

Illumination

I waited with
Eager expectation
Your arrival oh, lissom lass
To cause to repel this
Thick obscure darkness
Of my room
With the refulgence
Of your torch
The darkness within
Never seems to end
But I need the torch
Oh poet
To find my way back
How can you find the way
With the aid of the torch
When you are

Denied of sight
Light and darkness
Means same to you
I need it
For those who are
Gifted with sight
To find me
Try to illumine
Your heart
With fertile poetic thoughts,
The radiance of my light
Would be of naught
Significance
To you then

Kamal Premadasa

An Olympian election

Isn't it possible
If all parties are genuine
In holding
A free and fair
Election,
Violence and incident free,
A peaceful poll;
To get together
Adopt a code of ethics
In electioneering.
To ensure
A clean campaign
A clean election
Warn the code violators

They'll be sacked
No mercy shown
No other party
Will take them back
End in politics
Thus it will be
To code violators
Such a course of action
If adopted
Could result
In an Olympian election
Clean to the core.

Edward Arambewela

A portrait

How can I express her calling?
Her piety was beyond comprehension!
She did not seek the divine,
Beneath lofty domes
Or under shadows of hallowed abodes,
Shaped by man in vain hopes,
Forgotten were her shattered dreams
Contentment reigned supreme
She finds God in many a thing;
The slow progress of the seasons
The whispering poetry of the wind,
The twinkling gleam of the stars,
The meandering music of the streams,
The myriad hues of velvety blossoms,
The obeisance of bowing branches
The gurgling mirth of babes at play
She found God, in the act of sharing,
Stretching her means with graceful bearing,
She found God - The one,
In sensing the grace of wisdom,
Wistfully smiling at eternal youth,
She herself once passed through
With hope she waits,
To merge with something, so far, far beyond

- Nafeela Mukthar

The Kandy Lake

Gladly sings the evening birds
by Kandy's misty lake
that awakens heroic memories
Of the glory of kings and chieftains of Kandyan fame
Who passed by gleaming waters
For years on years your limpid waters
Did silently ripple along
Making Kandy cool and calm
During our childhood how much we admired
Hordes of sun-bathing tortoises
And shoals of silvery fishes that thronged
Reminding us of nature's melodious song,
You still continue to provide an ample feast,
To both man and beast.
Under the tropic Kandyan sky you sparkle there,
Ever bright and fresh,
midst a changing landscape everywhere,
Reminding us of Kandy's grandeur past
And while your waters wet the sacred grounds
Hallowed Maligawa's drumming issues melodious sounds
On your ornamental bund
And trees, grand and old,
Uduwattekele's curious monkeys roam
Deftly swaying from branch to branch
In Kandy's serene nights,
The Lake's frogs choruses resound
With serenades profound,
While on some robust trees agile king-fishers dreamily rest
To snatch away fishes that gleam,
And the Lake's graceful swans swim and sway
In its soft breeze
And every night the mist does caressingly veil
Your unravished beauty in a silky cocoon
Only to disappear before tomorrow's noon,
Under the mellow rays of the morning light
The darkening evening brings,
Rows and rows of cawing crows and screeching bats
That vie to gambol on the tree tops
Amidst the occasional hoot of sleepy owls,
And how lucky we mortals are to wander by you
Enjoying Kandy's breezy evenings

- Andrew Scott



It's nothing but the truth

It's hard to forget
The day we met
As strangers
But so familiar were you
Felt as if I'd known you for years,
So we worked together
as good friends.
I cared for you a lot
'Cos you were magnanimous
and had a pure mind
But never wanted to encourage you

As it was too late for me to move on
It was the reason for my hasty
departure
It's the truth and
Nothing but the truth
But remember
Wherever you go,
Whatever you do,
My heart's blessings are
Always with you.

Asitha De Mel

Montage Poetry



Nostalgia

Never gave hopes...
Never deceived...
No promises...
Mystic wave of demanding glances...
paved way to light the sacred
flame of love
The seldom vision bloomed graceful
pattern concealed insight
The flickering flame vanished
Leaving longing desires...
The aggressive pain, would never
heal the depressed heart, failed
to conquer thy kingdom.
Lights went off the curtains drew close.
Parting two hearts far apart.
I salute the drama, with a deep sigh...
Kissing the tears on my palm, would
never go dry for life.
Far far better the rest I take
Far far better than the risk I like ...
"Goodbye my sweet prince"!

Sujani Wijesundara

The traitor

She walked slowly, head downcast counting her steps,
With abated breath she placed a wreath of red roses at his grave;
Aggrieved, she spoke in quivering tones,
Spectators sympathised with her loss and pain.
Who committed this grievous crime my love she said?
Tears rolling down her painted face.
Taking three paces back she cursed the dead man,
Traitor, liar! I despise you, you played with my emotions,
A fool was I to trust and believe you, she murmured.
Lavishly you spent for my trips abroad,
Go enjoy take leave from your tedious tasks, you said,
Realise did I not your game, my travels were all in vain.
You helped me so, to rekindle your nefarious activities.
My repeated pleadings you let go by, and dared to have
Your former loves by your side;
Umpteen times did I forego my rest with no thought for myself,
Keeping vigil when you were ill praying for your recovery
Alas, only three-fourths of your legacy is left for me,
Yes, you deserved death, she cursed the dead man.
Your death would remain a mystery it bears no testimony,
Your murderer is none other than I, no one would ever guess?

- Yasmin Jaldin