



The night the Saviour was born

Silvery the night, with its mystic light
 Angelic sounds resound.
 O'er hill and vale, o'er meadow and plain
 An inexplicable aura of tranquillity reigns
 Peaceful the night, stars shining bright
 Shepherds quake in the misty haze
 Lost in wonderment o'er the mysterious rays
 Of the tail-star that shines;
 Announcing the birth of the Messiah Divine.
 While there on a bed of hay
 In a humble manger
 The long-awaited, the long-predicted Messiah,
 The Godhead lay.
Jeannette Cabraal

A miracle it was



How brightly the Duruthu full moon was smiling
 Bathing the world with a golden haze.
 My fervent feet were leading me
 To worship the dome at the Kelaniya temple.
 Glued were my eyes to the crest gem at the top
 Where rainbow colours were shimmering around.
 My mind was wondering - where am I?
 Am I not seeing and hearing a miracle!
 My mind was racing down to the past
 What was happening? I was in a trance.
 Am I not hearing a chanting of Pirith?
 Is it some gods or some Bhikkhus inside?
 Kneeling down on the silver sand
 My hands on my head, like a lotus bud.
 Hush! Even the winds were silently blowing
 Not to disturb my silent worship.
 Tightly closing my eyes to the world
 My inward eye was presenting me a dream.
 Seated on bejewelled couch
 Love and compassion flowing down His eyes
 With two great kings kneeling at His feet
 The Buddha was preaching - what a miraculous sight!
 Peace and harmony had won the day
 Hate and vengeance had been chased away.
- Lalitha Somathilaka

Montage Poetry

Death, my beloved

An enchanting evening
 Breathtaking beauty
 Of a distant mountain
 A vibrant newness entered the mind
 with the meditative tranquillity
 One sees a leaf
 Falling from a tree
 Beautiful, saffron in colour,
 Though it is dead.
 At the departure of a fellow being,
 Mother tree and the other leaves
 Are silent, immovable
 Never seem to lament
 For tree has no attachment
 It has no sense if time
 It has no yesterday,
 Nor has it tomorrow, yet it lives.
 Death, you bring solace
 To the terminally diseased,
 And to the suffering lot
 Death, are you the renewal process of life?
 Can there be creation without death?
 Dear death, man is afraid of you
 For, you take away everything from him.
 You "say no more attachment"
 Man is afraid of letting go the unknown
 How can he be afraid of the unknown?
 For, you are the unknown
 I love you death.
 When I die to many yesterdays
 I'm born anew and afresh
 I've come to the earth for the first time
 I'm a wandering stranger on earth,
 Thanks to death
 My dear death, you are my friend indeed,
 Visit me at silent night
 To enter the timeless journey
 Of the universe!
N. Widanagama

A dream

My past is like a dream,
 That flows down a stream
 Oh! how I ache to tread on the treadmill of time
 But that was life, with plenty of spice
 That made me still feel I could flutter and fly.
 With nothing to weigh down my head,
 And more often than not, imbibe with wonderment in bed
 Of all things created and bright
 I now feel like I have the mind of a child
 But they have enough support to lean on
 And I live in a sort of.... Alice-in-Wonderland.
 Like a cabbage-head, I'd often compare myself,
 With memories locked within,
 Leaves folded neatly, one upon the other,
 Only to unfold when in a dream.
-Sheila Bandaranayake



A child's cry



"Mama" "Mama" I called you cheerfully
 You said, "I'll come a little later"
 You were busy with Facebook
 "Mama" "Mama" I called you again
 You shouted, "I'm doing some work"
 You were busy with teledramas
 "Mama" "Mama" I called you once again
 You yelled, "Don't call me again,"
 You were busy skyping.
 I called you many more times
 Yet I failed in my attempts Mama
 I felt loneliness in my little world
 Didn't you know you were everything to me?
 My drawings, poems and handwork
 Those were my little surprises,
 But why weren't you bothered?
 Didn't they surprise you enough Mama?
 I scribbled on the walls and threw clay all over
 I recited poems so loud and jumped all over
 Didn't you feel it's only to get your attention?
 Believe me! I'm not a naughty child Mama.
 I'm broken, do you see it Mama?
 I'm in pain, do you feel it Mama?
 Hurry up and come, before it's too late,
 Hug me tight and say that you love me again!
Finuza Farook Shazir

Why did you kill a man?

Wife laments "why kill a man"
 Tell me my dear husband why did you kill a man
 Why shed the blood of another human
 Didn't you think of your daughter and me
 Who stood by your shadow - like
 You have been the life of my life.
 I remember the many moons we were together you and me.
 Your putrid act with blood stained hands
 set the wheel of law rolling
 You were condemned to death by your peers
 Dumping Amila and me to a mill of non - stop crying.
 Hiding in a lonely dark corner of the jail
 May be you are lamenting your sins and wail
 Misfortune hanging over Amila and me.
 My eyes are raining tears for you and me
 Yet the pupil in my eyes stands strong
 For you killed all of us your kith and kin
 By shedding the blood of another human.
 Amila's cry is pitiful, she weeps non stop
 I fear her eye balls would crack.
 'Mother where has my father gone
 When is he coming home
 Mother your eyes are pouring tears
 Isn't he coming home to you and me
 Tell me my darling mother tell me'
 Likewise Amila pestering me all the time
 I have no answer to give
 save a flood of tears rolling down my cheeks.
 My husband why did you kill a man
 What brute was in you
 to shed the blood of another human.
 Your unborn child I carry in my womb
 Threatening to come out any moment
 Why is he coming? See whom?
 May be to see you going to the gallows.
 Offer his silent salutation
 before the hangman put the noose
 on you and
 Then to carry his father's sins on his shoulders
 Right on to the dusty streets
 To end up in the gutter
 Drowned in a pool of tears.
 Tell me my dear husband
 why did you kill a man
 Why shed the blood of another human.
- Justice P.H.K. Kulatilaka
 (The poem was composed when the writer was a
 High Court Judge)