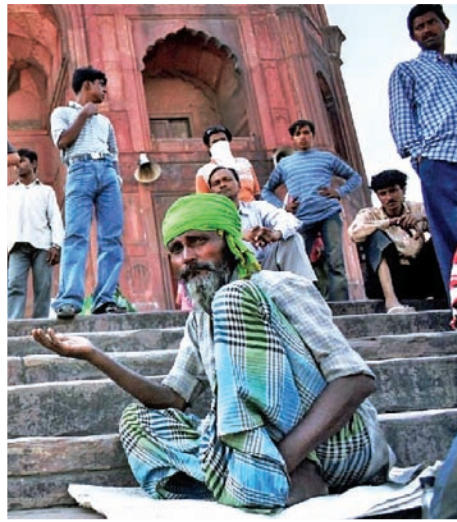




## Somebody calling me...

I wholeheartedly  
Mutter a silent prayer  
As I frantically  
Make a hurried escape  
From my self-imposed  
Solitary confinement  
Following with renewed hope  
The speedy footsteps of  
The passers-by  
Rushing with a singular purpose  
To an unknown destination  
While I being observant  
Try to find depth  
Or fathom their souls  
From their facial expressions  
Seeking from the crowd  
A responsive and an amiable companion  
And I fail miserably  
To achieve even an iota of success  
From my hopeless pursuit  
Compelling me to walk with them  
Terribly alone  
Hoping against hope  
That somebody is going to call me  
Tenderly, pronouncing my name  
With heartfelt familiarity  
- *Ranjan Amarasinghe*

## A beggar



A beggar, he is all alone  
And none to care his wants;  
His jolly good days have flown  
Temples and inns for mite he haunts.  
Day in and day out roams he  
Pleads to people for succour  
"Your coin a gold to me,  
A beggar engulfed in sorrow".  
Clad in rags and unkempt hair  
Digs the bins to fill his belly;  
Meets the days with cold stare  
While dark days hug him bleakly  
The horrors of life weighs him down,  
Sans a shelter for his head  
For night's repose, he lays his crown  
On a stone, till dawn calls for bread  
Denied of precious things,  
The cruel world has shunned him;  
Deeds of past to his mind brings  
Misdeeds done in life, in pomp and vain.  
Wasted his life in arrogance  
Pride and might his avowed right.  
Yearns for a new life to commence  
Then with sins his virtues must fight.  
- *A.F. Dawood*

## The order

One senses the mystery  
Unfathomable and intangible  
The regular sunrise  
And the sunset,  
Constellations and the galaxies  
Are part of the comic order  
Sun has never failed to rise  
If the sun doesn't rise  
Can we imagine,  
What could happen to life on earth?  
Isn't man part of the universe?  
Man who is caught in disorder  
Lives a life of conflict.  
Problems of the world  
Are multiplied day by day  
In geometrical progression.  
If the human mind  
Is set in total order  
A new life comes into being.  
Then the order of the human mind  
Is same as the order of the universe.  
And this mind is infinite and eternal.  
The universe has no beginning  
Nor has it an end,  
For the universe is causeless  
Oh! man, everything is within you.  
- *N. Widanagama*

## The beggar woman



At the edge of the broken pavement  
Stretching her hand she sits  
No eyes she has, for blind she was  
Her ears were her eyes.  
"A coin sir," she begs at times  
"Madam, a coin," she turns around.  
She sees us well for her ears are sharp  
But, we with eyes see her not.  
However, could we? A race we're running  
Where we would end, no one knows.  
"How many souls I heard with my ears  
But only two coins I've earned so far.  
What can I do? I'm hungry too,"  
Murmured the poor beggar woman.  
You are distressed dear beggar woman  
Our rat race is more important to us.  
We hear you well, know you're there.  
But hardly have time to think about you.  
- *Lalitha Somathilaka*

## A birth

In the deep, dark night  
Amidst silhouettes and shadows  
Of a mountain range  
One strange lonely peak  
Stood with power  
Lifting itself to the sky  
Suddenly an unpredictable cold breeze  
Shivering of the earth movements  
A warning signal  
This vindictive giant  
Slumbering for centuries  
with a deep red fire locked inside  
Undecided rumbling within  
Wanting exposure heating and ascending  
Spurting through many vents  
Exploding in the open  
A birth, proudly the furious red foam  
Rolls down the clumsy slopes  
In deep thickened curls  
Dispensing unpleasant odours  
Now, the atmosphere is lit  
With a lamp from the depths  
Silhouettes and shadows  
Have disappeared  
The background come alive  
- *Charmaine Edwards*