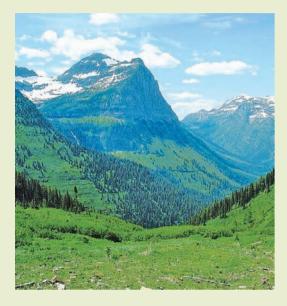
The silent valley



An upcountry village Where the cool climes prevail A footpath leads to a valley Where the rich green smiles in silence Lingering storks busy at the task In the murmuring stream of water Sun is behind the clouds And the evening is still young One observes the dynamic living picture Drawn by the greatest artist Mother Nature! Beauty is a living thing With meditative awakening To a wandering free man What's life without beauty? Beauty of an innocent smile Of a poor village peasant Is a moment in the eternity; That touches the depth of one's heart Silence of the valley, And the loveliness of the evening Is a rich source of immense joy Now the cresent is peeping Behind the distant blue hill And twilight covering the silent valley, Solitude is the soulmate In the bosom of time.

N. Widanagamage

Montage

Those were the days



Seated at the table, gazing at the opposite wall, Was a picture of a couple of the years, far, far gone by Mamma with a trembling finger and pointing at the picture, said "Those were the days, glorious days of my life well spent. And those were the days we were free from trouble and strife." The mill never stops turning For years gone by, she's still yearning "There was never a moment to lament," she said "For all of the years now gone by And with my receding years, I accept, To slow down and live in clover 'Cos soon I believe, the end is nigh."

Sheila Bandaranayake

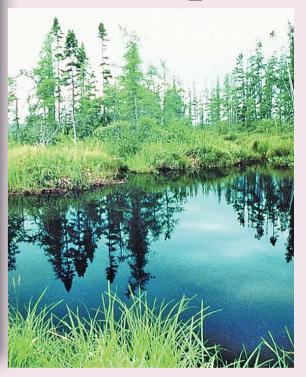
A doomsday prophecy

Life itself Ironically I Find As some kind of Mockerv Flaring up With an – uncanny glow While young and old Imbued with high – spirits Partying in a maddening frency To non-stop Medley of pulsating music As they are troubled And equally frightened With a heart – numbing, Premonition Disturbing the festive mood As hitherto suppressed Omen, presently About to place a wreath At their own doorstep Pronouncing symbolically With aplomb The inevitable visitation Of the ogre of death Prophesying the fragile And transient nature of life Halting ecstatic joy, in a flash Substituting with nightmarish fate of doom. Ranjan M. Amarasinghe

Fate

On a sunny day, with busy people, I went forward with my little plate, I saw a mother holding her child with care, but..... why? My mother couldn't hold me with little care. I saw a father walking with his child, but..... why? My father couldn't show me even the path to walk, Was it my fate? To be born as a child with bad luck.. to live without the warmth of a mother.. to grow without the guidance of a father.. With all these questions in my mind, I reached the end of the road, My plate was filled with coins, but, at the same time, My heart was filled with endless pain. K.F. Zainab

Along the wetland park



Walking along the wetland park Leisurely, as my feet would take me My mind was at peace and happy was I For the feelings I had, cheerful and gay. I heard the rustling of the green foliage Felt the soft breeze, as slowly it glided. The ripples in the pond were dancing away To the tune of the moon's golden rays. The solar bulbs, with their soft, smooth haze Covered the park with their golden glaze. Walking along the sandy road Beneath the lake, in a pensive mood So calm and quiet, though a crowd was there Wasn't it indeed a mini paradise?

Lalitha Somathilaka