



“As two floating planks meet and part on the sea,
O friend! so I met and then parted from thee.”

- William R. Alger

Reuters

Straggler of the lost generation

After decades of long delay
I returned to my native vale
Seeking refuge from life's travails
To end my days in tranquil contentment

The green landscape is the same but the facade of life has changed
Everywhere I was greeted with unknown faces
Where are my loved ones and bosom pals
All have departed leaving fond memories

With awe inspiring pa and love-doting ma departed
The family dispersed by the lure of Dollars, Pounds and Dinars
The ancestral home is in rack and ruin
Where wild *Bo* plants sprout in the ledges
Mocking me with stark impermanence

I learn for the palpating warmth of my parents
I pine for the cosy affection of my uncles and aunts
I long for bohemian banter of the village folks
I strain my eyes and glean the scene to seek
A familiar face to attach my lost roots
Only to end in soulless isolation

I wish I could regress the marching time scale
To retreat to revived living of the olden times
And repose in the cradle of alluring bygone days
Softly swaying in the warmth of lingering of rapture
Oh! It is a child pursuing an elusive rainbow

In despair of suffocating loneliness
I climbed the hill behind the house
There my eyes devoured the grandeur of the green valley
With cascading streams of Hunas Peak glittering in the mellow sunshine
Finally I bade farewell to my childhood memories

At last I returned to my exile in urban domicile
Where the concrete jungle and the noxious waste dumps profligate
With man as predator beast prowling to pounce on fellow beings
No more cuckoos sing nor the bees drone in the treeless terrain
Everyone jostle and hurries with worries of the rat race

Vision box and sound box bait you with cash pots
To see and hear their dished out trash stuffs
The mind enslaved debased young and old
Bewitched by ear-splitting holy art rhythms
Swing to the desecrated beat Sangbo song

Oh Lord!
I cannot wallow in the enchantment of the lost times
Nor can I swallow junk food under neon signs
Morning obituaries deject me with mournful
Departure of remaining friends and colleagues
Stranded between phantom past and inclement present
I am a straggler of the lost generation
Hobbling into finale of inevitable oblivion

- G. H. A. SURAWEERA

Tears

Tears from cradle to grave
Different tales tell
Like gems of vivid colours
Shapes and weights
Joy, pleasure, win loss,
Pain, ache, tear, anger
Thirst hunger what not?
Tears down come same
But the feelings differ
Facial change depicts all

Tears for all occasions
But voices, noises, sounds
Change tone, volume
Rhythm, Rhythm, music
Crying, laughing, smiling
weeping, sighing, waiting
The tears the same,
Down the cheeks wet
Coming from the heart pure.
Tears don't come for nothing
Tears have power well,
Tears never come by force

- D.M.P.B. DISSANAYAKE

Mist!

From the mountains of Hanthana,
From the summit of Sri Pada,
Like a white cloth,
That was stolen
From the faires,
You come making shadows,
Singing songs.

I think your brother is rain,
'Cause always,
You come just before him.
The environment is,
So cold when you come,
My heart says
You are so sad,

'Cause everywhere you are,
It seems so sad and gloomy,
And... I wonder why.
You are so sad and gloomy,
As I feel you are lonely,
So I'm waiting for you with,
A heart filled with love and joy for you!

- D. W. LILANI ANURUDDHIKA

Betrayed

The last of my sons you are ever so special,
To the world a man, but to me my little angel.
Always impatient, even your arrival on earth,
With weeks more to go, you decided for your birth.

As I bore you within, you broke away to be free,
While I lay without sense, they took you from me.
A wee little morsel you were gassing for breath,
In a machine with tubes they gave you health.

They said, hold him close never leave him alone,
So you became one with me, another part of my own.
I nurtured and cared and then watched you grew,
Did all that I could and then let you go.

To choose right and wrong with no shackles on you,
The world was your own to see through and through,
So full of guile you were caught in a snare,
Bewitched by a heart that was fickle and bare.

You believed all the lies every turn of her head,
And went down the path that her treachery led,
She schemed and she planned but was never a wife,
A misguided soul never content with life.

From years of devotion to heartache and pain,
With this great betrayal what joy did she gain,
The love showered on her she could not possibly know,
She repaid us with hate and then chose to go.

The love of a lifetime that's just what you thought,
But she was just an illusion running after a mirage,
Like the Thorn bird that sings impaled on a thorn,
Unaware of the end at the breaking of dawn.

Forget everything start life all anew,
Much happiness my son, that's real, awaits you,
Through this journey on earth, more pitfalls you will find,
Just face up to all with a sharp open mind.

- SHIRLEY NOBEL DE SILVA

Guernica

He raised his head from a blanket of madness
And saw life all awry -
Poking pelvic angularity
Spiky elbows, shrunken skull forms.
They were kept in a pen
Like cattle for the abattoir.
They served a purpose
To recreate life.
Man repeats innocence repeatedly.
Repeatedly recreates this scene.
An idiot wide-eyed before an immense void.
Haberdasher Truman dropped the bomb.

- PATRICK JAYASURIYA

The Dragonfly

Glistening and sparkling like a Ruby
A small insect
Came flying, quickly
To sit on a green leaf
For he was already late
For his meal,
Safely stamped on the leaf,
He started to eat
Chomping on his food
He quickly finished his meal.
And was gone,
In a trice
Only the whirring of his transparent
Silvery wings could be heard,
Echoing among the trees
For extra moment.
The Dragonfly,
Like the never ending ticking of time
Was there in one moment
And was gone in the other,
Leaving only the memories
Of him!

- NILLASI LIYANAGE



Face

Charm and beauty of the face
Cannot be glanced by you and me
Others can sight our face at once
Look of the face is mirrored for us

Forehead is first broad or narrow
Chin is last shape U or V

Lids and lashes a high safeguard
Eyes will glitter in fun and joy
Tears fall down in sorrow and pain
Awake all day but say good night

Ears will hear a lot of speech
Bore and carries a shining stone
Nose is breath for long long life
Smell and sneeze once it needs

Lips are smooth to hug and kiss
Opens to smile laugh and yawn
Mouth will talk a gallone of words
Teeth will bite brush and clean

- LAKSHMI PEIRIS