

# H - Rights

# The Path

We humans  
 Born with,  
 A bunch of rights  
 Right to life.  
 To express ourselves  
 To profess a religion act.  
 Classified by the west.  
 Civil and political  
 Economic and cultural  
 To bloom fully  
 The potential  
 In the human-being  
 To do good to humanity.  
 In the thirty year war  
 Unleashed by the  
 Human-rights proponents  
 Of the terrorists  
 Did not agitate  
 For the rights of civilians  
 Lost lives in hordes  
 Because they were  
 Born to be fodder  
 For the guns  
 Given to their men  
 The terrorists

- D K Piyarathna

Two roads diverged in a wood  
 One well paved and tread upon,  
 The other lightly tread, unpaved  
 With brush and bramble  
 For a minute paused I  
 Contemplating my way  
 Between the paths  
 The tread or the untread  
 I took the one less traveled by  
 Masked by the thicket  
 With dangers unknown  
 choosing to discover, not to follow  
 Nothing good is ever easy  
 A wise man had said  
 The same stand true  
 For the path untread  
 Tis not for the fainthearted  
 Nor the ones of conformity  
 If you cannot stand change  
 Do not go this way  
 But if you burn bright  
 With passion and thrill  
 dancing through your veins  
 inflaming you from within  
 Go forth Dear one  
 To conquer and claim  
 For your place is among  
 The greats of the realm

-Anoka Abeyrathne

# For Thee! HUGO CHARVEZ!

Man of words and deeds indeed  
 Born to rule the gusty storms  
 and heavy gales  
 That hover over the tidal waves  
 In the ocean of flux and chaos  
 Arising from the torrents  
 of capitalism  
 Flourished by imperialism  
 Was Hugo Charvez, ex-leader of  
 Venezuela  
 Man of heroic blood,  
 gallant in stature  
 Who liberated his Latin American  
 State  
 From the grip of the  
 dreadful to feed the impoverish  
 His Vision churned the  
 Latin Americans' hallmark  
 To hold hands with each other  
 Get-rid of the evil-doers,  
 the capitalists

Nationalized oil-wells owned  
 by the intruders  
 Made the people's wealth  
 to be drained  
 Into the State coffers  
 His vision and perseverance  
 Together with the ideal of equality  
 Adorned by him as ornaments  
 to accomplish his task  
 The capacity of a world-leader  
 symbolized  
 The Magnanimous leadership along  
 with fair and justice  
 Entwined and intermingled  
 withThe 'Ideal of Patriotism'  
 Instill the emblem to wear  
 the kingly crown  
 Dear Charvez! May  
 your genuine soul  
 Lie in eternity!!!

- Dharma Kaviraj

# Glory of Sri Lanka

A pearl so exotic  
 Immersed in the ocean India  
 A heavy gale from Heaven  
 As if pushed-across the mid ocean  
 A nature, given resource its magnificent location  
 A harbour so unique, fabulous and salient  
 From elevation to elevation  
 Salubrious climate embracing  
 Blessed with splendid deeds of nature  
 Attracting, dazzling and fascinating  
 Montare ranges symmetrically ascending  
 Waterfalls rhythmically chanting,  
 clear blue-water descending  
 Brooks cascading, cataracts sounding  
 A dip in the blue-waters,  
 girdled the isle much refreshing  
 The warmth of the golden sunlight incessantly  
 pouring Charming, twinkling, twining and rewarding  
 Wild Parks, rainforests, seven virgins,  
 dunhinda bride captivating  
 Entrancing and enhancing  
 Terrace-paddy fields, a flight of  
 steps down the mount displaying  
 Central hill slopes tea-plantation enriching  
 Archaeological preservation by great erudites  
 astonishing  
 And bear testimony to our culture and tradition  
 Grandeur and glory of a rich heritage sparkling  
 And rich culture sprinkling, sprouting  
 From the majestic splendour and grandeur  
 Speak-out the ancient glory of Sri Lankan-flavour

- Dharma Kaviraj



The artist is a  
 receptacle for  
 emotions that  
 come from all over  
 the place: from the  
 sky, from the earth,  
 from a scrap of  
 paper, from a  
 passing shape,  
 from a  
 spider's web.  
 - Pablo Picasso

# Redemption

A mangled form From which  
 Blood merged with sweat  
 Did trickle down.  
 Thongs that bruised the flesh  
 A sword that pierced the side  
 From whence the blood and water  
 flowed.By blood reclaimed  
 We could rise anew  
 As did Christ on Easter morn.  
 Ah! but do we claim to be reclaimed  
 Or do we wallow still in sin and shame  
 Was His Precious Blood then spilled in  
 vainFor man who opts to remain  
 unreclaimed

- Jeannette Cabraal

# Clustering Bees

You are clustering.  
 Lovable, tight, mutual clusters.  
 They are natural greatest gifts.  
 I've perceived as lifetime tricks.  
 Resulting natural piety process.  
 She is moving among you caressing.  
 Moving proudly passing pheromones.  
 Under the bench of breadfruit settings.  
 Prefer to behold you with your siblings.  
 When they tightly grasping each ones.  
 None of you can conflict anything.  
 Other than making you owns routines.

- Anonymous