

The wedding couple



Jacketless dress with pigeon-breast
Roses red and white give the light
Step to parlour with glass of sweet
Glittering flowers made of sight.
Amidst the joy and uproar
Rest, bid their time, and murmur
Wind and breeze breathing low
World of love buds that blow

- S Hettige

A POPPY

A poppy
Worn as a remembrance emblem
On the month of November
Recalls the end of World War I
The sign of the Armistice
Its colour of scared
Reminds the wet blood;
Which ran through Europe;
To wash and mop.
Poppy grew in multi numbers;
In the barren field;
Where thousand lives buried;
Survived the strongest gun.
Every November a plastic poppy is worn;
To remember the hero's blood;
Shed to give peace and harmony;
In Flanders fields then done.
Generations have saluted the gallant men;
The brave dead, among the Poppies;
And because they did, you and I are free;
Even to wear a Poppy today.

- M N KAIYOOM

EXPRESS ROADWAY!

Hey Presto! A new quick access
To the South from Colombo in an hour
A road from Colombo opening express
A Dream for Sri Lankans vow! Another
Wonder fulfilled by our Great President!
Silently smiles, that is His reaction!
On the Twenty Seventh of November
Added to the History in letters golden
Amidst applause, sighs a grandeur
He, our President Mahinda declared open.
Colombo Groom - an hour kisses his Galle bride!
Silently smiles, seeing - that is his reaction!
A Colombo child to taste fresh Southern "kiripeni"
A Galle child to taste a hot pizza savoury
Shopping spree in Colombo to lasses in Galle
Young lads for a quick dip in the seas in Galle
"One Nation - One country" people proclaims!
Confirms smiling -that is His reaction!

- Malathi Perera

A SLEEPING CITY

Night's jewels; an angel's closet thrown
off in haste
Such adorable tots, chaste
Eyes sparkling, bright as the diamonds of
Incans
The seer, the tossing glow, sparkling increased
Waves dampen blew,
Night's wet robe spread through
In the early October gloom,
Late comer,
Relieve day's rough ends and butt ends
Intruders of boredom
Spectators of stardom
Stolen secrets from late night strolls
Off whispering bowers and mysterious hours
A wave subsiding
Gleaming huts
An exotic alarm to a foreign 'awe'
City sleeps, towers, houses and huge walls
Sleeping fish stalls beaches wait for dawn
The night's blanket enveloped to a smooth nap
Over the sailor lad's coarse slip
Traced through the lighthouse beam
Outer-rings of gables made the night more enrolling
No fuss, no raw, the city's brim
A fancy boy's dream
Slight fading finger touch over the sky
Eve the western gathering gloom
Some pirith chanting
Made the roaming air more placid
Some ancient warriors in rescue
For the beacon's relay of alarm
Flanked by the cloudy seas
Hollowsphere of pin darkness increased
Over the city's snoring cloud.

- N. Gamage

COLOMBO Today for Tomorrow

Colombo TODAY

Sans the rickshaws and their pullers,
Bullock carts, coal-stoked railway engines
And countless others to oblivion pushed,
By modern high-tech man-made modes,
Changing skylines around in shape, size and colour,
Splattered in leafy green and concrete white.

Colombo TODAY

For the most and best is spreading out,
While "Learning to Learn"
The art and science of caring and sharing,
With heads brimming in knowledge,
Hands directing skills,
And hearts inspiring a love to serve.

Colombo TODAY

Inspired by that love to serve keeps serving.
The needy served, no matter who or what,
With grateful thanks a message rings clear
For Colombo TOMORROW,
Many happy returns of TODAY,

- Trixie Marthenesz

