

Liberty, when it begins to take root, is a plant of rapid growth.  
~ George Washington

## Memories left behind

Like the sun's bright rays  
And the moon's soft beams  
To brighten our lives  
You were there always  
With outstretched hands  
And a heart full of love  
You knew how to help  
When we didn't know how  
Like the Good Shepherd  
You guided your herd  
In God's vineyard  
You always served  
With your affectionate eyes  
And that glorious smile  
Just by seeing your face  
We would break into a smile  
Grumpy at bed times  
And lively at once  
When you see the faces  
Of your loved ones  
You always say "yes"  
To anything we ask  
To say "no" to you  
Is the impossible task  
leaving behind  
Memories so fond  
Eternal joy now you have found  
Everything we see now  
Reminds us of you  
We're so thankful  
To have A grandfather like you  
And there is no other  
Who could fill your shoes.  
- Navodi Dharmasiri  
(In remembrance of late Mr. D.T.  
Hettiarachchi of Negombo, died  
on 15 August 2012 at the age of  
78)

## Ambiguous howl

Amidst the pitch darkness at my lane end  
Howling and screaming I hear whole night  
Once in a while I open slowly my window  
To see a demonic drama outside.  
Oh! I see through my torch light  
A busy beetle rolling a ball of cowdung  
On the path to its den on the lea  
Holds a breath to salute a cricket  
For its heavy works done and  
Resting on a bending grass-end  
And it doesn't care for  
Howling of loitering hounds  
Twisting twingling tangling and leaping on.  
- H D Jayasooriya

## Realize

Man has lost all his morality  
Searching for dollars with high collars,  
No time to spare for love or care,  
But to leisure him with counting the dare.  
He has lost his sleep and health,  
Running behind wealth..... wealth,  
All what he earns are spent on bills,  
Especially phone and medicine to fill.  
He doesn't realize the reality till end,  
His ideology doesn't work well,  
Working all day without any fun,  
Ending up as a really sick one.  
Its true money make money,  
But it's also true money doesn't make any honey,  
At last all the game is so funny,  
Man end up as a real nanny.  
Time has gone, he is so old,  
Days have flown, he is bald,  
He's feeble he can't be bold,  
There are no interesting stories to be told.  
All he have done, have lost all funs,  
Now no money, far away from sons,  
Nothing to recall, all just puns,  
Silently sitting in a corner regretting the once.  
Time lost is never to be found again,  
Once gone, then everything is in rain,  
Old age comes nothing to gain,  
Anything last, are full of pain.  
So man! Use your money enjoy the day,  
There'll be someone to think you in his pray,  
You'll get a heart full of satisfaction to say,  
When death comes you'll have a lot to take  
it in your way  
- M N Kaiyoom

## Rhythmical performance

You performed the enormous intuition.  
Thousand minds among the audience.  
Facial expressions are still prevailing.  
In the sensitive entertaining minds.  
You showed cultural divine set goals.  
Balancing your eyes, head and your soul.  
They were richly decorated things.  
In the stage over the audience.  
Illustrated your rhythmical performance.  
Changing postures, gestures laughters.  
Managed to behold I all the set goals.  
Glimpses entrenched firmly in my soul.  
- Sisara Desaman Kumara

## Predicament!

What can be more agonizing  
than the sting of a vicious  
insect  
hiding inside the CEO's pants  
during a board meeting?  
It would be positively boorish  
to wiggle in his executive chair  
hoping to smash the intruder.  
A smaller fry could excuse himself  
make a beeline to the toilet  
pull down his pants and zap the crea-  
ture.  
But alas! The mighty CEO has no  
option.  
He has got to grin and bear the  
sting!  
- Chitra Premaratne-Stuiver