



If the world would only build temples to Machinery in the abstract then everything would be perfect. The painter and sculptor would have plenty to do, and could, in complete peace and suitably honored, pursue their trade without further trouble.
 - Wyndham Lewis

Picture courtesy: Errol Kelley

The legend continues

After that they teach you: the newcomer, You see what they want you to see,
 Of course that's what they see
 You see that you can see what they see
 Then you see what you want to see
 After that you teach the newcomers
 To see what you want them to see,
 Of course that's what you see
 They see that they can see what you see
 Then they see what they want to see
 After that they teach the newcomers
 To see what they want them to see,
 Of course that's what they see
 Not to see what they don't see
 So on ...And the legend continues

- GAVEEN PRABHASARA

Silence

Autumn winds moody
 persuading slowly
 the tree that's glory
 As nights get loony
 With no long moonly!
 Deep amber shone
 Meadows of bursting trees
 surrendering not fighting
 feeble but hopeful
 Knowing not for long.
 Naked earth,
 Shivering in cold
 Longing to embrace
 The glorious sun once shone.
 Dawn cracks and night seeps
 I look at my mail and wonder
 Where my Sunshine has gone.

- RAVI DE MEL

Happiness

Candles of faith dazzling through the nights
 Fumes of aroma awake all existing senses
 Seasonal melodies germinate divine feelings
 Heavenly stars remind us of wishful thinking
 Flowery thoughts disperse essences of hope
 Cherishing life throughout joyous times
 Showers of miracles extinguish burning fires
 Patience brings a rosy hue to life
 Cascades of tears have eventually ceased
 Flames of pain have entirely disappeared
 Darkness of sorrow has completely vanished
 Candles of happiness are eternally lit

- HEMAKUMAR NANAYAKKARA

Ultimate bliss

Peace is when the clouds form above me,
 Alive with bright yellows, oranges & red,
 While I sit on a tank's bunt,
 With the wind blowing.
 Blowing, strong enough to sweep me off my feet,
 To the distant rainbows yonder.
 Freedom, is when the calf runs around the meadow,
 Unaware of any dangers that await,
 Lurking in the bushes at the edge.
 Bliss is when I know,
 Sitting there with the wind in my hair,
 There are no worries,
 Besides rooting my feet as such
 That I don't blow away.

- BHAGYA SENARATNE

Reminiscences of a soldier

We waded across streams and rivers,
 Plodded neck-deep in lagoons and marshes,
 Crept through thickets of thorn and scrub,
 Spent nights perched on branches of trees;
 To watch the movements of the enemy
 And advance inch by inch into their terrain.
 The guns had been our sole armour,
 Our companions the animals of the wild
 Our food packed in tins and packs
 We quenched our thirst from wells and tanks
 To march forward to the enemy territory
 And free the people from an iron hand.
 Sometimes we heard the roar of planes
 Our compatriots of the air in action
 Injecting hope and encouragement
 To those clearing a path to proceed
 To a territory of a ruthless band
 to make the country breathe in peace.
 We did not feel the passage of time,
 Doing our duty was the sole aim;
 We met our loved ones only in our dreams,
 Their prayers enveloped our beings
 We sustained ourselves on that ray of hope
 Of bringing back peace to a land of turmoil.
 Weeks, months and years passed
 We progressed with super-human determination,
 We heard about the wounded and the fallen,
 Our hearts wept for them, yet we continued
 On land, sea and air, facing set-backs;
 They made our will to go ahead firmer.
 The sun shone bright over marsh and jungle.
 Another day had dawned over the battle fields,
 We set off to reach our goal, advancing every hour
 Cautiously, to regain the land, to usher in peace.
 By mid-day we saw the ray of hope that shone in
 our hearts Brighten the land we had fought for
 and died.

SUNILA NANAYAKKARA

Life is such

Great but quiet was the Poet Milton.
 Unfortunately was totally out of vision.
 A very beautiful woman he did marry.
 But life was quite pitiful and misery.
 A friend of his visited him one day.
 Found him dim and not at all gay.
 He asked Milton having a pretty wife,
 Why should he be unhappy in life.
 Milton sadly opened his mind,
 Saying as he was fully blind,
 He could not see her as a rose,
 But could feel her prick – a curse.

NAZLY CASSIM