

The Sea Shell

Sea Shell, Sea shell,
Sing me a song, oh, please!
A song of ships and sailor men,
Of parrots, and tropical trees,
Of islands lost in the Spanish Main
Which no man ever may find again,
Of fishes and corals under the waves,
And sea-horses stabled in great green caves
Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
Sing of the things you know so well.

- Anonymous

Call of the New Year

The silvern chime of Temple and Kovil bells
And the resonating beat of the Rabana
Echoed through this hallowed isle
To warmly welcome another Sinhala and Tamil new year
Filled with renewed hopes and resolutions dear
To give a better life to all of us here.
With the dawn of another new year
Sri Lanka stood upright
In a spirit of reconciliation
To bring peace and harmony to this resurgent nation
Where we could aspire for a prosperous future
With aspirations high.
We welcomed the New Year
With fun and frolic
Associated with its traditional cheer,
Amidst swings and sweetmeats, kavun and kokis
Wishing the country's peace and prosperity to flourish
And to make everyone of us
To feel a sense of serenity within us.
Though the din of crackers would hurriedly announce
The end of the new year celebrations
Let's firmly resolve to spend everyday of the New Year
In peace and harmony, hope and good cheer,
Wishing each other a happy and prosperous new year.

- Andrew Scott

Food for thought!

See, the flower plants in our garden, all uprooted,
By bandicoots.....!
Who, mess about eating raw, God made, beautiful plants and
Blossoms, of varied hues, all over our lawn. A crying Shame.
They don't realize nor can they reason out, but,
Fight to kill, one another at Will, with malice and rancour,
In their hearts!
They, run at each other's throats, alas, bite and molest one another.
Bite each other to death! Without, Rhyme or Reason.....
They, fume, assume and snort, running wild, helter-skelter,
Unintelligible animal species, killing each other with much conceit.
Without, wreath or ritual, to bury their dead, the bandicoots, are
Like that. They have No regard or respect.
Always, grunting and snorting and screeching, in high-pitched tones.
They devastate, our garden land and destroy
foliage and lay it bare and are Least Concerned!
Are we, Human Beings too, like bandicoots, running wild....!?
At each other's necks, fighting for God given land and mundane issues?!
Like, bandicoots?! Don't we see the difference, between each other?
Making life impossible for each other.....?! To live.....!
Littering our roads with chocolate wrappers, milk cartons etc and all.
Instead of being generous, and caring and Sharing?! Kind-heartedly.
What, God has provided for all to Share?! On this beautiful planet,
Mother Earth?! Then, why be like bandicoots.....?! Living with dirt and
Muck, everywhere, like bandicoots. Dog and cat faeces all over roads!
Let us be above board, and pure hearted. Care and Share! Whatever is There.
Let the Hon. President and Ministers take action in this Regard.
For good contemplation and food for thought!
Let us develop not only our country, but our Society, as well!
Let Sri Lanka have a decent and well educated society, we can be proud of!
Let's set an example to the - World! By doing our Duty,
by God and Man and always remember the Fact,
Time is precious and short, not to be Wasted!
We are accountable.....! And Time, waits for No Man!
Not even, for the Parliament!!!!!!

- Anon.

PENSIONERS

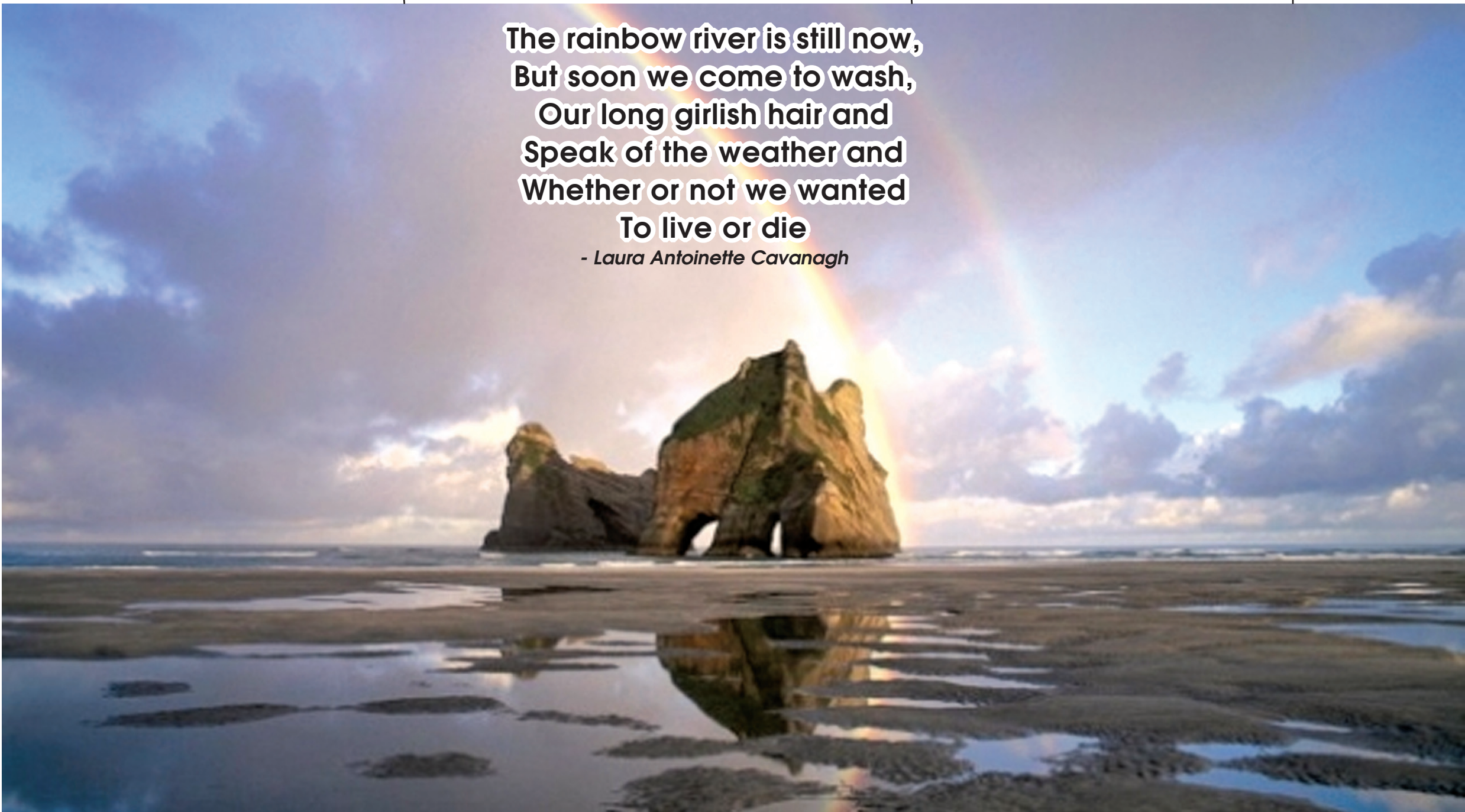
The elderly society of the country,
Who had contributed their life;
Fulfilled their duties to the public;
Devotedly and sometimes disinterestedly;
They lent an active hand to humanity.
Now retired, pensioners;
Some being alienated, some pathetic,
Amidst many difficulties and mental pain.
Nobody to appreciate or grateful
Neglected nearly isolated
humble souls!
Once sacrificed their life, worked with commitment;
For the well being of others.
They have rendered many services,
When they were young and fiddle.
But many have forgotten to show gratitude,
To these elderly folks,
Now old and feeble.
Unable to enjoy the peace of mind,
By humiliation by their family!society!
So they suffer in silence;
After so much hardwork and scarifies in life.
Their earnings spent for families
Social values are fading off,
New offspring's failure to respect elders,
Due to lack of social morality,
Elders homes are increasing,
Even the rich and learned need this.
The rights and privileges of the elders,
Are diminishing day by day;
These are social problems;
Which should be nipped in the bud
Or else the East will follow the West.
All the elderly citizens will be
isolated in their elders homes.
The future endeavours and well being
Will be a great question for these elder pensioners

- M N KAIYOOM

In captivity

"Free, was I,
once upon a time,
To fly where I like,
find my food and
Build a nest,
to rear my brood.
Then, I was happy as a lark,
enjoying my liberty,
Singing songs
of praise,
to God, almighty.
Until one day,
I was captured,
all of a sudden,
By some cruel
vagrant urchins,
who imprisoned me,
In a cage of steel.
Horrified, was I,
and extremely sad,
At this sadistic act,
of these inhuman beings.
They fed me though,
some grains of rice,
Inspid to my taste,
which, I detest.
My freedom gone,
and my happiness too,
To zoom across,
the sky so high.
Alas,
These human beings,
don't seem
to comprehend,
To value the rights,
of a bird's freedom,
From Captivity!

- Mohanlal de Mel.



**The rainbow river is still now,
But soon we come to wash,
Our long girlish hair and
Speak of the weather and
Whether or not we wanted
To live or die**

- Laura Antoinette Cavanagh