

To walk safely  
through the maze of human life  
one needs the light of wisdom  
and guidance of virtue

- The Buddha

## Sixty years ago

Cyclist, chubby Chinaman with bundle of clothes  
Pot-bellied costermonger with divers vegetables  
Sturdy fish vendor with nonstop strident cries  
And, shrewd villager shop-keeper with saccharin smiles.  
Schoolboys and girls clad in brilliant white,  
Travel seated together maintaining their demeanour polite  
Unlike today in fully crammed vehicles of transport,  
Preserving the good name of their schools relevant.  
Joranis the notorious scandal monger garrulous,  
Standing opposite village coffee-shop famous;  
Gives vent to his shameless tongue venomous  
Driving listening idlers into a situation ludicrous.  
Attired in loincloth, Peter shins up coconut trees  
Leaving his box of opium in his betel case,  
Finishing his strenuous job he collects his dues  
Nothing more than 50cts. per tree he claims.  
David Haamu replete with magniloquent episodes,  
Equivalent to king Kekille or Mahadanamutta narratives  
And, Alice the gossiping busy body pours out scandals;  
While Guneris the pub crawler bellows obscene folk-songs.  
A desolated beggar waddles with great expectation  
His face crumpled due to sheer starvation;  
At sight of him seized with untold compassion  
Residents do the needful for entire satisfaction

- Jayaweera D Gunaratne

## Outlook of a cold soul

Someday, I'll be in my paradise,  
And I may hear my angel singing for me.  
Then I may slowly close my eyes  
And feel the tune full of love and eternity.  
And I may find the greatest glow,  
That may light up my sour soul,  
Healing me with unfeigned love,  
And be covered in her silver shawl.  
A face, full of genuine smiles,  
A sincere sight through wide eyes,  
With warmth of a goddess docile,  
With pure heart full of love and sacrifice.  
I may live long with love, and heat,  
In her grief and her smiles beneath.  
With my head on her chest,  
feeling the beat,  
Together, hand in hand on every breath.  
So long, until, the white sky gets dark  
When I will sing for her all day.  
On her side, I may lay on her heart,  
Till the candle light fades away.  
Someday I may wake up, in the sandy  
shore,  
Watching white Doves fly in the dawn,  
Flying through a lovely rainbow,  
Towards where I dreamed alone

- Uvin Padmila

## Craftsmanship

When the seed  
Begins to grow inside  
With the first strand  
You begin to weave it,  
Day by day  
You enlarge and strengthen it  
To be safe and to be cosy.  
You won't stop  
Even at the end of nine months.  
You struggle hard  
Both day and night  
Decorating it with  
Love, warmth and compassion.  
You are the most efficient craftsman  
Ever found in this universe  
To weave the web of life  
With such care and commitment  
For your offspring.

- Kumari Weerasooriya

## Blessed Rain

Drip, Drip, Drip  
Drop by drop,  
Rain comes down  
From the Sky  
It washes away  
All dirt & muck,  
Stuck inside  
The drains in town  
It cleans and  
Refreshens,  
The environs  
Much  
Making the air  
Cool, pure & bare,  
O' dust & heat  
We all, share  
Without Rain,  
Cultivation  
Will be,  
In vain  
Agriculture &  
Horticulture,  
Would be gone  
For a Six  
And there'll be,  
No water,  
Even,  
To drink  
So, Rain, Rain,  
Please, come again  
And may God Bless us  
With more Rain.

- C Mohanlal de Mel

## An endless journey

Darkness came in  
covered in a cascade of shivers  
filled with emptiness  
An abyss of an endless journey ~

-Nisansala Dharmasena Bertholameuze