were two little pigeons,
A couple of glad-hearted lovers;
I remembered how we, like them, ourselves had enjoyed,
Chatting with each other for hours.

She tarried there no longer than a few seconds,
But I deemed it was an age;
Then she rose, bade me adieu and slowly glided off
Like a Thespian existing the stage.

Away flew one pigeon as she walked off,
leaving the other bird alone;
I wondered if it felt the same pangs of parting as I,
With its sweet-mate gone!

- Jayanthana Jayawardhana

