

## A Lenten Prayer

A contrite heart Oh Lord!  
That truly feels  
Remorse for sin  
That nailed thee to a tree  
A heart that truly reconciles  
Forgetting injuries  
As thou didst on the cross  
Forgive the repentant thief  
So too Oh Lord forgive  
Mine own frailties  
That nailed thee to that tree  
So that on Easter morn  
I am re-born  
To a new life  
For thou art the very truth  
The Resurrection and the Life.  
- Jeannette Cabraal

## Hidden lover

Hidden lovers we are  
dreaming secretly  
in valley of love  
we will never get there  
where our love blooms as  
perfect flower  
No..  
flower of love has bloomed  
yet it's aroma only filtering  
around that lonely valley  
it will never reach to real world  
where lovers hold there hands

Even our heart knows  
our dreams just only give tears  
we are kept dreaming  
at least in that...

- Anonymous

## The isolation

Where has the sweet smell of flowers' gone...  
Where has the purity of morning breeze gone...  
Where has the voice of feather friend's gone...  
Where has he gone with my heart and soul and all....

- Prabhani Rodrigo

## Incurable hurt

**Building can be rebuilt  
Roads can be reconstructed  
Why? Even a widow can  
Remarried. But broken mind  
Can't be rebuilt. Because  
Physical pain can be cured.  
Mental pain always remains  
With me as long as I lived  
In the world  
Is it easy to forget my  
Unbearable and frightful  
Experiences, and irrecoverable  
Losses? Eh! Certainly not.  
In my life, over thirty years  
I had to face many difficulties.  
All the reasons that made incurable  
Hurts in my mind. Nothing  
Can compensate for my plight.**

- B. Balachandiran

## Contemplating the navel

The navel or belly button  
also known as buriya  
has a life of its own  
in fashion conscious Lanka  
It can be spotted around  
in various forms, shapes and sizes  
simple half-moons, convoluted mazes  
delicately small, obscenely big  
embellished with baubles piercing it.  
Like the eye of a blind Cyclops  
it stares without blinking  
over skimpy bikinis and thongs  
hipster pants and mini skirts.  
Or, it plays hide-and-seek  
underneath diaphanous sarees.  
Sigiri maidens of yore display it.  
Girls in white half-sarees show it.  
Men and women at parties flaunt it.  
Obese dowagers and VIP wives expose it.  
Voyeurs behind dark glasses peek at it.  
As for a sour-eyed old cynic like me  
its nothing but a dinge in the belly!

- Chitra Premaratne

We are on a Pilgrimage  
This journey of 'Life'  
Will soon end  
If we do good,  
We'll be blessed with bliss  
If we do bad, we'll leave a  
Big, black, ugly, scar mark,  
Upon life's pure, clean, path  
When, the best of friends, must  
Inevitably, part!

- Mohan Lal de Mel

The good  
& the bad

My beloved wife  
You were then  
A widow you are now  
Yet you are the  
Sweet heart  
Who always moistens me  
With the drops of tears  
All the chirpy cherubs  
Whom we brought up together  
Have gone their own ways  
flapping the tiny wings  
You are alone in the nest  
Losing every support  
No softness there to  
Warm you dear  
Bearing many a pain  
You sigh - my heart weeps  
Have a great desire  
to be with you  
As ere days we were  
Yet this is a long journey  
Which I finished so early  
Waving my hand call thee too  
From a distance lonely place  
Yes - there's room reserved  
in this valley  
Which is filled with  
Peace and tranquility  
I know  
How much defenseless are you!  
In your aged life  
Losing the warmth and every support  
My heart feels guilty  
If I did any wrong for you  
Please forgive me dear!  
Suffering all night  
With a burning heart  
Have a great desire  
to come secretly  
into your solitary cell  
and go back  
Wiping your endless tears  
In our own compound  
Where fragrant flowers bloomed  
Let me float and roam around  
Mingling with the gentle breeze  
When the veil of the dusk falls.

- Rohini Ketipearachchi

Wish - from a withered heart

**There's a desert where skies are deceiving,  
where rain rarely reaches the ground;  
There are lost men who keep on believing.**  
- Steve Greene

