

# 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 crescent 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  
Poetry



# 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  
Mockery  
Flaring up  
With an – uncanny glow  
While young and old  
Imbued with high – spirits  
Partying in a maddening frenzy  
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  
Propheying 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*