

Cultivate a compassionate heart



Montage Poetry



Let me go

I have no promises to keep
I have no obligations to fulfil
I am only a burden to those who love me
So let me go peacefully in my sleep

- T.M. Ariyawansa Rodrigo



The girl-child

Wearing bedraggled clothes
Gulping down a mug of Kahata
With or without jaggery
In lieu of a meal.
Watching the painful drawing out
Of an asthmatic father
Stretched out on a wretched camp-cot
Ministering to his needs
Book in hand.
Snatching a bit of study here
A bit of study there
In between innumerable chores
The mother hewing away at the granite
At the quarry;
A woman at a man's job
For sheer survival.
Pertinaciously sitting at her lessons
By the dim light of the bottle lamp
With its rag-cloth wick
And its few cents worth of kerosene.
Free education, free government texts
Free uniform material.
But exercise books, pens, shoes?
Begged, borrowed, done without
Putting up with impatience
From teachers, classmates
For lack of stationery
Worse, taunts from mates.
Yet plodding on, the only hope of the family
Of the naked, snutty, big-bellied little ones
She!
Their promise of a future.
Hopeful of the scholarship
That scholarship at university level
For those destitute like her.
That oasis in their desert of poverty.
Parched, famished, sleepless
Dragging on, against innumerable odds
Holding on for that respite-a better life.
For her and for her dear ones
Through this free education
She!
Their only hope
Pressing on!
Towards the distant dawn.
- Jeannette Cabraal

We need to nurture a forgiving heart
That never harbours petty grudges
A compassionate heart - with a considerate,
Kindly and empathetic feeling of affection.
A grateful heart that remembers -
It never expects anything in return
Think of those who cared and helped us
We need hearts that are generous, benevolent,
Noble, righteous, altruistic, and unselfish
Foster a meek and humble heart
That is not puffed up or haughty and
Above all, to nurture a courageous heart!
To cope ingratitude without bitterness,
Without resentment, spite and arrogance
And forgetfulness without complaint.
We should constantly ask God to give us a heart
That is pure and always unblemished
And be ever ready to listen to our conscience,
It is perceptibly the voice of God within us!
It is like looking in the mirror in front of me
And truly like the waters of a spring!

- Christie Fernando



Unity



Many a muckle must hang together,
Ere the little be call'd a feather
Fission wrecks itself and aught
When fullness is but brought to nought!
What atom fatten'd and singly grew
On earth and splendid water drew?
Folly and craft e'er yearn for portion
No rock e'er stood by grits' division
Petals, sepals and more combine
For style ne'er lone blew rose divine!
Sundered things no creature please,
They be eternal sorrows' lease!

- Sydney K. Goonesekera