



# Lost in the woods

The trust that never fades  
 'Lord' in thee, I endeavour,  
 Not like flowers that droop  
 But sparkle in celestial glow  
 Fount of love in deep devotion,  
 Under the spreading bough, I feel....  
 Sweat rest for the weary mind;  
 "Neath the comfort of a spreading bough.  
 Lonely stretches the endless road,  
 Where abide thee, my 'Lord'  
 Within the sacred folds of thy heart;  
 Let me invade in thee...  
 Ripples of the brooks  
 Or shimmers in the pond,  
 The twinkling blue water kiss thy feet.  
 The woods and glades; glories of earth  
 And a whiff of nocturnal air, rise  
 When I reach for thee...  
 Brightly gleams thy countenance,  
 That radiates the woods around  
 And under this lonely tree I survey  
 When thou art far, far away.  
 But I feel thy presence in the woods;  
 From under the spreading bough....

- Princess

# My little angel



I saw her as a delicate and smooth rose bud  
 On her birthday beside her mother, my wife  
 Who brought me this precious birthday present,  
 For my wonderful and unforgettable birthday.  
 I saw her growing like a charming beautiful doll,  
 Loving and attractive as a blooming flower rose,  
 Spreading sweet perfume around while playing,  
 And speaking enchanting fond little words.  
 I saw her gaining knowledge by inquiring about  
 Everything she sees using what and why.  
 She went to the kindergarten and school willingly,  
 Without any hesitation studied well and loved by all.  
 I saw her artistic ability since her childhood,  
 Singing, dancing and doing artistic work efficiently,  
 She was in a happy mood all the time with lovely smile,  
 Which made her prettier and attractive like an angel.  
 I was so attached to her due to her innocent behaviour,  
 With so much love and affection and obedience a father can ever get,  
 After her marriage she didn't go abroad with her husband as I was sick,  
 Later she went abroad to her husband's nest after my-heart operation.  
 - **Dr. Rupa Warnakulasuriya**

# Twilight

The ruddy shades of the after glow,  
 Hurrying, scurrying,  
 Across the ethereal expanse.  
 Fleeing from the fiend,  
 Of approaching darkness.  
 The waters of the Kelani,  
 Speeding along-disturbed,  
 As a ferry makes inroads,  
 Displacing its waters,  
 Carrying its passengers-home-ward bound.  
 Impatient, anxious,  
 Urgency in every move,  
 Scuttling to the safety of their domicile,  
 'ere darkness falls.  
 Along the telephone wires,  
 Above the Kelani bridge,  
 Birds gather.  
 Waiting, swinging, twittering;  
 Simultaneously spreading their wings,  
 A picturesque flight, above and across the river,  
 To roost in the sheltering branches,  
 Of the trees that fringe the waters,  
 'ere darkness pervades.

- Jeannette Cabral



# The tearful story of a pearl

A tiny growth, like a grain of sand,  
 Begins inside the pearl oyster.  
 Gradually it grows, with a sheen and luster  
 A unique beauty that no comparison stands.  
 It can adorn a monarch's crown  
 How graceful it looks around a beauty's neck!  
 What pains it gave the owner, the oyster  
 Nobody knows: it's a painful secret.  
 We rob its life to secure the treasure  
 Won't tears like pearls would flow from its eyes?  
 The birth of a pearl  
 Seals the death of its owner.  
 A string of pearls is a string of tears.  
 - **Lalitha Somathilaka**

# Sri Lanka

The Pearl of the Indian Ocean,  
 Sets our souls in motion.  
 Its people wise and smart,  
 Humble n' pure at heart.  
 Their vibrant Kandy dance,  
 Puts us all in a trance.  
 Smart girls of blue band,  
 Made us all feel so grand.  
 Spice gardens and banana trees,  
 Coconut palms and cool breeze.  
 Exotic flavours of its food,  
 Delight your heart and mood.  
 The great diversity of its people,  
 Reflected by mosques, temples and steeples.  
 Long live the Pakistan-Sri Lanka relations,  
 May prosperity come to both countries.  
 - **Muneeza Mir, Pakistan**



# Great heroes of our times



Lt. Premakumara Kiriella,  
 Great and gallant officer and a  
 Graduate of the Kothalawela Defence Academy.  
 Commanded fast attack craft on that fateful  
 But memorable September 16, 2011,  
 In a bitter battle fought between  
 Ruthless LTTE terrorists,  
 Off KKS harbour,  
 With the assistance of only  
 Two FAC's and five gunboats.  
 Verily a 'do or die' encounter, it was  
 To save 'pride of the south',  
 A passenger ship with soldiers on board  
 A thousand and five hundred in all,  
 Reporting for duty after leave.  
 A great responsibility, in his hands,  
 To protect both slip and men,  
 At all costs,  
 Sadly out-numbered,  
 With little or no hope,  
 Against LTTE's seventeen craft.  
 But Kiriella's greatest achievement  
 And the turning point in the battle  
 And indeed of his career itself,  
 By destroying the man commanding  
 The entire LTTE fleet.  
 In Kiriella's own words "....."  
 I and my team felt like that we have  
 Done something for our country."  
 These words ought to be written in gold  
 In the history of this land.  
 Kiriella and his men have done  
 The country proud.  
 'Great heroes'; of Mother Lanka.  
 'Heroes forever!'  
 - **J.I. Rosairo**