

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



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. Widanagamage

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

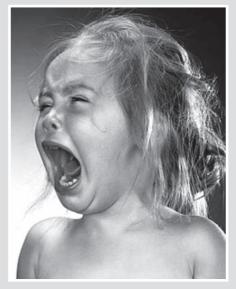
A dream

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 you 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)

