



Steps...

After a painstaking struggle
Inside the womb
Steps are stepping on
Soft petals of infancy.
Taking wings with the time
It moves, moves and moves
From off-spring to spry.
Love lorn to love sick
Walking with a cheerful step
Within the mid way of life.
It steps over the vicious thorns
Sometimes over the
Broken pavement steps.
In wet spring and hot autumn
It may reveal a sob story
Amid the eight vicissitude
May take in one's stride
To reach the odyssey.
After all
Now is the time to depart.
Steps are descending
Towards the tomb.
It marches up on hands
In to the charnel house.
Live steps go forward
In a snail pace
But leaving
Fast and furiously
By remaining a
Silent criticism unspoken.
-Jayasiri Perera

And the Lord whispered to me

Do not cry my child; do not stain thy face,
I am watching thee from above, all day thro'
Guiding, protecting; no harm can come thy way
'Cos thou art my child, my precious child of love
Who believe in me no matter how and why.
Do not stray, do not find my love in another.

I know the pain in thy shattered, wounded heart
Far from that smiling, laughing countenance.
Do not cry; do not shed those tears in vain
I shed them for thee long long ago.
Think of my sacrifice, the pain upon the cross
So, do not give thy heart to another but me.

I know how frail thou art; like a feather in the wind
But I am there to hold thee 'les you fall and hurt.
Rise, and be strong, I am there beside thee forever
Run along the winding road stretched before thee,
Towards its end, thou will find me waiting with open arms
Thou never found in the one thou adored on earth.
- 'Princess'

LYRICS FROM
MY HEART ...



Far from heart,
You wished him far from eye
If one was away,
You knew his right was away

The absent are
Always in the wrong
He is guilty,
Who is not at home

Mounds of blame
Buried him in your heads
Without a word
From him to fend his soul

Even if he wished,
Could he come to the fold
Without killing
The soul to wear your mould

Good news is
He won't return, he is free
Bad news is
The corpse in your head
-P. M. Fernando



Life goes on

Dragon flies Raindrops Poppies bloom Life goes on
- Bertholamuze Nisansala Dharmasena

The space in a space within

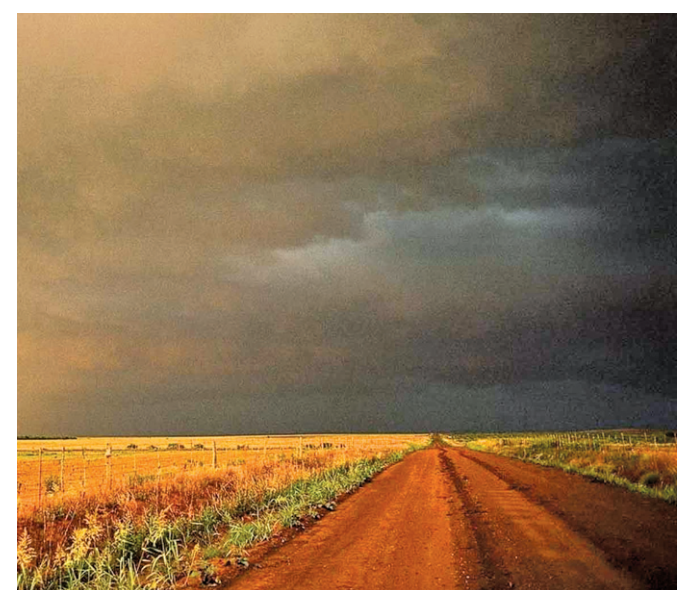
Thrusting into my hands
A little of the never ending time,
And a piece of boundless ether
Into my feet,
I am named as human.
Amidst cries and tears by kiths and my kins
Amidst funeral beatings
In the color of afternoon
Or suddenly
In the color of a morning
I am gone and my walls
Are sealed
And my coffin nailed.
Still then
I carry heavy loads of void dreams
Arresting my soul in a small
Room airless
Playing with my usual toys
Clay- made
And journeying by false shades.
Journeying beyond time and space
Depriving of all my identities crowned,
I am out in a space within
All beyond the edge of a grass
All beyond the blade of a flower.
- Ponniah Ganeshan



I read the message

Standing tall,
He Looks deep at me,
Direct in the eye,
Hairy but most human like,
Through the caged bars,
Lending his hand in a plea,
Almost like this hand of mine.
Trying to Read
That expression in his eye,
What dwells deep within,
It's hard to define.
Rage, anger, despair,
Stretching over a millennia,
I cannot fathom,
What lies deep in that vacant stare.
Standing tall,
As I look in his eyes,
Finally the sparks burn bright.
I read his message right.
Inside that cage behind bars,
He claims - the place is mine
For the sin of egoistic hubris,
The sin of caging cruelly in,
Nature that is divine.

Nalaka Dassanayake



Oh wind, be away from rain !

Oh wind, be away from rain !
Only today it starts
Raining in leaps and bounds
What is this! Oh! Wind!
You drag the rain
That is pouring so abundantly
When all the wells
Run dry
And when we have hardly any
Water to drink or bathe
Why do you conspire like this
By taking away
The rain maid?
Are you carrying her away
Without any mercy?
That is grave sin!
This behaviour is not good
For you as a servant
Of God who is creator of nature
Is it the quality of a good wind?
If not for you
We living beings
Can not breath
Freely
But you abuse your power
And obstruct us
From drinking rain water
By seizing the hands of
The rain beauty
To take her to a far off place
So far we were patient
Now we have lost patience
So let us turn our eyes
And hearts towards
The creator of natural phenomena
For justice in utilisation of
Sufficient pure rain.

- M.Y.M Meeadh