

Montage



Forever Scampi

A bond of love and inspiration,
A blond of memories that I sadly recall,
And behold the expression in your eyes,
As no other doggies would ever yield.
Tender and loving, warm and true,
That no human can ever comprehend.
How often have you caressed my countenance,
When in sorrow a tear I dropped.
You heard the beat of my heart and whined,
Then, led me through the cool of night.
And watched the stars glimmer in the sky,
When alone, I counted them one by one.
'Tis almost a cruel Summer gone,
Since you breathed your last.
Looking into my eyes, pleading,
To let you remain by my side.
But precious Scampi, I was helpless and distraught,
When your call came from above.
- **Gwen Herat**

Kind words

A simple leaf from a branch of a tree,
A soft petal from a withering flower,
Dances with wind and wafts on to the ground.
Neither the wind nor the ground is hurt.
Is it the same if a nut would fall?
Or a stone that's thrown to the sky comes back?
It doesn't float, it doesn't drift,
It comes back with a groan and a thud.
It thumps on your ears, it hurts the ground,
What a difference it makes,
The former from the latter!
Same it is with kind words
That comes out of somebody's mouth.
It delights the ear, soothes the heart,
Tears of sympathy would flow down the eyes.
A rough word uttered, may be slight,
Is like a roar in everyone's ear.
It would hurt, it would annoy,
Tears of wrath and sorrow it would cause.
- **Lalitha Somathilaka**



The solitary palm

On the plain below
Where speed winds blow
A solitary palm
Grows gradually calm
Beside paddy fields
Rich crops yield
Mountains around
When clouds kiss ground
Fruit in abundance
Sublime in excellence
As monkey's climb up
Right on palm's top
So rural this scene
Glued to site keen
Clouds drift apart
Morning a good start
Adding beauty to colour
Palm now in flower
Retains rustic style
Solitary palm
Brings contented smiles
- **Miran Perera**



A cherub alighted on earth!

It was the dawn of the day,
A day of anticipation, anxiety
Mixture of joy, hope, a tinge of fear,
But "Chorus of the dawn" made me relaxed,
While I prayed, sang "Oh! Lord!"
For he is always my Aegis!"
Time the restless runner ticked, tocked,
Mother to be was wheeled away
And relaxingly she went off waving at us
I stole a glance at the husband through mist
Suppressing tears, feeling afraid and lost
Saw a tiny pebble of a tear drop dribbled.
Waiting, waiting, pacing up and down
Anxious glances often thrown at door openings
Clock dial, by hearted, murmers of
Impatience, fear, expectations, restlessness
I prayed counting the beads, feeling butterflies
In stomach... the prayers had brought smiles.
Beaming, elated smiles of the harbinger of theatre,
Announced, to frozen faces... "It's a bonny baby...
... be happy..." She crept back to the chrysalis
Doors banged our hearts too jolted, banged
"Thank you Lord! Mother and baby are fine!"
All waited to welcome the mother and cherub.
Restless runner, ran on tick tock, tick tock,
The door creaked, glided out the mother queen
Sedated, exhausted, pale, but smiling and happy.
The angel, the bundle of joy, so gorgeous oh! Oh!!
Fast asleep, swaddled in blue tinged white..." angelic!
Darling angel grandson! Finally the cherub alighted on earth.

- **Radha Ranjani Jayawardena**

Come back to the world

Travelling like a pilgrim
Within the span of Samsara
I've gained merits
That's unbelievably soothing
Fair, worthy and blessed.
Like the pilgrim
I've wandered throughout
Mountains of goodwill
Yet I know not
Where I've come from.
It's your teaching
That made me realise
The truth of life
That one can be happy
Through commitment and courage
Bhagavan Sri Sathya Sai Baba
You are my saviour
You are my courage
Do come back to the world
Save the faithful
Through the eternal truth.

- **A.K.W. Perera**

My island home

Swirling waters rippling in laughter
Swishing and lashing the grainy shore
The sinuous palms gently beckoning
Fronds meeting, curtsying as the breezes blow
Cascading torrents in bridal splendour
Gushing headlong in wanton array
Backdrop of spray-spattered craggy boulders
Lush vegetation its fragrance conveys.
Festoons of Ehala in saffron tones
Canopies of trees in flamboyant and gold
Tropical fruit in close clusters cling
Piping of birds; the perpetual aura of spring
The pulsating drums as pageantry unfolds
The rhythmic dances and traditions of old
The lure of the wilds where the fauna roam
Cameos of Lanka my island home
This the soul of my land, its heartbeat, its core
Mellow its murmur as the rivulets flow
The caress of the morn or the afterglow
Whispers of serenity its spirit endows.

- **Jeannette Cabraal**

