

“Be like the bird, who halting in his flight on limb too slight,
feels it give way beneath him, yet sings knowing he hath wings”
- Victor Hugo



Good bye dear Mervin

The voice caressed our minds
in happy and sad times
has mingled with the sky
for heaven's mission divine

Strange chords of variety
embedded in your melodies
with a voice clear and deep
touched our hearts with novelty

Simplicity was your theme
with a universal true mean
Your songs are evergreen
good bye dear Mervin

- ANURADHA ABEYSEKARA

Sense and Sensibility

Lying in a bed
Wrapped in a cloth
Time is spent
Others at work.

No one to talk
Nothing to yalk
Her senses are alive
But not fit to the modern world.

She strove and brought
up the children
She went down and down
The difference is vast.

Reward for her sweat
Is ironically the loneliness
It's a disgrace to the living
Who came out of her flesh and blood.

Little gifts of towels
Bananas and milk
Sweetmeats of friends
Lift the spirit in trends.

She comes to the kitchen with
her begging bowl
Daughter-in-law fills with from the spoon
Hides in her gloomy room
Eats like a mendicant.

Her never ending longing for death
Daggers into my heart with wrath
The wish of a sensitive soul
Is not breathed by a learned spouse.

Looming clouds of gloom
Float over the motherhood
The cream of human milk of kindness
Who can save men from blindness.

- PIYADASA RILLAGODA

The lusty scene reveals nature's best
Gift to man - a secret way to rest!
In solemn silence wade deeply in
Enclosed dense growth luscious within.

The sunlight penetrates - leads our view
To a mood of mystery - another way to live
An atmosphere of deep colour - look and shiver!
It's intimate, soothing, serene to a viewer

In the Wilderness

LEWIS CARROLL

Slow moving rivers glide to quench the thirst
Of birds, beast, and the deep forest
Creepers fight to see the light
Clinging hugging till they reach a height

A heaven to meditate and realise
The worthlessness of this rhythm of life
Peacefulness enters - echoing the harmony
To a retreat - that conquers agony

On Unduvap Poya Day

The daughter of the Emperor Dharmashoka the magnanimous ruler
The ever-loving sister of the Arahata Mahinda the noble Dhamma transmitter
The Samaritan emissary - Theri Sangamitta a nation remembers forever
We, the Sri Lankans pay homage to thee with devoted fervour.

Discarding the regal splendour the glorious glamour
With husband Aggibrahma, the ever-loving only son Sumana
All adorning the saffron robes entered the Buddha's Order
Upholding emancipation to the feminine gender all over.

In 237 BC on Unduvap full moon Poya day
Theri Sangamitta with eleven Bhikkhunis serene, pious and gay
Artisans and craftsmen of eighteen clans accompanying on her way
Landed on the Sri Lankan soil in an illuminating sway.

The Sacred Sapling - the southern bough of the Gaya Sambodhi tree
King Devanampiyatissa planted in Mahamevuna with adoration and glee
Queen Anula with a retinue of women become nuns, defilements free
A renaissance dawned impeccable giving all solace and peace.

In times of hunger, turmoil disaster helter-skelter
To get rid of ominous omens or inconclusive weather
Governors, governed, the young and the old gathering together
Seated under the Bo-tree praying worshipping all seek shelter

A symbol of gratitude a celebrity a haven the Bodhi every day
With its inspiration an indigenous culture flourished in by-gone days
The gracious messenger Reverend Theri Sangamitta the brilliant ray
We dare you, pay homage to you on the Unduvap Poya day.

- SUNETHRA WIJEMANNE

TIA (This is Africa)

TIA - The land with brown soil
Where the civilized and virtuous men came in search of slaves
For centuries the land and men were tormented
Looted the nature's resources to the end

TIA - where the lion and hyena avoid each other
Everyone is a prey at a given moment
Nothing is guaranteed
Ruled by an invisible hand

TIA - where they discovered the earliest hominids
The early civilization - the Bell-beaker culture of Ethiopia
The golden heritage of mankind
Deliberately erased by one track mind archaeologists

TIA - experienced so much pain
When the King Leopold 2 of Belgium ordered to
amputated the hands of children
Expressed repulsion when the Apartheid law
rejected one man one vote system

TIA - this is the place where the music began
Harmonious one rhythm
Evolved in to the sound of Jazz
When her children enslaved in New Orleans

TIA - she has no more tears
No more blood to bleed
And no more sons to sacrifice

- DR. RUWAN M. JAYATUNGE

For an Autograph

An autograph is kept by those
who will forget the past.
(Unknown)

My face comes out
on the memory mirror.
I cannot but breathe
impermanence.
Do I need it?
I simply don't know.
I soothe myself
caressing the memory mirror
wiping out its long-grown dust.
Time looms large
crying out something
I cannot understand.
It is but
fast,
faster,
and who knows
it may be even faster.
Feed your memories then
into these leaves
by the sweet syringe of yours.
I will be happy
with the leftovers
and impermanence shall
no longer stay on
in my life
my memory mirror.

- SACHITRA MAHENDRA

You

You! I remember
Past in my time
Lingering recalls
Vivid in my mind
I felt your face
Closing your eyes
Smooth to my fingers
Near to my senses
You! I still feel
The close presence
Enticing perfume
Unspoken love
You! I remember
From an age past
Mild spoken words
Caring free ways
Lasting sentiments
Stored in my mind
You! I see again
Through the haze
My eyes closed
The world dark
You! Brought light
Opened my eyes
To love you again

- MIRAN PERERA

