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.

Kind words

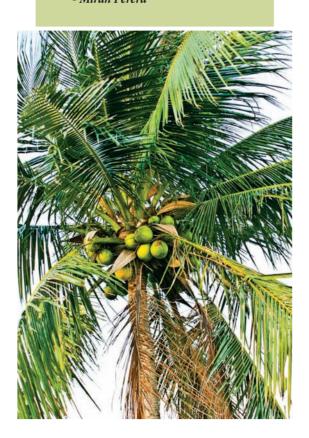
- Gwen Herat

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, curtseying 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



