

Little cinnamon top
 you have a spring in your hop
 as your flit from twig to twig
 hunting for succulent grub.
 Your feathers are a soft green
 a rust-orange cap adorns your head
 your loud twit twit tweet at dawn
 announces your presence
 to the world around you.
 Tiny bird with a big voice
 you are the mother of all tweeters.
 Chitra Premaratne-Stuiver

Days under the sun
 Days under the sun
 collecting simple things
 Bliss , blithe and fun
 sparkling laughter
 unforgettable dreams
 dreams of childhood
 memories to ever last
 - Bertholamuze Nisansala Dharmasena

Missing you

Known for a decade as
 a faithful soul
 You were a sincere, almost to all
 Really missing you in the midst of the rest
 With a painful sign echoing in my heart
 A cry for a simple human
 Reckoning and evidencing the past
 You Indeed, were a friend in need
 Fulfilling your duties and services
 All completed and no regrets
 As a sober, good, Buddhist
 According to "parabhava"
 And the preaching of "Nimala Dahama"
 That placed you in the safe arms
 For a meaningful take away
 My heart went cold of the news
 The closure of your eyes and the sad demise
 That made me weakened
 With my pouring eyes
 When you body was taken inn
 Caused me unbearable pain
 Exhibiting the final gain
 And letting the ashes emain
 The chain of friendship will never decay
 My friend, you will every stay
 In my heart Susi Abeynanda
 (in memory of Nimal Seneviratne)



~ Alfred Kreymborg
 Picture by Saman Sri Wedage

The
 sky is
 that beautiful
 old parchment
 in which the **SUN**
 and the **moon**
 keep their
 diary.

Christmas

Church – prayer – comfort - wishes
 Christmas day is the birth of Christ
 We gather in church for Holy Mass
 Theme of prayer is peace and love
 Comfort showered is a heavenly bless
 Santa Clause is back again
 Reindeers drag his cart on snow
 His sack is full with gifts of love
 Given to children with charming smiles
 Evergreen Christmas tree we see
 Spread the lights of colourful bulbs
 Carols we sing at Christmas time
 Joy of Christmas is here again
 The sight is bright with all in smiles
 Peace and harmony embraced in kiss
 Greetings showered to one another
 Wishing you all a merry christmas
 Lakshmi peiris

The shrine of St Philip Neri

Midst the babel and clamour of the metropolis
 That oasis of serenity-the church of St. Philip Neri
 Has chalked up a century and a half this year
 Serving the faithful from far and near.
 The Blessed Sacrament exposed throughout the day
 A great privilege to people, to drop in to pray
 City workers, wayfarers keep the tryst
 To commemorate the body and blood of Christ.
 A line up of masses for the Sunday obligation
 A boon to the far-flung congregation
 Blessed be they, instrumental in this propagation
 Who through the years have performed
 The Eucharistic celebration.
 Jeannette Cabraal

Christmas at Sea

The sheets were frozen hard, and they cut the naked hand;
 The decks were like a slide, where a seaman scarce could stand;
 The wind was a nor'-wester, blowing squally off the sea;
 And cliffs and spouting breakers were the only things a-lee.

They heard the suff a-roaring before the break of day;
 But 'twas only with the peep of light we saw how ill we lay.
 We tumbled every hand on deck instanter, with a shout,
 And we gave her the maintops'l, and stood by to go about.

All day we tacked and tacked between the South Head and the North;
 All day we hauled the frozen sheets, and got no further forth;
 All day as cold as charity, in bitter pain and dread,
 For very life and nature we tacked from head to head.

We gave the South a wider berth, for there the tide-race roared;
 But every tack we made we brought the North Head close aboard.
 So's we saw the cliff and houses and the breakers running high,
 And the coastguard in his garden, with his glass against his eye.

The frost was on the village roofs as white as ocean foam;
 The good red fires were burning bright in every longshore home;
 The windows sparkled clear, and the chimneys volleyed out;
 And I vow we sniffed the victuals as the vessel went about.

The bells upon the church were rung with a mighty jovial cheer;
 For it's just that I should tell you how (of all days in the year)
 This day of our adversity was blessed Christmas morn,
 And the house above the coastguard's was the house where I was born.

- Robert Louis Stevenson
 (1850-1894)