

## Forest

The treasure troves;  
Gifted to man by God;  
With its flora and fauna;  
Grown in the wild in their own wish;  
Cold and calm; dark and colourful;  
Wet and dry; sweet and bitter.  
Man the avenger of earth;  
Selfish and cruel;  
Cut, burn and deforest;  
For his needs and vanity;  
Not thinking beyond;  
The creatures of God;  
Sheltered in these dense thickets;  
Nor the disasters, which fall;  
As floods, erosions, global warming  
He has lost his sense of appreciation;  
Who learnt only to appreciate;  
Money! Money! Money!  
Mother Nature burst into tears;  
Punishing even the harmless;  
In her bewilderment;  
Seeing man in his cruelty;  
She loses her maternity.  
Still man does not learn;  
His greed doubles and triples.  
He only thinks of him! him! him!  
But sure he'll be too late;  
When he realizes that;  
These were his real treasures;  
To be treasured;  
Not only to him;  
But for generations and generations;  
Till the life on earth last.

M N KAIYOOM

## The bride

Like an angel with invisible wings  
She stood there dazzling and smiling  
With all diamonds and gold glittering  
Holding a bouquet in hand blossoming  
Groom was waiting impatiently  
To hold her hands and slowly  
To whisper in her ears lovely  
And to kiss her rosy lips so gently  
She was walking down with her father  
Arm in arm to the wedding parlour  
One tiny moment she looked up around her  
Caught her glance of my eyes with fear  
I saw her smile suddenly disappearing  
Inner pain on her face visibly spreading  
I nod my head to stop her crying  
She couldn't control her tears were pouring  
I shouldn't have come, I cursed myself  
Yet I am glad that our eyes once again met  
I am sure now that she still loves me  
While standing by him she dreams of me  
If your inner sole warms up with a look  
Million thoughts would silently speak  
Love is many splendid things  
Not just wedding, marriage and dancing

SUSI ABEYNANDA

## Enemies

Having an enemy,  
an interesting issue,  
On one hand.  
You learn to value yourself.  
To compare your value  
With that of your enemy's;  
To go beyond him.  
You begin to love  
To the flatterings,  
Your enemy doesn't get.  
You even do  
Several silly, serious, stunning  
things,  
To hurt him.  
His jealous eyes -  
Give you a relief.  
His worries -  
Make you gay.  
So bad, so bad!  
But, still,  
It is very interesting  
To have an enemy.

GITHMI SUDHARA GUNARATNA

## I believe

A Birth Certificate shows that we were born  
A Death Certificate shows that we died  
Pictures show that we live!  
Have a seat. Relax . . .  
And read this slowly.

I Believe...  
That just because two people argue,  
It doesn't mean they don't love each other.  
And just because they don't argue,  
It doesn't mean they do love each other.

I Believe...  
That we don't have to change friends if  
We understand that friends change.

I Believe...  
That no matter how good a friend is,  
they're going to hurt you  
every once in a while,  
and you must forgive them for that.

I Believe...  
That true friendship continues to grow,  
even over the longest distance.  
Same goes for true love.

I Believe...  
That you can do something in an instant  
That will give you heartache for life.

I Believe...  
That it's taking me a long time  
To become the person I want to be.

I Believe...  
That you should always  
leave loved ones with Loving words.  
It may be the last time you see them.

I Believe...  
That you can keep going long after you think  
you can't.

I Believe...  
That we are responsible for what  
We do, no matter how we feel.

I Believe...  
That either you control your attitude  
or it controls you.

I Believe...  
That heroes are the people  
who do what has to be done,  
when it needs to be done,  
regardless of the consequences.

I Believe...  
That my best friend and I  
can do anything or nothing  
and have the best time.

I Believe...  
That sometimes the people  
you expect to kick you when you're down  
will be the ones to help you get back up.

I Believe...  
That sometimes, when I'm angry,  
I have the right to be angry, but that  
doesn't give me the right to be cruel.

I Believe...  
That maturity has more to do  
with what types of experiences you've had  
And what you've learned from them,  
and less to do with how many birthdays you've  
celebrated.

'The happiest of people don't necessarily have  
the best of everything;  
They just make the most of everything they  
have.

OVZ DANTANARAYANA

## Going my way

Don't ask me to Comment on Your Poem  
since i've been poetic  
and written some random lines.  
And don't ever speak harsh of me  
if i have commented rude in ignorance  
trying to be critical.

Don't even attempt to tell  
how Amazing 'Kill Bill' and Tarantino have been-  
not even Chaplin with  
Screwball Slapsticks,  
and Hitchcock with Master Craftsman Suspense  
or Tarkovsky of  
Sublime Artistic Themes  
hardly impress me as You have seen....

when night matures and  
You run out of Company  
Don't Summon me to join for a Chat:  
Neither when moonlight blooms and  
sweet-scented air nibbles the skin  
Invite me for a Walk down the Tract!

But all and every time  
enlighten me on human suffering of the world;  
and whenever you come up with a  
brainstorming, wave-breaking idea  
no-think-twice to bang the door  
or throw stones at my window  
during my rides in dreamland!

SAMODH BATTICHCHA

## Love immortalized

Nowadays  
I wake up  
Habitually  
At dawn  
Listening spellbound  
To chirpy sounds of birds  
Softly nudging me  
To temporarily halt  
My perennial habit of flipping through  
Pages of my long life  
Admittedly,  
Life being a kind of  
Celebration  
Winning hearts  
Of beloved souls  
Naturally, took center-stage  
As I serenaded  
An immortal love song  
Dazzled by your ravishing beauty  
Though fond memories  
Fade taking its toll  
With incessant flux of time  
Carrying the heavy load  
Of nostalgic memories  
bear stoically with heart-felt pleasure  
Rather than excruciating pain

RANJAN AMARASINGHE

## Guest uninvited

A woman nicely dressed  
Rushed to the house  
Before a few minutes  
For the bride and groom  
To ascend the dais - the Poruwa  
On the auspicious moment  
Face of the householder  
turned sour  
The woman saluted the householder  
Folding the hands and  
Raising them in honour  
"I am here uninvited",  
Said the woman,  
"To witness the nuptial tying  
Of my only niece  
If I miss the event  
The cracks between you and me  
On the disputed block of land  
Would explore into pieces  
No sooner the couple descend from the poruwa  
I would leave the place" said the woman  
A drop of tear fell down  
From the eye of the householder  
"Please do not leave us  
Stay here till the end of the event  
You are welcome cordially"  
Said the householder, the brother.

D M GUNARATNA



"Look at that sea, girls--all silver and shadow and  
vision of things not seen. We couldn't enjoy its  
loveliness any more if we had millions  
of dollars and ropes of diamonds."

L.M. Montgomery, *Anne of Green Gables*

Picture by Vimukthi Rangika