

For true love is inexhaustible; the more you give, the more you have. And if you go to draw at the true fountainhead, the more water you draw, the more abundant is its flow.

- Antoine de Saint-Exupery

Let peace and harmony coexist!

In the precincts of Kirivehera Stupa
The Kataragama Temple of 'God-Skanda'
Stands in glory and grandeur
With the blessings of the relics
of Buddha
Enshrined in Stupa.
The devotees throng around the Stupa
To pay their homage before
entering the Devale
Patter and Shuffling of feet
of the young and old
Devotees innumerable of every
rank and file
Are a common sight in the
premises of the Devale
Amidst the buzz of devotees
and sonorous sermons
Blared through loudspeakers a
cacophony of sound's made yet, a
heavenly appearance for devout-ones
It incessantly restored
Offering Poojahs seeking prosperity
from the prowess of divinity
Are a usual sight in front of the majestic
portrait of the God
Bounden with devotion and dedication
"Haro-Harah! Haro-Harah!"
to the beating of drums
Dancing to a rhythm amidst
screaming of clarinets
And blowing of bugles and conches
Reminded me we're in a free nation
Devoid of ethnic notions
A tear oozed through tempestuous glee
Burst from my eye-lids and fall through
my withered cheeks everytime
Whenever I hear the usual melody on and often
from my mind
On my couch I lie in a pensive-mood
Let peace and harmony coexist to
enliven cohesive-living
In the way, in Kataragama Devale
premises happening
Irrespective of caste, creed
or colour difference
To glorify the Real Independence

- DHARMA KAVIRAJ

Rizana

Don't cry for me Sri Lanka
We never meant to let each other down
I paid the dear price of my life
Blunder and ignorance cost my young life.
My execution would not be in vain
If saner views prevail
If the travails
Of other migrant workers are appeased
If the exodus ceased.
My family's retrieved
From its wallowing poverty relieved
My purpose achieved.
Don't weep for me my countrymen
Wanton tears of regret
The deed's done, but all's not lost.
Let me be the timely reminder
Desist from this craving, for pasturing
on greener soil
For the dazzling shekels, for the illusory
pot of gold.
May stringent remedial measures
immediately operate
Spare ! Oh spare ! Other migrant workers
My Fate !

JEANNETTE CABRAAL

The red drop

The drop of red wine
Thee, the soothing drug
which takes me to the emancipation
Come my way....
Oh! the drop of red wine
I will embrace thee,
my dear red drop
Come my way
Come my....
Come ...
Com...
Co...
C...
....

RAJENDRA BANDARA