



# The living truth

The western sky  
Is aglow  
With radiant colours  
Of the setting sun.  
A flock of parrots  
Makes way, screeching,  
Towards the west  
To rest the night.  
The red western sky  
Is reflected on the shouting stream  
Beside the green rice field.  
A hovering hawk  
Searching the last pray  
Presently perches on a bare tree.  
A wayside flower  
Welcoming the last ray  
From the sinking sun,  
Not knowing the passer-by  
Says, in its silent message  
"Beauty, but no division."  
Hope is nothing  
But the future projected.  
Neither the setting sun  
Nor the wayside flower  
Has hope  
Yet, the sun will rise tomorrow  
And flowers will welcome  
The morning sun.  
Life is one undivided whole  
It is a unitary movement,  
Man makes the division  
Division creates conflict  
Sorrow unto him  
Who divides the world.  
Life without beauty  
Is life without virtue  
Virtue is order  
And other is essence of life.  
The silent mind  
The absolute stillness  
With no division whatsoever  
Is the ground  
For the dawn of peace  
And the bliss of eternity.  
- **N. Widanagama**

## A dream

Blow, blow over the meandering Mahaweli  
Over the misty mountain  
I will be the wind that sway  
I will be the sweet rose-bud  
Blooming by the chamber of my lady love,  
With her sweetness mingled  
By the storeyed mansion  
Going hand in hand  
The joy we shared in the past  
Never will come back  
A dream never to come true  
The Mahaweli, flows, flowers bloom  
Our wishes, dreams echo and re-echo  
In the distant mountains of Hantana  
- **Patricia Mangalika Yahampath**

## Floods

Water here, water there,  
Torrents of water everywhere,  
Shining ripples flowing down  
Making watery bubbling crowns.  
Turfs of uprooted water plants  
Like green moving archipelagos.  
Plastic cans, broken furniture,  
Debris of some unhappy abode.  
All are running a race down,  
To an unknown ending, where would it be?  
Thick black clouds still pouring down  
Thunder and lightning backing them up.  
Howling winds too join these friends  
To bury the screaming wails of women.  
Cursing the floods, praying to Gods  
Carrying the shivering babies in their arms  
They run amok to find some shelter  
All their belongings being gobbled up by floods.  
Only the children are happy and lively  
Playing in water, splashing and wading.  
No one to stop them, no one to scold them  
Carrying on their sport with the flowing torrents.  
How could they know that these dirty waters  
Carry a multitude of germs within?  
With receding of floods they do not know  
That they're open to a hoard of infections.  
- **Lalitha Somathilaka**



## Ingredients of friendship



Preheat the oven of love  
with plenty of secrets and hugs  
Mix in giggles and laughs  
that makes your sides split in halves  
Bake with the love and care  
and all the things you share...  
Decorate with the icing of trust  
this is really a must...  
Enjoy the cake, do not eat it fast  
Just like your new friendship make it last...  
- **Fathima Rushda**



## Our golden jubilee

Fifty years of marriage,  
Holding together,  
Withstanding each test of time.  
A golden anniversary  
A golden milestone  
Made more memorable  
By the special thoughts  
Of our three dear children  
Who celebrated the occasion -  
Thoughtfully planned,  
At the same venue  
Where we were married.  
Friends, schoolmates, those near and dear,  
Were all there,  
Kindling fond memories.  
The complete bridal retinue, of 50 years ago,  
Flower girls, bridesmaids, page-boy, bestman,  
Now, mothers, fathers, grandmothers, grandfathers,  
Yet hale and hearty,  
All graced the occasion,  
Giving immense joy, to my husband and me.  
Going down memory lane of fifty years -  
Amongst our greatest pleasures,  
And richest blessings,  
Is the joy of having children,  
Who love and care for us so much.  
'Twas a golden wedding,  
Replenishing golden memories,  
As happy as they wished it to be,  
And to us, as warm as the love they've shown.  
- **Rupa Wijesinghe**

## Rain of colours



What if it rains,  
Colours on the plain,  
Making soil change,  
Still within fringe,  
Turning to shades,  
In forest glades,  
When rainbows melt,  
Colourless as felt.  
What if it rains,  
On cities domain,  
In colours bright,  
A stunning sight,  
All be surprised,  
Like boats capsized,  
Drenched in rain,  
All colours stain,  
Life will never be,  
Such rain never to see.  
- **Miran Perera**