



When the oak is felled the whole forest echoes with it fall, but a hundred acorns are sown in silence by an unnoticed breeze.

- Thomas Carlyle

To peacock

Peacock thou wonderest of the bird kingdom
Reigning the shady haunts of the jungle
Calling your sweet heart dancing to a rhythm
Unfurling your lustrous feathery bundle
The vista of your elegant bluish quills
The shining gleaming long feathery frills
Rob from me my conscious vision
Calling me to an unknown mission
To explore the beauty immense
The world from where you did descend
To satiate my mortal sense
I wish if I could ascend
What muse inspired the painters brush
To mix the hues of your plume's lush
The remote pastures of sunlit grace
Are the beds for your adored embrace.

DIVAJINI RATHNAYAKA

Gratitude

Before revving the engine into life,
I think if it's really necessary to do that
Can't I make it on foot?
I feel a criminal when I drive alone
I feel satisfied as I walk homeward
from Nugegoda
I feel sorry for those in the airconditioned
vehicles, threewheelers
and crowding in the buses
When they could easily take a walk
Rather than spend fortunes on gyms
They miss the health offered free by mother earth
Who indirectly gives a chance to lessen
the carbon footprint.
Mother earth,
This is my reverence to you
My gratitude to you for sheltering a sage who
gave us the light of life

VIMUKTHI SARATHCHANDRA

The shining silver ball

Slowly and silently peeps
Through the white clouds
And awakens the blue sky
To shadow the green planet,
Then glides down
And awakens the tender leaves
To swing with the of breeze
The flying little souls
Chirpily announce the world
Of their awakening
Silvery waters and blue oceans
Are awakened
To drench the parched earth
The whole world is thus awakened
Inviting the silent soul
To be awakened

KUMARI WEERASOORIYA

The encounter

Yes, of old school friends, it happened
so suddenly, for that short five hour
stay, we moved backwards, almost forty
years and more.
The lively chatter, reminiscing the past,
the hostellers' pranks, jokes and secrets,
that made front page news then, relived.
The effervescent joy of teenagers, yes,
we enjoyed tremendously during that
short spell. Forgotten names and faces
brought back to life. We hoped the day
would never end.
But it did! At the end of the day, back
to reality we crashed.
T'was sad to part, we went on our dif-
ferent paths, carrying with us,
the fragrant memories of our vibrant
carefree youth!

LAKI RAJAPAKSE