

Sacrifice

In the endless Sansaric journey
She lit him who has struggled
Plead for his survival
And regain his life battle
She neither considered her crippling dysfunction
Only she considered survival of living beings
Nor she considered her salubrious indulgence
She showed epitome and mollified his faith
He regained his lie and enshrined his path
Asking plea for natural forces
He has committed sins in this birth
Realize now he 'good and evil'

Sisira Desaman Kumara

Motivation

Little drops of water
Little grains of sand
Make the mighty ocean
and the beauteous land
And our little moments,
Humble though they be
Make the mighty ages of eternity

Ravi de Mel

Wood apple

Every night I near the trumpets blare of wild elephants


Coming to sniff the electrified wire
Amidst the yell end yowl of jackals
Near the anicut of the "Karuwala-Wewa"
And brushing the roof of our mud-hut
Under the wood apple tree.
One day under 'Manna' roof
My father threatened me,
Gelling that I am a goof;
"You, kelle foolish girl idling here
Don't know the price of wood apple
Being doped on your head even
Go and pick them up next morn"
I was dragged from my mat
By the twilight of the moon
And I kept a polythene sack under my arm
To slink and creep under the wire
But found no wood apple yet a mammoth
Picking nuts into its mouth – a gunny sack
Under the wood apple tree, a border-mark
Of my father's dreamland,
I saw a part of my housetop collapsing
On his head still sleeping and snoring
And the salt-box, kept last night
Under his pillow, polished off.

H.D. Jayasooriya

Man never realises

The dead teaches worthy something.
That he or she leaves with nothing.
Kith and kin and other mourners,
Realise it, but only for some hours.
Immediately after the funeral,
The mourners turn back to normal
Amongst them who are corrupt really,
Continue involving in corruption
eagerly.
Supposing, if the dead leaves proper-
ties,
Or money, there will be much difficul-
ties,
For sharing of such valuable belong-
ings.
Finally families will be fighting.
Man's cravings for his worldly gains,
Even if he were to undergo mental
paints,
Would bring him only self destruction.
Finally teaching such people a lesson.

Nazly Cassim



**“A dreamer is one who can only find his way
by moonlight, and his punishment is that he sees
the dawn before the rest of the world.”
Oscar Wilde**