

Eventide Musings

The sun sinks behind the western hills, as day draws
To its end, and growing darkness, thickens into
Opaque black; now, upon the road outside, my doors
Are shut, where the hurrying passers-by day-long move,
Sounds of their foot-falls, slowly fading, pervasive
Stillness then takes o'er the whole muted, resting world.
Stars, first, in ones and twos, then in their myriads strew
The deep-blue skies their mystique, they';; never unfold ...
For me, now comes that restful hour, just ere nightfall,
To sit in pensive mood, by an open window,
Gazing at star-sown, receding skies, and recall
Mem'ries laced with lingering fragrance, held in store
Ancient friendships, caring kin, long-lost loves that's all
The treasure I can call is mine, and rejoice now.

- M B MATHMALUWE



Ring the bells that still can ring
Forget your perfect offering.
There is a crack in everything,
That's how the light gets in.

~ Leonard Cohen

Solitary Flower

When you were a bud,
Little, charming cute bud !
How, playful, gay and mischievous were you !
You played with the breeze
So happily, freely,
Yet, now.
Being a full bloom,
You are, so timid, silent
and isolated
Wake up my little
Solitary flower.

- RAJENDRA BANDARA

A father's love

When the day finally dawned
Without him by my side
A Father's love taught me
That life is how I see it
How I want it,
How I make it to be...

A Father's love taught me
That Pain and Grief are two wonderful teachers
That will help me see hidden tears in another's eyes...
It taught me that Failure and Defeat
Will not shroud me in darkness
But only help light up the path to the victor's stand...
A father's love taught me
In this fleeting pause, of an endless journey
To shower compassion and forgive...
Those who may try to deceive and do me wrong
For blinded in the depths of darkness
They may have only lost their way....
It taught me I could stand brave and strong and unmoved
Facing fear, uncertainty and turmoil
As spirit, courage, resilience and determination
Are parts of him I will discover in me.....
A Father's love taught me
That Humility and Modesty
Are the most lustrous jewels I could wear...
And worth will only be defined
By Dignity and Honour
Not by fortune or riches I may wear...
A Father's love taught me
Though unsung and sparingly written of
By bards, poets and writers...
That it is just as sacred, selfless and profound
Supreme and pure
As the love in a Mother's heart...
Even though he is no longer by my side
I only have to close my eyes
To see him smile with pride, tears in his eyes...
Seeing his love sacredly carried in my heart
Seeing him live again in me ...
Seeing his love realized ...
(Loving tribute to my late Father, Ebert Silva)

- RAJINI DE SILVA MENDIS