

# It's the way of the world



I watched the rays of the setting sun  
Brightening the nature's gifts around  
Some parrots like bullets screeched away  
Some still lingered for the last bite of the day  
But nobody flew or even glanced at  
Our guava tree, near the wall.  
My mind went back as I watched the tree,  
The tiny plant that first sprouted up.  
I saw it grow taller inch by inch,  
Watered it when the rains failed.  
The branches leisurely spread out around  
On them, the squirrels played hide and seek.  
Flowers appeared, white and small  
Bees hovered there throughout the day.  
Small green nuts became big and yellow  
With the pulp inside sweet and mellow  
Inviting the squirrels and the feathery friends  
Who enjoyed the nuts from morn till night.  
But now, I sighed, watching the tree  
The hard trunk standing, sans leaves and flowers.  
The leaves and the nuts became brown and dry  
The blowing winds scattered them around.  
Neither the birds nor the squirrels  
Ran or played on the branches bare.  
Someone's axe would fell it one day  
Or on its own, it would topple on to the ground.  
It's the way of the world, I murmured to myself,  
All flock around when you're powerful and rich.  
When poor and powerless, all would desert you  
Just like our half dead guava tree.

- Lalitha Somathilaka

## Lyrics from my heart

### The gentle shepherd

Thou made the summer sun smile  
From across the bounteous green.  
That the wandering sheep thou leadeth  
For summer dew upon them fall  
Thy love aplenty fill the pastures,  
As thou Prince, my shepherd leadeth on.  
Thy wondrous eyes, misty shadows dim.  
Their lustre fill the day, space and time  
I follow thy footsteps in thy flock  
Just another bleater among the rest  
Thou shall never know the love my heart behold  
'Cos I am just another in thy herd.  
While others graze, my head is held aloft  
All I wish to see is thy gently face  
The stars in thy eyes above a heavenly smile  
My shepherd, my princely gently shepherd  
Art thou blind  
To miss my precious love?  
Arise; good Christian  
Thou art His precious child.  
And I saw my 'Lord' in thee  
In the cornerstone of my heart.  
Feed thy sheep aplenty beside the brook,  
But heal my wounded spirit whole.  
When the Lord's call is nigh and near  
Do not leave me at the gate.  
When the sheep are led to their destiny  
Spare my life which I have given thee  
Let me not sigh or bleat in vain my Prince  
But die at thy sacred feet, my gentle Shepherd.

- Princess



### At upland's feet

Montage  
Poetry



Bowed heads inclined thoughts  
An upward gaze instinct fought  
When rain drops, dew drizzle down  
Listening intent to nature's sound  
Hear exotic birds on woods above  
Deep is the hum, a woodland dove  
Flying ahead leading birds  
Dove so popular of many words  
Dew drops melt, the mist clears  
A fog lifts at morning hours  
Streamlets of water cascade down  
Running through wedges away found  
Morning breeze fragrance it brings  
As woodland birds begin to sing  
Cold morning wind blows downward,  
Sun climbs uphill eastward  
Lush green grass sways today  
Flowers bloom to nature's way  
On top the noon sun gleams  
Encircles, spreads warm beams  
At upland's feet pride swells  
As salubrious hill makes all well.

- Miran Perera

### To my parents



A tower  
Against the rough winds and the battering storm  
You turned around  
When fear stalked you  
Hand on the trigger  
For the beast in the other  
A boy  
Your frown was enough  
To mess up the pants  
A youth  
Your smile  
Infused illumination  
A grown-up  
The nod of your head  
Was the consent of a sage  
You bequeathed your heart  
Only to one.  
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Needle and the thread  
No good for a fight  
You battled right  
Fire and embers  
Gave you the vibrant texture  
A lioness for the five kids  
And a partner hard to please  
Crooning lines and a Jathaka tale  
For a vision and a light that never fade  
There was not enough to go round  
You knew what and what to pound  
To make the thing for all to sit at the table round  
Pain and agony consumed you  
Charm and beauty left only a trace  
Frail - faltering voice  
Before the flicker faded  
You pleaded for humility by all  
Maudlin eyes looked on  
Trembling hands caressed you  
You bequeathed your heart  
Only to one

-H.A. Siriwardena